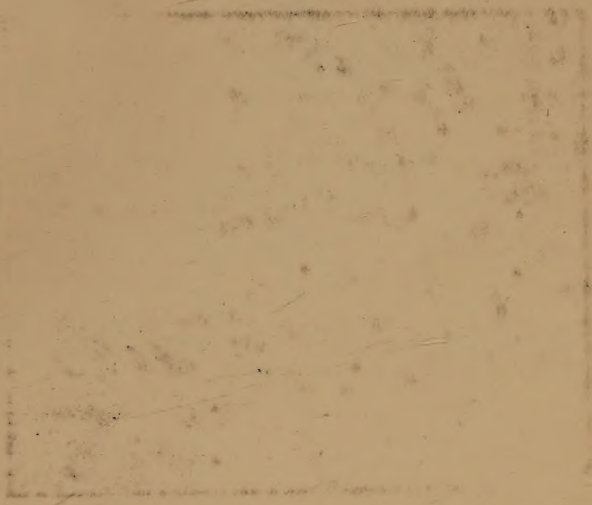
Studies in CHURCH DEDICATIONS

or England's Patron Saints

Class 249.9 Book A764 v.2
General Theological Seminary Library
Chelsea Square, New York
Beside the main topic, this book also treats of

Subject No.	*On page*	*Subject No.*	*On page*

Purchased from the fund bequeathed to the Seminary by
EUGENE AUGUSTUS HOFFMAN, D. D.
DEAN 1879-1902



STUDIES IN CHURCH DEDICATIONS

STUDIES IN

CHURCH DEDICATIONS

OR

ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINTS

T.888

BY

FRANCES ARNOLD-FORSTER

"*We build not temples unto our Martyrs as unto gods, but Memorials unto dead men, whose spirits with God are still living.*"—S. AUGUSTINE.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON

SKEFFINGTON & SON, PICCADILLY

to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

1899

249.9
A+64

38897

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
LIBRARY
NEW YORK

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXVII.	Founders of Religious Orders	1
XXVIII.	Abbots and Monks	35
XXIX.	The Hermit-saints	67
XXX.	The Apostles of Ireland and Scotland	121
XXXI.	S. Bridget and her Countrywomen	147
XXXII.	S. David and his Associates	164
XXXIII.	The North-country Missionaries	217
XXXIV.	A Sainted Royal Family	237
XXXV.	Other Celtic Royalties	251
XXXVI.	Irish and Welsh Saints in Cornwall	260
XXXVII.	The Saints of Lesser Britain	283
XXXVIII.	England's Proto-martyr	294
XXXIX.	The English Kings	300
XL.	Saxon Ladies of High Degree	349
XLI.	Two Local Benefactors	421
XLII.	Three Missionaries to Germany	426
XLIII.	The Scandinavian Saints	441
XLIV.	A Yorkshire Crusader	461
XLV.	The Champions of England and France	464
XLVI.	Two Famous Frenchwomen	484
XLVII.	Sainted Sisters of Sainted Brothers	492
XLVIII.	Memorial Churches and Churches for Seafarers	497
XLIX.	All Saints and All Souls	501
L.	Double Dedications	507
LI.	Lost, Doubtful, Spurious, and Untraceable Dedications ...	520
LII.	Conclusion	564

ERRATA.

Pages 217, 232.	The date of S. Aidan's death is more commonly given as A.D. 651 than as 650.
Page 407.	In speaking of Oxford, mention should have been made of the modern church of S. Frideswide at New Osney.
„ 501.	Total number of Dedications to All Saints—*for* "1240," *read* "1250."

STUDIES IN

CHURCH DEDICATIONS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOUNDERS OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
	S. Augustine of Hippo. See CH. XIX.				
1	S. Benedict, A.	March 21 ...	543 ...	14	*See also dd.*
	S. Bernard. See CH. LI.				
10	S. Dominic, C.	August 4 ...	1221 ...	1	
23	S. Francis of Assisi, C. ...	October 4 ...	1226 ...	1	
27	S. Clare, V.	August 12 ...	1253 ...	1	

THE founders of the different Religious Orders are but sparingly represented amongst us. It is only in a very large sense that S. Augustine of Hippo can be regarded as the founder of the distinguished Order that claims him as its patron; and close investigation shows that although one of our English parishes bears the name of "St. Bernard," there is no shadow of connexion with the founder of the Cluniac Monks (CH. LI.). There still remain to us, however, the several founders of the Benedictine, the Dominican, and the Franciscan Orders; and to these, perhaps, we may add—though more doubtfully—the foundress of the Poor Clares.

S. Augustine of Hippo.

See CH. XIX.

S. Benedict, A. March 21, 543.

The widespread and enduring influence of the Benedictine monks upon the religious life of England is but very inadequately recognized by the handful of churches that bear the name of the great founder of their Order. In England, at any rate, Benedictine houses were not as a rule dedicated to S. Benedict, but to some other saint. Had it been otherwise, the English churches in his honour would be numbered by hundreds instead of by tens.

But we have not to speak here of the latter-day greatness of the Order, of the far-reaching power which the different houses exercised over the inhabitants of the country districts in which they stood, or of the way in which one after another of our cathedrals passed under its Rule—our part is with the personal history of the great man who founded that Order and devised that Rule. Of the score of English churches that bear his name, and of the origin of some amongst them, we shall have something to say later.

We are fortunate in having our history of S. Benedict from the pen of no less a writer than S. Gregory the Great, who was careful to set down all that he could glean from the master's own disciples; and in the seventy-three "Chapters" that compose his famous "Rule," Benedict speaks for himself.*

It was in the closing decade of the fifth century that a country-bred boy of noble Roman family was sent from his quiet mountain home at Nursia to finish his schooling at Rome. That boy was the future founder of Western Monachism, the famous S. Benedict of Nursia, so named from the "little stranded city in its sequestered Apennine valley" which gave him birth, and to his twin sister Scholastica, whose name must ever be linked with his because of the love she bore him.

There were no sheltering monastery schools in those days, ready to impart to the young the best learning of antiquity while guarding them from the evils of the outside world, and bringing them up in the pure atmosphere of Christian faith and worship; such schools as those in which our English Bede passed his happy childhood were Benedict's own creation, suggested to him doubtless by the memories of his own school-days. For Benedict himself there was no possibility open but the ordinary public schools of the city, the ordinary public schools of Rome in the fifth century; and the evils which there pressed upon him from all sides were so horrible that the fourteen-year-old boy could bear them no longer, and resolved to renounce "the world" wholly, and to escape into some secret spot where he might serve God like the holy hermits of old.

Never perhaps in all the stories of saintship has there been a more complete intermingling of high and serious purpose with quaint homeliness of detail than in this earliest adventure of the youthful Benedict. He carried out his purposed flight, but his bold scheme was considerably modified. His old nurse Cyrilla—and nurses figure less in the stories of the Roman saints than in the stories of their Celtic brethren—shared his flight, and on arriving at the little town of Affile, the strange pair of pilgrims found there many "devout men," who listened kindly to the boy's outpourings, and persuaded both the travellers to take up their abode in a dwelling attached to the church in that place. It was here that the future saint worked his first miracle, and mended to admiration a broken

* The following account is derived principally from the brilliant sketch in Hodgkin's "Italy and her Invaders," vol. iv., and from Montalembert's "Moines d'Occident."

sieve of earthenware over whose loss his faithful nurse was grieving her housewifely soul.

It is easy to understand that before long the boy would be seeking for greater independence, and accordingly we find him leaving Cyrilla and his good friends at Affile and wandering on alone to a hillside cavern some five miles distant, which for the next three years was to be his only home. There in the depths of this pathless cave he hid himself, depending for his meagre supply of food upon the daily ministrations of another solitary living on the heights, who let the provisions down to him by a rope, warning him of their approach by the tinkling of a bell. The fathers of the desert themselves did not live in such utter and terrible solitude as this young Roman, and the wonder is that human reason could survive the strain.

In those three years Benedict passed from youth to manhood. He suffered, as other solitaries have suffered, from the overwhelming temptations from within—harder it may be to combat from their very shapelessness than many an outward temptation ; and with a firm resolve to distract himself at any cost from the bondage of these sinful imaginations, he used bodily violence, rolling himself in the thorns and briars outside his cave till physical pain had changed the current of his inward thoughts. Such mental conflicts are a part of the history of all who lead the unnatural life of an anchorite. Antony and Guthlac and Dunstan all struggled through the same ; but that which lends peculiar interest to Benedict's awful experiences is that he turned them to account for the spiritual good of thousands upon thousands. He had the genius to perceive that the boundless fervour and self-devotion which impelled men to renounce the world and to choose the hermit's life was a source of immense spiritual force which might become an inexhaustible strength to the Church, but which might also, unless rightly directed, become a positive source of danger.

Benedict's aim, embodied at a later period in his famous Rule, was to form what he described as "a school of service to our Lord," where all this holy fervour might be disciplined and directed to the fulfilment of the highest ends. The life of which he dreamed—this bold spiritual law-giver whose code was destined to serve "for the regulation of the daily life of the great civilizers of Europe for seven centuries to come * "—was to be a life of continuous hardship, of absolute self-abnegation, of unbroken toil ; yet it was to be a life worthy of man's noblest capacities. There should be rigid obedience to an austere Rule, but no self-crippling of a man's powers for usefulness. Benedict would have no Simeon lifted up on his self-chosen pillar ; and to one ardent devotee who would fain have passed his weary days bound to a rock, he is said to have addressed the gentle rebuke : "Brother, be bound only by the chain of Christ." Perchance he called to mind how the shepherds who found him once in his cave-dwelling, wrapped in his rude garment of skins, had mistaken him for a wild beast ; for he was careful in after days to order with an almost military precision

* Hodgkin.

the simple uniform of his "soldiers of the true King." * He did not hide from his followers that their life would be "one perpetual Lent." And yet the scale of living appointed by his Rule, plain though it might be, secured to his monks "a greater abundance of the necessaries of life than was at all common among the Italian poor of the sixth century." † Benedict might honestly say: "We trust that nothing rough and nothing grievous will be found to have been ordained by us;" and, as it has been truly observed, his Rule, hard though it seems to us, "was in reality gentle and easy when compared with the anchorite's wild endeavours after an impossible holiness, endeavours which had often culminated in absolute madness, or broken down into mere worldliness and despair of all good." ‡

But for the moment the famous Rule was yet unwritten, and was only gradually forming itself in Benedict's mind. His first attempt at organization was by no means encouraging. A body of neighbouring monks who were living in community under some such informal rule as preceded the establishment of the regular monastic system, heard of the sanctity of the young anchorite, and desired him to become their head. The experiment failed. No compromise was possible between their laxity and his conscientious rigour. The impatience of the monks grew into hatred; they tried to poison their young abbot, and he, seeing that all his efforts to reform them were vain, returned to his wilderness. But not for long. Even through failure he had discovered his true vocation, his bent for organizing. Others, more sincere in their professions than those first false monks, came from all parts to place themselves under his discipline; and in the course of the next thirty years he had established no less than twelve monasteries round about Subiaco, not far from that memorable cave which had been the scene of his most noteworthy spiritual experiences.

At a later period various causes combined to induce Benedict to migrate southwards, and to fix his headquarters on the slopes of the Campanian heights, on the steep hill known as the Monte Cassino. From the after-fame of this great monastery, from the fact that Benedict there composed his Rule and there passed to his rest, Monte Cassino has become more closely associated with his memory than his first settlements among the Apennines; but, so far as the saint's personal history is concerned, Subiaco has a special interest of its own, which the home of the last fifteen years of his life can never rival. Moreover, it was during those thirty-five years in the Apennines that he planned all the schemes that were to be perfected at Monte Cassino. His great biographer, S. Gregory, has not, however, been careful to insist upon chronological exactness in telling the story of Benedict's life, his aim being rather to set forth the saint's character, and in this we shall venture to imitate him.

It was the peculiar glory of Benedict that he taught anew, by methods

* Benedict addresses his Rule to him "whosoever he may be, who renounces his own will to fight under the true King, the Lord Jesus Christ."

† Dr. Littledale in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "Monachism."

‡ Hodgkin.

suited to his time and generation, S. Paul's principle of the true brotherhood of man—of the oneness in Christ Jesus of Roman and Goth, of patrician and peasant. He recognized clearly enough the different powers of his monks, and turned the special talent of each one to the good of all. The stalwart Goth is set to work with his reaping-hook—"work and be comforted," says the master in characteristic phrase; and the cultured Roman is encouraged, nay, bidden, to make use of his mental gifts and scholarly training. In Benedict's scheme "high thinking, the highest thinking of the time, is united with plain living, as the considerable stress laid upon reading attests;" * but no man is to choose his own task, or to hold that the one form of labour is in itself more meritorious than the other. No duty is to be reckoned too humble if obedience demands it. That axiom has long become a commonplace of monastic discipline, but in Benedict's day it was a new and serious stumbling-block to many an aristocratic young disciple, and rudely tested the reality of his purpose. "What am I that I should condescend to such drudgery?" so thought to himself one young patrician, as he stood waiting upon his master, lamp in hand. Dread of Benedict's anticipated rebuke might repress the spoken murmur, but it was not hard for the abbot to read the discontented thought, and once and again some swift look or word laid bare the secrets of a man's soul, bringing conviction to the conscience, and causing his monks to say that "in Benedict's ear men's thoughts sounded like spoken words."

Truly Benedict was no respecter of persons. He showed the same fearless impartiality in his dealings with the outside world as in his dealings with those immediately under his authority. Everywhere he stood forward as the champion of the poor and oppressed, and the surrounding peasantry in their troubles invoked the help of the Abbot of Monte Cassino with a sure confidence that he would stand by them at whatever cost to himself; and truly, whatever men might do or threaten in heedlessness or anger, there were few who cared to be brought face to face with Benedict's righteous indignation. His disciples claimed for their master that his hands were strengthened by the power of the miracles which he wrought. It may well have been so; but of those which are recorded not a few—as in the life of S. Patrick—are so evidently modelled upon the miracles of Elijah and Elisha as to make us very strongly suspect their genuineness, and the really interesting miracles in his history are what we should not term miracles at all, but rather striking instances of his commanding force of character and gift of insight.

But Benedict would have been very far from the great man he really was had he only been swift to detect evil, and not just as swift to recognize good wherever he might find it, be it in his own most trusted disciples or in the barbarian leader Totila, the generous-natured king of the Ostrogoths. Totila was by race a barbarian, by profession a warrior,

* Dr. Littledale.

by creed an Arian; and yet Benedict, the Roman, the monk, the earnest Catholic, marked the true manhood in the soul of the conquering invader, and—even while he rebuked him for his past sins—welcomed him as an ally on the side of justice and mercy. Yet though his heart yearned over the Northern king, his words were brief and stern: "Thou shalt enter Rome; nine years shalt thou reign; in the tenth thou shalt die."

Such drear forebodings fell naturally from Benedict's lips. There is a profound touch of melancholy in all that he says and does. He is overwhelmed by the patriot's sorrow for the evils that he sees coming upon his beloved Rome; he dwells mournfully on the instability of his own best work, and never loses the remembrance of the unceasing activity of the Evil One. All this weight upon his heart tinges his every word, yet never for one instant paralyzes his resolution. Benedict has none of the spontaneous joyousness of disposition that lightens the way for his great followers, Dominic and Francis. If once in a while he is cheered by a vision of a world illuminated by the Sun of Righteousness, the vision lasts but for a moment; yet in the power of such moments Benedict toils on dauntlessly through the long dark night. And no worker could exceed Benedict in the multiplicity and difficulty of his various labours. There was first of all actual missionary work to be done. Even after nearly five centuries of Christianity heathenism still lingered in the country districts of Italy, and before Benedict could build his world-famous oratory on Monte Cassino—the chapel that was destined to be his own last resting-place—he had to clear the site by destroying a statue of Apollo to which sacrifices had not even then ceased to be offered.

But the destruction of idol groves was an easier task than the long-continued strife with the subtler errors of the Arian heresy. And Benedict the Deacon was statesman as well as Churchman, and must needs bend all his energies to the task of bringing about the fusion of the two races, the blending together of the old and the new. We have seen that he was the recognized defender of the oppressed, the generous benefactor of the poor, and all this was in addition to the care of his own ever-increasing community—a community which, even in its founder's lifetime, was beginning to increase its responsibilities by sending forth colonies into distant parts.

In this life of strenuous toil for others the abbot allowed himself one rare enjoyment—a yearly meeting with his dearly loved twin sister Scholastica, who had followed her brother's path, and in those latter days at Monte Cassino lived in a little cell upon the monastic estate, even as formerly she had dwelt within range of her brother and guide in far distant days at Subiaco. The bond between them was as tender as between our English Guthlac and his sister Pega (CH. XLVII.), and those brief yearly meetings, when the abbot and a small company of monks came to visit Scholastica in her little hermitage, must have been festivals for both. S. Gregory's record of the last of these precious meetings gives us a glimpse into the sister's heart, and reveals a nature not less ardent than her twin brother's, and a passionate power of loving unquenched by all the long self-repression

of her solitary life. The day so long desired had nearly worn to its close; the brother and sister were seated at supper; the hour of parting was at hand, and so much remained still unspoken. "The stream of conversation, which perhaps deviated sometimes from the near joys of heaven to the far distant past of their common infancy in upland Nursia, seemed unexhausted." * But in vain Scholastica urged her brother to remain near her that night that they might resume their talk on the morrow; he could not for the sake of his own pleasure do that which was contrary to the discipline of the monastery. Then Scholastica besought him no more, but bowing her head upon the table—perhaps to hide the tears she could not check—sat with clasped hands in voiceless prayer. And lo! the sky, which till now had been fair and serene, suddenly clouded over, and a great storm of rain and thunder swept over the heavens, putting it beyond question that any man should venture out-of-doors. "God have pity on thee!" cried Benedict. "What is this that thou hast done?" But she answered fearlessly: "My brother, I asked thee and thou wouldst not hear. Then I asked my Lord, and He heard me. Now depart if thou canst; leave me alone and return to thy monastery."

Thus it was, says S. Gregory in telling the story, that the will of the sister prevailed over the will of the brother, because she loved the most: and it is the prayers of the loving-hearted that God hears most readily. Nor was Benedict proof against such passionate tenderness; he uttered no further word of rebuke, but gave himself up freely to the night of spiritual intercourse for which her woman's soul hungered, and which the brother and sister were never again to enjoy upon earth. And in the morning he departed to his own cell. This one episode is all that we know of S. Scholastica; yet so long as her brother's fame endures she also will be remembered. The convent that bears her name near Subiaco is highly honoured amongst Benedictine houses, and takes precedence of even Monte Cassino itself, because it is accounted the older foundation.†

Three days after that memorable night, as Benedict was standing in his cell, he marked a white dove rise up and fly heavenwards, and it came to him as a sure message that the soul of his sister was at that instant passing to its rest. And finding that it was even so, he commanded that her body should be brought to the monastery and laid in the grave which he had prepared for himself. Nor were they separated long the one from the other. Scholastica passed away, if we may trust tradition, on February 10, and from that time forth her brother spoke often of his own approaching departure. A few weeks later, in the middle of March, he was struck down by a sharp attack of fever. On the sixth day he bade his disciples re-open his sister's grave in the little chapel, and there, lying on that sacred spot, he received the last holy rites. Then by a supreme effort he rose to his feet, and upheld by his faithful monks, he stood once more in silent prayer before the altar, and so gave up his spirit. "To die standing!" says Montalembert, "that was the death which befitted this great

* Hodgkin. † D. C. B.

soldier of God." To himself it was only the laying down of his arms; to his disciples it was the returning home of a victorious warrior. Gregory tells how on that memorable twenty-first day of March two of his monks, each in his separate monastery, had the same vision of a pathway stretching eastwards from Benedict's cell right up to heaven, a pathway "strewn with bright robes, and gleaming with innumerable fires;" and lo! one came and spake, saying: "This is the path by which Benedict, beloved of God, hath ascended up to heaven."

Mr. Loftie, in his book on London,* says truly enough that "the cult of St. Benedict cannot have been common till long after the time of Erkenwald;"† and he further states his belief that "the churches dedicated to St. Benedict . . . do not date before the eleventh, perhaps not before the twelfth century." As a matter of fact, the cult of S. Benedict was never "common" at all in England, and the group of City churches on the one hand, and the group of Lincolnshire churches on the other, make up more than two-thirds of the total number of pre-Reformation churches dedicated in this name; while, even if we add the modern churches, the number will barely reach a score.

Why these churches should be so curiously local in their distribution is a question more readily asked than answered. One theory that suggests itself is that the group of Lincolnshire and East Anglian churches—the chain is continued through Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire—might possibly be of very early origin indeed, and be traced back to the influence of the darling saint of East Anglia, S. Botolph, who, as we shall see elsewhere (CH. XXVIII.), was the real pioneer of the Benedictine Order in England. It must be confessed that though the theory is a rather fascinating one, there exists no shadow of evidence as to its truth, and it is not likely that dedications to S. Benedict became customary before the Benedictine revival in the reign of King Edgar. It is possible that the five Lincolnshire dedications (including one within the city of Lincoln) all of them owe their name to the Benedictine monastery which existed in Lincoln up to the time of the dissolution. It is true, as we have already observed, that the monks did not habitually bestow upon their churches the name of the founder of their Order, but they did so occasionally, as at Glastonbury, where one of the parish churches—though not the famous abbey itself—was and still is dedicated to S. Benedict.

So far as we know, the earliest date that can be certainly named in connexion with a dedication to S. Benedict is the beginning of the eleventh century, when Cnut founded the Benedictine abbey known as "St. Benet's-at-Holm," between the mouths of two Norfolk rivers, the Aut and the Thurme. The remains of this ancient house are "very scanty," and S. Benet's is "chiefly noticeable from its connexion with the see of Norwich, effected by Henry VIII. The Bishop of Norwich is still Abbot of S. Benet's, and sits as such in the House of Lords, in virtue of an

* "Historic Towns."

† Erkenwald was Bishop of London in the seventh century. See Life of S. Ethelburga of Barking (CH. XL.).

arrangement made by Henry VIII. in 1535." * Possibly this powerful abbey may account for S. Benedict's church at Norwich, if not for some others of the East Anglian group.

The existing Cambridge church of S. Benedict's, which gives name to "Benet Street," may not impossibly belong to as early a date as the vanished Norfolk abbey. Parts of it are pronounced to be "very probably pre-Norman," and the work "on the town arch" is said to "give an impression of great antiquity." †

Of other provincial dedications in this name there remain only Glinton in Northamptonshire, a Staffordshire church, of which we will speak later, and two modern churches in Lancashire, whose reasons for adopting as their patron the founder of Monasticism are not apparent.

We pass now to the well-known London group, enriched of late by two nineteenth-century churches which can show ample justification for their dedication-name. The four ancient dedications to S. Benedict within the City of London seem at first sight to argue an extraordinary devotion for "S. Benet," as Londoners from time immemorial have preferred to call the saint; but it is just possible that at least three out of the four may have had a common origin. Mr. Loftie, in discussing the noticeable repetition of the same dedication-name in certain districts, as, for example, "S. Mary and All Hallows," ‡ inclines to believe that the lesser churches all took their names from the mother-church out of which the several smaller parishes were assigned. Sometimes, though less often than we could wish, it is possible to determine which was the "mother-church;" but so much is clear, that this process of subdivision of parishes, together with a corresponding activity in the matter of church-building, went on rapidly throughout the twelfth century, a date to which we have good grounds for ascribing the greater number, if not all, of our "Benet" churches. If we venture to apply Mr. Loftie's theory to an instance to which he himself has not specially applied it, we shall see from the map that S. Benet Gracechurch, S. Benet Sherehog, and S. Benet Finck,§ all lie sufficiently near one another to suggest that they may have once formed part of the same parish. S. Benet Paul's Wharf might possibly be included, but not without considerably extending the area of the assumed mother-parish.

And now as to dates. The first mention of this isolated S. Benet's, the river church on Paul's Wharf, is in 1181, when the Dean of S. Paul's enumerates it among the various churches belonging to the cathedral.‖ Here is one twelfth-century dedication to our saint, and there is good reason, as will be shown elsewhere (CH. LI.), to suppose that S. Benet Finck was built and S. Benet Sherehog restored and re-dedicated by their respective benefactors in this same twelfth century. As to S. Benet Gracechurch, the remaining dedication in this name, we do not know whether there is

* Murray.
† Ibid.
‡ "Historic Towns," *London*.
§ For the origin of these strange names, see CH. LI.
‖ Godwin and Britton.

any date to show whether it came into existence earlier or later than the other three, but the probability appears to be that all four churches may be referred to much the same period, and that the original parish out of which we may suppose the others to have been taken, received its name at the choice of its patron, the Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's, who had so immense a share in all that concerns the Church in London. The ancient tradition that daughter-churches should hand down the name of the mother-church has been kept up—in accordance, indeed, with legal obligation—by the nineteenth-century churches of S. Benet's, Stepney, erected out of the proceeds of the sale of S. Benet's, Gracechurch, and by S. Benet and All Saints, Kentish Town, which in like manner owes its existence to the sale of one of the demolished City churches.

The question has been often raised, and differently answered, whether English dedications to S. Benedict are to be taken as meaning "Benedict of Nursia, or our native Benedict Biscop, the worthy rival," to quote the late Precentor Venables, "of the Patriarch of the monks of the West, whose robe and name he wore."* Precentor Venables was of opinion that "the former is more probable;" but, on the other hand, another careful student of the subject, Dr. Cox, writes as follows: "It is by no means certain that all or the majority of the sixteen dedications to S. Benedict refer to the founder of the Order."† On the whole, we are inclined to think with Precentor Venables that most of them are intended for the great founder, and even if they were not originally intended for him, they have come to be looked upon as his. No doubt, however, there were exceptions, and by a careful study of the ancient date of the parish wake at Wombourne in Staffordshire, Dr. Cox has made out a strong case in favour of the Northumbrian Benedict, whose history we shall have the pleasure of telling in the following chapter (XXVIII.).

The supremacy of Benedict as the hero of Monasticism remained practically undisputed, "till in the thirteenth century those great twin brethren, Francis and Dominick, rose above the horizon:"‡ and it is of these two that we have now to speak.

S. Bernard. See CH. LI.

S. Dominic,§ C. August 4, 1221.

It is matter of everyday observation that most of our ancient English cities bear plentiful traces of the presence amongst us of the friars. Take, for example, the City of London, with its Blackfriars, Grayfriars, Whitefriars, Austin Friars, the Minories, etc. To those who are in the habit of dwelling upon the past history that underlies our street nomenclature, these names tell their own story plainly enough; speaking now of Dominicans, now of Franciscans, now of the Poor Clares, and recalling memories of the several founders of these Orders. But while we look with interest upon these indirect memorials of S. Dominic, and those to the kindred spirits, S. Francis and

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.
† See "Lichfield Year Book," 1884.
‡ Hodgkin.
§ The following account of S. Dominic is mainly taken from Lacordaire's Life of him.

S. Clare, we welcome even more warmly the three solitary churches in three different parts of England—one bearing the name of S. Dominic, another of S. Francis, and the third that of S. Clare—which stand as the direct and personal memorials of this famous trio.

We may well rejoice to enroll among our patron saints Dominic, the single-hearted founder of the Preaching Friars, one of the most pure-souled and ardent of the heroes of the faith. Few saints have been more unjustly judged by post-Reformation writers than Dominic. The eighteenth-century historian Mosheim describes him as "a man of fiery and impetuous temper who attacked the enemies of the Church with the power of eloquence, the force of arms, the subtilty of controversial writings, and the terrors of the Inquisition, which," adds he, "owed its form to this violent and sanguine priest." * A hundred years later our own Hallam repeats much the same charge. He contrasts Dominic with Francis of Assisi: the one he characterizes as "a harmless enthusiast, pious and sincere, but hardly of sane mind;" the other as a man "active and ferocious, who had taken a prominent part in the crusade against the unfortunate Albigeois, and was the first who bore the terrible name of inquisitor." † But the charge of harshness comes from a source higher than that of any modern historian. It is Dante who speaks of Dominic as "beneficent towards his friends, harsh towards his foes." ‡ His disciples of a later day gloried in such a description of him, so if we would understand the real Dominic, it behoves us to see him as he was set forth by his contemporary biographers, to judge him by his own recorded acts and words.

The first thirty-three years of the life of Dominic de Guzman were passed in a scholarly tranquillity that gave little promise of the marvellous activity of the twenty years that were to follow. Those years of preparation, first in his happy Spanish home, then in the seclusion of school and university and cloister, were helping to make Dominic all that he afterwards became, but they furnish strikingly few details for his biographer. In the days when he had become famous, pains were taken to collect reminiscences of his childhood, and stories were circulated of the strange portents that foretold his birth: of his mother's dream that she had brought into the world a swift-running dog that carried through the earth a burning torch. They told, too, of the star that shone upon his forehead as he lay at the baptismal font, and of the childish aspirations after the highest ideals of his age that led the little fellow to imitate the austere practices of the saints, and to rise from his bed that he might sleep upon the bare boards.

From the first his parents had destined Dominic to an ecclesiastical career, and to this end he received the best education of his time, first in the house of a clerical uncle, and afterwards at the University of Palencia in Northern Spain, the forerunner of the world-famous Salamanca. His university studies were prolonged far beyond the ordinary course. Learning

* "Eccles. History," vol. iii.
† "Middle Ages," vol. ii.
‡ "Paradiso," canto xii.

was a delight to him; but the scanty notices of this time sufficiently show that Dominic was no mere book-worm. Deep within his heart at all times lay the unspoken yearning to which Browning has given expression in the well-known line—

"The need of a world of men for me."

That passion for his fellow-men never died down in him: even in old age the sight of the clustered roofs of some distant village would stir his mind with tender thoughts of the manifold joys and sorrows and wants and sufferings hidden in each separate dwelling, and the different images these thoughts called up would reflect themselves on his speaking countenance.

And now in his student days, when Spain in general—and the provinces of Castile and Leon in particular—was suffering sorely from famine, the young university student sold not only his furniture, but also his precious books—the books that he had himself annotated—that he might have the more money to distribute; and when some one remonstrated with him for thus depriving himself of his tools, he made answer: "How can I be studying dead parchments when men are dying of hunger?" A like generous impulse made him, on two widely separate occasions of his life, volunteer to be sold as a slave, a sacrifice which was happily in neither case ultimately required of him.

Dominic was by nature sociable, and to the end of his life he took pleasure in innocent society. He enjoyed pleasant friendly intercourse with good women as frankly as did the greatest of our own English saints. He was the best and most lovable of companions, and even in his closing years we find him the ready promoter of little plans of social relaxation for his monks and nuns. But pleasant and lawful as he allowed all such things to be in themselves, he was resolute not to be brought under the power of any of them, and we see a proof of his rigid self-discipline in his ten years' abstinence from wine—throughout, as it would seem, the whole period of his sojourn at Palencia—no small act of self-denial in a young Spaniard of the twelfth century.

"The stone that is fit for the wall will not lie in the roadway," says the proverb; and in time Dominic's reputation for profound learning, joined to blameless conduct, came to the ears of the Bishop of Osma, who was seeking to introduce into his cathedral church the system of canons regular as distinguished from the so-called secular priests, and he saw in this youth of twenty-five a useful and zealous lieutenant to act under the direction of the pious prior, Diego de Azevedo. Little is known of the eight years which Dominic spent at Osma, but that little has an important bearing upon his after history. In the first place, it was here that he made the close friendship with his loved prior, Azevedo, which was to influence his whole subsequent history; in the second place, here it was that he began to develop his great gift of preaching. His other yet more strongly marked gift of personal influence must surely have shown itself long before he was thirty-three.

Osma lay at no great distance from Dominic's village home in Old

Castile, and so settled had been his life hitherto that his longest journey seems to have been to Palencia, in the neighbouring province of Leon—a strange beginning this for one who was to spend the remainder of his days in journeying to and fro half over Europe. His quiet student days were drawing to an end: he was about to be called forth from the shelter of the university and the cathedral to play his part upon a wider stage. His long series of journeys was about to begin, not in the barefoot, pilgrim fashion of his later years, but with all the pomp and luxury that befitted a royal envoy. His dear friend and master, Azevedo, now Bishop of Osma, had been chosen to carry to the court of Denmark proposals for a marriage between a princess of that country and the King of Castile's son; and Dominic—the "sub-prior," to give him his accustomed designation—was appointed to accompany the bishop. The ambassadors fulfilled their mission successfully, brought home their report, and were sent forth again, with yet more magnificence than on the first occasion, to bring home the royal bride; but on their way they were met with the news of her death, and, altering their course, they turned aside to make their pilgrimage to Rome. This is all—save one seemingly slight incident—that we know of the details of this journey; a journey which nevertheless was the most important of Dominic's whole life. Before relating this incident, something must be said as to the new influences by which Dominic found himself surrounded when, after crossing the Pyrenees, he arrived in the chief city of the unhappy province of Languedoc.

It is well known that the condition of the Church in the South of France in the thirteenth century was a glaring scandal. Protestant historians have brought forward proof upon proof of the utter degradation within the Church at this period; Roman Catholic historians have made no attempt to refute them. The very name of Catholic was covered with dishonour. And even if there were, as surely there must have been, men here and there who strove to uphold a higher standard, they were powerless to stem the evil around them. In old days it had been a common saying, "I would rather be a Jew than do that;" now it was changed into, "I would rather be a churchman than do that;" and the change was significant enough of the general contempt for those who should have been the leaders in all good, but who were given up to iniquitous self-indulgence.

In sharpest contrast with the proud apathy of the Catholic clergy, there stood out the stern, high aspirations of the heretics known as the Albigenses. These Albigenses, to speak very briefly, were the mediæval representatives of the Oriental Manichæans of the first centuries of the Christian era, who, with strange admixtures of Catholic practices, still held to the ancient belief in two conflicting powers of equal strength, powers of good and evil, for ever struggling one with another. Rigid asceticism was the central feature of their creed; to them it was not a means only, but an end; and this very note of hardness and self-denial attracted many who were alienated from their own Church by the lack of such qualities. The Albigenses as a whole were no more faultless in morals than in doctrine, but at least

they were in the main sincere and zealous, and *les bons hommes*, as they were popularly called, drew to themselves by a natural attraction many honest and true-hearted Catholics, who were only too painfully alive to the shortcomings and failings of their own Church.

The inevitable result followed. The country was honeycombed with adherents more or less open to the Albigensian heresy, and Dominic, on this his first night in Toulouse, found himself entertained by a heretic host. They talked together far into the night, and Dominic learnt in the morning that his arguments had not been without effect. He had convinced his hearer that the Catholic Church was not to be judged only from her unworthy ministers in Languedoc. But the results of the conversation were more far-reaching than this. Dominic, as he thought and prayed in his room at night over all the new ideas that had been thus presented to him, conceived a plan of a brotherhood of preachers who should travel all about the country witnessing for the truth by word and life. Such was his dream—a dream not to be realized for twelve long years, yet never forgotten.

For the moment there was much to put this great scheme out of his head—the mission to Denmark, and, above all, the first visit to Rome. He was travelling with a companion as earnest-minded as himself and scarcely less enthusiastic. The Bishop of Osma was bent on direct evangelistic work among the heathen, and desired the Pope, Innocent III., to release him from his diocesan duties, and to set him free to take up a mission among the yet pagan people dwelling in what we now call Hungary. How completely Dominic shared in those aspirations we may see by the record in later years of his repeated wishes to leave to others the work he had begun at home, and himself to press forward into the regions beyond. In the last year of his life, the needs of Hungary were still pressing upon him, and it is characteristic of the ready spirit of the man that when he once saw before him a faint hope that he might be allowed to go out to Persia, he forthwith let his beard grow, in order the better to equip himself for his wild and adventurous undertaking.

But a no less needed missionary work was awaiting him in the home field. The Pope refused the request of the two friends, and bade the Bishop of Osma return to his diocese. Their homeward path led them again through Languedoc, and the needs of this scattered flock, thus grievously neglected by its rightful shepherds, once more appealed so forcibly to the compassion of Dominic's chief that he resolved to go no farther, but straightway to take this distracted Languedoc for his mission field. How the bishop reconciled this decision with the Pope's orders does not concern us. As for Dominic, his duty was plainly that of obeying the commands of his bishop.

Azevedo and Dominic were not, however, the only workers engaged in the task of reclaiming the Albigenses. Of late the heresy had been gaining ground to so alarming an extent that three Papal legates had been sent into the province, armed with full authority to take such measures as seemed good to them to reclaim the wanderers. It has not been left

for writers of modern times to discover how little fitted were these legates for the delicate task entrusted to them. The leading man amongst them, Arnold of Citeaux, had not yet, it is true, uttered the famous order which was to cover his name with ignominy for all time. He it was who, a few years later, at the bloody siege of Beziers, revealed his true character by saying coolly, when his subordinates told him that they could not rightly distinguish between heretics and Catholics: "Kill on! The Lord knoweth them that are His." The Bishop of Osma was painfully conscious that the arguments of the legates, their formal "conferences," were of little avail while they still held themselves aloof from the people at large, wrapped in the selfish isolation of their own conspicuous luxury. He felt it, and he gave courageous expression to his conviction. "This is not the right way, my brethren," said he. "It seems to me impossible to bring back by mere words men who are looking for examples." He pointed out that the power of the other side lay in their disciplined lives, their ready self-sacrifice. "You," he continued, "by offering them a contrary spectacle will do little good and much harm, and you will never win their hearts."

What, then, was to be done? asked the legates; and the bishop was prepared with a practical answer. He for his part meant to send home all his courtly retinue, and to remain behind with a handful of helpers like-minded with himself—and foremost among them Brother Dominic—going up and down the country on foot, setting forth the true faith. The legates, infected by the speaker's enthusiasm, agreed to try his plan; but their adherence to it was of no long continuance. They had already made themselves too much hated to be capable of adopting with success so complete a change of policy; and for the next two years they tacitly withdrew from active operations, leaving the whole brunt of the spiritual warfare to which they had been commissioned to the unauthorized volunteers from Castile, only showing themselves at rare intervals, and thereby hindering rather than helping.

The position was not a satisfactory one, but what this little band of Spaniards could do to set right past wrongs they did with untiring self-devotion. They travelled from place to place, making themselves all things to all men, that they might by all means save some. They tried different methods; sometimes public "conferences," yet more often private intercourse; and they took pains to set their conferences on the fairest possible footing, often choosing the arbitrator from among the Albigenses. But, after all, it was disheartening work. Dominic would have gloried in the prospect of martyrdom, but the little everyday annoyances, the premeditated acts of rudeness, the occasional rough handling to which he was subjected, had none of the dignity of martyrdom, and were perhaps more trying to one of his temperament. But his patience did not fail him, and cheerful silence often did him better service than any number of sermons could have done. He never feared controversy, but there were times when he gladly laid it aside—as, for example, during

the Lent which he passed in the house of three hospitable Albigensian ladies. During that time no word of controversy fell from the friar's lips, but his unobtrusive habits of self-discipline made a deep impression upon his kindly entertainers.

Dominic was no Simeon Stylites to proclaim to the world his voluntary austerities. If for the sake of self-discipline he walked barefoot on his long weary tramps, he was careful to put on his sandals before he came into any public place. Fasting, too, was always done in such a manner as to attract the least possible notice; and, above all things, he shrank from any appearance of sitting in judgment upon the Christian liberty of others.

A new scheme of Dominic's that was the nucleus of much of his after work was the foundation of a convent in a certain Pyrenean village, which had for its special object the education of young girls in accordance with the principles of the Catholic Faith. This union of learning and religion was always very dear to the heart of the scholarly graduate of Palencia, and became a prominent feature of his Order, which devoted much attention to educational work. But Dominic was ever careful that the intellectual faculties should not be cultivated at the expense of the spiritual growth. "In what books have you studied?" was the inquiry of a young disciple, impressed by Dominic's learning and eloquence. "Most of all in the book of Charity," was the master's significant reply.

His ever-memorable invention of the devotion of the Rosary was another scheme of his, intended to educate even the most ignorant of his hearers in habits of prayer and meditation, by teaching them to group in an orderly succession around each repetition of the familiar words of the Lord's Prayer and the Angel's Salutation to the Blessed Virgin some simple thoughts of the central facts of the gospel history.

It must be remembered that up to this time "Brother Dominic" had occupied only a subordinate position. The death in 1207 of his beloved chief, the Bishop of Osma, made a change in this respect, but he was still without any official status. He more than once refused a bishopric, feeling convinced that he could be of more use without the external dignities that would have surrounded his new position. The one office which was forced upon him was that of so-called "Reconciler of heretics," a title which demands some words of explanation, because it introduces us to the vexed question of Dominic's relation to the Inquisition.

The death of one of the hated Papal legates in 1208 at the hand of an Albigensian assassin had for its immediate result the proclamation of a formal crusade against the heretics, a long and cruel struggle which lingered on under the rule of at least three successive Popes, and under the reigns of three kings of France. There is no need to dwell upon the unutterable horrors that signalized the first and most bloody period of this iniquitous war, except for the purpose of drawing attention to the fact that contemporary history gives no warrant whatever for the modern assertions that Dominic took any active part in it. As a matter of fact,

he is hardly mentioned by the chroniclers of either party. Once, indeed, at the time of the decisive battle of Muret, we catch a glimpse of him in church kneeling at prayer, and we know something of the import of those fervent sorrowful prayers—that God would be pleased to restore the blessings of peace. Surely few people will deny that Dominic was in his right place here.

But there still remains the graver charge: Was he or was he not "the founder of the Inquisition"? Very impartial judges, whose authority will be quoted again later, have held that the Inquisition was not formally established until the reign of Philip II. of Spain; but to the ordinary English mind, where men are forced to give an account of their faith, and condemned to the flames if that faith is not in harmony with the views of those who examine, there we have all the essential elements of the Inquisition. In 1812 the Spanish Cortes decided, the Radicals being then in office, to abolish for ever the hateful institution; but before doing so they made a careful judicial inquiry into its origin and history. Judges such as these will not be, as we have before said, suspected of undue partiality for any person or thing connected with the Inquisition, and this gives all the more weight to their declaration concerning Dominic. S. Dominic, they pronounced, "used no weapons against heretics, save only prayer, patience, and instruction."

It would be hard to find three words more exactly expressive of Dominic's whole bearing towards the ignorant and the sinful, be they who they might. And he had large scope for exercising these graces, for it was his appointed office at this period of his life to reason with condemned heretics, and win them if possible to a recognition of the Catholic Faith. It was not his to condemn or to save; he was not an inquisitor proper, only what was termed a "reconciler." His functions may not inaptly be compared to those of a gaol chaplain, with the notable difference that if Dominic could give hopes that a prisoner was "open to conviction," he might thereby avert the sentence of death. We see plainly that to a man of Dominic's intense religious convictions it was utterly impossible to be indifferent as to the nature of the belief held by any of his fellows. With all the fervour of his being he would strive to bring his hearer to what he himself believed to be the only true standpoint; but there was no trace in him of impatience or cruelty. His was the charity that "believeth all things, hopeth all things;" and we find him on one occasion claiming the life of a condemned heretic who withstood all efforts to convince him, on the ground that if time were given him he would become a saint. Ultimately the man did change his views, and became a worthy member of the Preaching Friars; but that was not for twenty years to come, when Dominic was no longer on earth to be gladdened by the realization of his prophecy.

There are two other records, and only two, which bring Dominic before us in his capacity of "reconciler." The one shows him claiming protection and all the privileges of civil life for a former heretic; the

other sets forth in detail the penance prescribed for one of these Albigensian penitents. To those unfamiliar with the rigid austerity of mediæval penances, inflicted even on the most loyal members of the Church, the regulations may sound harsh; but those to whom the form of such penances is abundantly familiar will be far more struck with the unusual tenderness manifested in the directions that such and such practices are to be dependent upon the state of the weather and the bodily condition of the penitent.

It has been necessary for the clearing of Dominic's reputation to give a large share of attention to this portion of his career—more, in fact, than is required by its real bearing upon his life. How long and how often he was called upon to act in his official capacity as "reconciler" we know not; but we do know that through all this weary sojourn in Languedoc he had never lost sight of the purpose formed at Toulouse twelve years before, and that all his spare time and energy had been devoted to training a few men like-minded with himself for the work of itinerant preachers. By this time he had gathered round him just half a dozen—a small army verily, for the world-wide campaign which even then their leader had in view—and he determined to leave the scene of his painful ten years' labours in Southern France, and present himself at Rome, to claim Papal recognition for his proposed Preaching Order.

He reached Rome in the autumn of 1215. He was then a man in the prime of life and strength, and no one would have supposed that he had less than six years to live, yet into that brief space was to be crowded the foundation of Dominic's three separate Orders of workers; in it was to be contained the inauguration of a system that was destined to have results such as Dominic could never have foreseen. If we cannot forget the terrible evils that were done in later generations by the followers of Dominic, let us also remember how immense a power for good they were at the first, and the unspeakable debt of gratitude that our country owed to them in the thirteenth century.

But it is of the founder that we have now to speak, and not of his latter-day followers. When once his system was formulated and had the Pope's somewhat reluctant consent, men and women flocked in ever-increasing numbers to Dominic's standard. The long, patient years of seedtime were past; the harvest was begun. It would take too long to trace the gradual establishment of the different Orders, two of them formed upon regular monastic lines, for men and women respectively; the third, the Order of "the soldiers of Jesus Christ," much more elastic in its regulations, and intended to furnish some rule of life to members of the Church of both sexes living their ordinary home-life. Elasticity was a marked feature of all Dominic's Rules.

So large a family as his quickly came to be could not have held together for a week without a well-defined Rule; but his spirit was too free and rich to allow of rules becoming fetters, and he trained his itinerant friars to rely on their own honourable discretion in the matter of obeying

or relaxing them. In early days one brother shrank from the stern rule that bade him go forth penniless. Dominic sought to inspire him with his own happy confidence in the safety of trusting all his welfare to Providence; but, failing to conquer his fears, he allowed him to be furnished with a small supply of money. On this whole question of temporal possessions his views underwent a change. Unlike his honoured fellow-soldier, S. Francis, whose friendship he had made in Rome when he was there on his second visit, Dominic had begun by thankfully accepting endowments for the good of his Order; but later on he took the far more difficult step of renouncing them all, being persuaded that his friars gained both in character and in influence by being obliged to trust to the seemingly precarious support of contributions spontaneously offered. It was a real grief to him to mark among his children any signs of a tendency to increasing luxury.

As for himself, his consideration in trifles, his gracious thanks, made him a welcome guest wherever he lodged; but it was as a travelling companion that his lovable qualities shone out most conspicuously. And he was for ever on the march, crossing and recrossing the Alps. His head-quarters were changed from Languedoc to Rome, and in the end to Bologna—a silent admission, we may take it, that he was glad to bid farewell to the controversies and religious persecutions of the South of France, and devote his latest efforts to countries where the gospel could still be preached as a veritable message of peace and goodwill.

From Rome he revisited his native Spain; and on another journey he travelled as far north as Paris in the interests of his new foundation. Equal himself to any amount of fatigue, and happily able to sleep anywhere and at any time, utterly indifferent as to what he ate and drank, he was yet tenderly considerate of the infirmities of his fellow-travellers. We can almost see the fair-haired, ruddy-complexioned leader—barefooted, staff in hand, satchel over his shoulder—stepping forth at the head of his little company, beguiling their way with cheerful talk, turning the small hardships of the road into a jest by his joyous humour. When they were marching wearily along exposed to the pitiless rain, the master's deep, rich voice would break forth, uplifted in the strains of the *Veni Creator;* and when a torrent had to be forded, was he not ever the foremost to plunge into the stream? Such he was in his social moments, and one witness after another speaks of the wonderful charm of that natural gaiety which showed itself in his habitual expression, yet gave place instantly to a full and helpful sympathy for any sorrow that might be brought before his notice. On these long journeys he was wont to exemplify his own precept: "Be always speaking of God or to God." At times he would detach himself from his companions and walk alone, and then, having made the sign of the cross, he would take from his satchel the Gospel of S. Matthew or the Epistles of S. Paul, and begin to read as he walked. But to those who watched him from afar he seemed to be talking to an unseen friend rather than reading a book, for his voice was heard in broken words of prayer,

and he would look upwards, his face now lighted with smiles, now bathed in tears. Well might his disciples feel that with such a leader they could dare anything; their trial lay in having to go forth without him, but from the first Dominic strove to accustom them to act alone, looking only for Divine help. In early days, when the brothers were but a handful, he acted contrary to the opinion of most of his friends in straightway dispersing that little band all over the face of Europe. Men argued that in thus breaking up his slender forces he was sacrificing all hope of their future usefulness. His decision, however, had not been lightly made, and he adhered to it, giving his reason in this one pregnant sentence: "Wheat multiplies when it is sown; when it is heaped up it rots." To a brother who sorely mistrusted his own powers, he said tenderly: "Go, my son, go fearlessly; twice a day I will remember thee before God. Thou shalt do great things, and the Lord will be with thee." Many and many there were who knew what it was to feel that Dominic remembered them in those strenuous and constant intercessory prayers which made up the best part of his hidden life. The master very rarely spoke of himself; but once, near the close of his labours, when he was talking to a friend in the intimacy of private conversation, this was his testimony: "God has never refused me aught that I asked of Him."

Some mention must of necessity be made of the miracles which occupy so large a space in the contemporary biographies, and which belong, with few exceptions, to the last six years of the saint's history. It would be well-nigh impossible for mediæval biographers to write the life of a saint without some such miraculous additions; men's minds were predisposed to expect miracles; they had little difficulty in believing that they had been wrought. Visions and dreams occupy a large space in these Lives, and it is instructive to note that the very same dream is twice over attributed to Innocent III. In the one case, it has S. Dominic for its hero; in the other, it has S. Francis. There is no need to charge the writers with intentional fraud, or with anything more than giving a free rein to their imagination, and seeing supernatural intervention in incidents many of which seem to us capable of very natural explanations; but, taken as a whole, these miracles add curiously little to our conception of S. Dominic, and we miss in the wordy narrations the genuine ring which we detect in the more homely incidents and in the few brief sayings that are attributed to the saint. The most striking of the stories—that of the restoration to life of a young man seemingly mortally injured—has its exact counterpart in the history of not a few of the saints. The remainder are of a much less lofty order. Some of them seem to an English reader trivial in the extreme; while some few are both foolish and repulsive, and wholly unworthy the dignity of our Dominic. One of the most famous of the legends tells how the distinctive dress of the Order was decided upon by the Blessed Virgin herself, who appeared for the purpose in company with S. Cecilia. It is worth noting that the authority for this apparition is a youthful and enthusiastic nun, Cecilia by name, who is perhaps not to be

considered as the most trustworthy of witnesses in a question touching the supposed apparition of her own particular patron saint. The founder of the Order, at any rate, had hitherto bestowed no attention on this matter, being content to let his brothers don the garb of the Canons Regular, to which he had been accustomed ever since he left the university. He was hopeless in all details of the sort; the worn condition of his own clothes was a byword among the friars, and it was well remembered how, when a dog had once torn his robe, his masculine wisdom strove to repair the rent with clay!

His biographers are inclined—and in a sense justly—to rank almost as a miracle their founder's magnetic, personal influence; the quick insight that enabled him to read men's unspoken thoughts, to distinguish between real penitence and sham; the quiet majesty that dominated wayward spirits even while they struggled against it; the look, the gesture, that would win the allegiance of some silent, reserved youth and make him for life Dominic's devoted disciple. It was characteristic of Dominic that he could never give less than his best. The conversational gifts that made him the delight of courtly tables were just as freely drawn upon for his own monks and nuns; and at Rome, when the long day's work was done, he would devote a part of his scanty leisure to visiting the lifelong recluses—the women who, according to the horrible practice of the age, passed their melancholy existence as voluntary captives in niches hollowed out of the walls of the city—saying a cheering word to one and another of them to lighten the awful monotony of their lives. No stress of public work ever made him unmindful of old friends; and when he was travelling in Spain, he bought a set of ebony spoons, as a present for his nuns at Rome, and carried them home all the way in his knapsack!

Busy indeed he was in these latter years. His daily ministrations, both at home and on journeys, in any village church; his careful expository sermons on different parts of Scripture, were no light part of his work. He held at the Lateran, as his successors still hold at the Vatican, certain offices entrusted to him by the Pope; and, above all, he had the oversight of no less than sixty branch Houses belonging to his foundation in various parts of Italy, France, and Germany; for to such astonishing proportions had the Order increased, which six years before had been represented only by himself and six brethren. In addition to all this, Dominic was ever planning new outlets for the energies of his daily increasing disciples; and we find that among the new ventures that were occupying his latest thoughts was a mission to England—a country that must have been the more dear to him because one of his earliest companions had been an Englishman, a certain Brother Lawrence. Dominic did not live long enough to see the inauguration of the English mission, but it was undertaken shortly after his death.

Although the Order had already done so much, it had but just formulated its complete constitution when it was deprived of the guidance of

its great founder. The last public function in which he took part was the second meeting of the great annual Council of the Order, known as the meeting of the General Chapter, which took place at Bologna at the Whitsuntide of 1221. On the first occasion, a year earlier, he had once more vainly pleaded to be set free from all official cares, and to resume the free missionary life which had always been his ambition. This time he was conscious that his rest was at hand. But he would not yield to the hitherto unknown sensations of bodily weakness that were beginning to make themselves felt. In all the heat of an Italian July, he travelled up to Venice to make some last arrangements for the welfare of his Order. The effort was too much. When he got back to Bologna at the end of the month fever was upon him, and he had to submit to be nursed by his friars. Very patient was the sufferer; very tender those untrained, sorrowful nurses; but it added to their grief that their master, with a touch of his old playfulness, put by all their endeavours to provide him with the common comforts of a sick-room. So long as there was any likelihood of his being restored to health, he let them try what measures they chose; but when it was plain that the illness could have but one issue, he desired to resume the old hard practices that had been habitual to him all his life long. He was conscious to the last, calmly able to look back and to look forward. He made his solemn confession fully and collectedly, but even in this supreme moment his mind was more occupied with the needs of others than with his own state. The instinct of helpfulness showed itself to the last. "Do not weep," said he. "I shall be of more use to you where I am going than if I remained with you here." Distracted by their grief, the brethren forgot the duties of their office, and it was the master's gentle "Make ready" that recalled them to the present duty of chanting the commendatory prayers. As they sang the words, "Come to his aid, O Saints of God; come, O Angels of the Lord, and bear his soul into the presence of the Most High," Dominic's lips moved, his hands were stretched heavenwards, and at that instant his pure loving spirit passed away.

Thus, upon the Feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1221, Dominic ascended into the hill of the Lord, to enjoy that full communion with his God for which he had thirsted throughout his earthly pilgrimage. It is much to be regretted that in order not to interfere with the recognized services for this festival, it was decided at the time of Dominic's canonization, thirteen years after his death, to put back his commemoration to the fifth day of the month, and at a still later date to its present position on August 4.

It is on the last of these three days, according to the Truro Kalendar, that the Cornish parish of St. Dominick near Saltash keeps its feast; and it is perfectly clear, as we are about to show, that when the inhabitants of St. Dominick chose August 4 for their annual feast, they thereby proclaimed openly their allegiance to the great preaching friar; but it is equally clear that the church is older than the saint from whom it has been erroneously

supposed to take its name. A long series of Latin documents, the earliest dating from the middle of the thirteenth century—a period when Dominic's reputation was at its zenith—proves that the patron saint was not Dominic but *Dominica*. The common tendency to shorten a lengthy name has asserted itself here as in so many other cases, and "no doubt," says the present rector of the parish,* "in common parlance the people said S. Dominick all along;" but in the more exact legal Latin the feminine termination is strictly observed right down to the Reformation. The identity of this unknown woman saint is a point that will never, it is to be feared, be satisfactorily set at rest, but the various theories regarding her will be fully discussed elsewhere (CH. LI.). The point that concerns us now is to decide how and when S. Dominic came to be adopted as the patron saint of the parish in place of the mysterious S. Dominica of an earlier age. If the Truro Kalendar is correct in stating that the parish feast is kept on August 4, the date of the change can be fixed to within a very few years, and a most interesting little glimpse into a by-corner of English Church history is thereby revealed to us. The remarkable point is that this demonstration in Dominic's favour must have been made as late as the reign of Mary Tudor, for the final change of day from August 5 to August 4 was not decided upon until the brief Papacy of Paul IV.,† between 1555 and 1559. The time had gone by when patronal festivals were looked upon with universal respect. Henry VIII. had done his best to break down that old sentiment, and popular feeling was largely with him in his action. It was enough for most people to leave their local holidays as they found them; certainly they did not trouble themselves with trifling changes of day proclaimed by the Pope of Rome. Are we to infer, therefore, that the date of the feast at St. Dominick's had a deeper meaning than appears on the surface, and that the change was instigated by some staunch adherent to the old ways, who took advantage of the short-lived Roman Catholic reaction under Queen Mary to give this significant sign of his willingness to render obedience, even in the merest trifle, to the authority of the Vatican? The complete inner history of St. Dominick's parish will perhaps never be rightly known, but at least we may be glad to have his pious memory thus kept alive amongst us by this one church and parish; and all the more so, since it appears—speaking, however, only from very imperfect knowledge—that the English Dominicans, in this respect unlike the Franciscans, did not dedicate their churches to their own founder, but rather made choice of other saints, giving the preference to the already established saint of the locality—as, for instance, to S. Edward in the parish of St. Edward at Oxford,‡ and to S. Andrew in the parish of St. Andrew at Norwich.

S. Francis of Assisi, C. Oct. 4. 1226.

By a curious chance it happens that S. Dominic has become possessed of a church certainly not originally intended for him, while S. Francis, on the other hand, owing to the

* The Rev. C. Square, in a letter dated March 14, 1896.

† Baillet, August 4.

‡ Lacordaire.

accidents of time, and also to the religious views of King Henry VIII., has been deprived of the churches that of right belong to him. So far as existing dedications go he is represented only by a single nineteenth-century church ; and in accordance with our general practice regarding patron saints of post-Reformation selection, we shall not give any details of his life—a life which is indeed far better known than that of his less generally appreciated fellow-worker, S. Dominic.

Dominic and Francis ! from the days of Dante, nay, even earlier, the two names have been inseparably linked ; either would seem incomplete without the other, and we may well rejoice over the modern church which restores to us the time-honoured association, so ruthlessly broken by the autocratic Henry VIII., between the founders of the two greatest religious Orders of mediæval Christendom, and reunites Dominic and Francis.

The Spanish Dominic and the Italian Francis were more than mere contemporaries : though working independently the one of the other, they yet were workers in a common cause. Their aim was one, and by strangely different roads both men arrived at much the same method of realizing their ideals. More than once their paths crossed ; they were brought into personal contact, and each learned to hold the other in high regard.

And yet, numerous as are the points of likeness, the points of difference are not less numerous, whether as touching character or circumstances. On the one side is the high-born Dominic, educated up to the fullest measure of his time, and valuing to the full the advantages that education can bestow ; on the other is the almost illiterate Francis, belonging to the mercantile class, and—though overflowing with the true refinement that springs from a delicate poetic nature—disposed to regard all learning with a curious mixture of reverence and scorn. Again, the one is a priest, the other a layman : both are preachers, but while the one delivers carefully thought out discourses explanatory of the Scriptures, the other finds the text for his homely talks in any passing object or circumstance that may suggest itself.

But greater still are the differences of disposition. Dominic, when he becomes conscious of an evil, broods long and silently over the means of reforming it. His plans are carefully thought out beforehand, so that when the moment comes for action he has but to clothe them with the outward form already predetermined. Francis, on the other hand, has no ready-made schemes ; his various Orders spring into being without premeditation ; rather they are the direct outcome of his own spiritual needs. He does indeed help others—few men more so—but at the first it is all unconsciously. As he obeys the dictates of his own conscience, he learns that "God has not called him to this state solely for himself, but that he may gain much fruit in the souls of others, and that many through him may be saved ;" and he finds that he can best help others by that which has helped himself ; so his forms adapt themselves spontaneously to the needs of the moment.

The different speed at which the two men worked is again highly

characteristic of them. Francis, though thirteen years younger than Dominic, had founded his Order seven years before Dominic had brought his into existence. The one set to work as soon as the idea presented itself : the other waited twelve years, and began the organization of his great army six years only before his death.

In Dominic we seem to watch the natural workings of an earnest spirit, illuminated indeed and guided by fervent prayer : in Francis we seem to see the actions of one carried out of his natural self by impulses and inspirations not his own. The settled sobriety of Dominic's masculine faith is wanting in the more ecstatic Francis, as the tender poetic fancies of Francis are wanting in Dominic. The grave Spaniard could never, like the lighter-hearted Brother Francis, have bestowed his sermons upon birds or wolves ; he could never have solaced himself by personifying the glories of the natural world around him. For him there were but two objects of his love and care ; he might have said with Browning's Rabbi—

"Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure."

Once more—it is worth noticing that if we blot out from Dominic's life every touch of miracle its absence is unfelt ; with Francis the miracles are practically inseparable from the matter-of-fact history. The very atmosphere, as it has been well said, breathes miracles ; and in the contemporary Lives these miracles have a curious fitness of their own. The undoubting simplicity of the narrative is in perfect accord with the simplicity—nay, let us add also, the very childishness—of the miracles themselves ; the dumb creatures, the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest, seem to find in the gracious, tender Francis their proper interpreter. It is true enough that a large proportion of the so-called miracles may be capable of purely natural interpretations ; but in the attempt to separate between the real and the fictitious, the grace and charm of the original story is apt to be altogether lost, and it is this which makes even the best of modern lives of Francis so inferior in attractiveness to the uncritical narratives of earlier date. Those who would know S. Francis as he seemed to those who loved him best, to the men and women he ruled so gently and yet with such unquestioned authority, should turn to the contemporary Lives, or to the widely popular collection of stories of the saint belonging to a somewhat later date, known as "The little Flowers of S. Francis."

And yet, after all, they were right who dwelt more upon the likenesses than upon the differences in Dominic and Francis. Both men were profoundly impressed by the awful sinfulness of sin. To the one the truth had come home primarily through a bitter sense of the disloyalty of those around him who dishonoured the very name of Christian, and cast stumbling-blocks in the way of their brethren : to the other it had come through the secret witness of his own heart's needs ; but on the souls of both alike the conviction rested as a heavy burden that could be borne only in the might of the great Sin-bearer. "The trivial round, the common task,"

could no longer satisfy either of them; henceforth it was their peculiar vocation, in the midst of a selfish and pleasure-loving age, to turn men's thoughts once more to the very Perfection of love and self-sacrifice; and the love and self-sacrifice of which they spoke, each of these two men sought to shadow forth in his own life. The poverty on which they both so earnestly insisted was not in itself an end, but it was a plainly to be understood sign of the true import of all their preaching, a visible reminder of that Divine life once lived upon earth, of which they desired to be humble imitators.

Last of all, the true spiritual kinship between Dominic and Francis is best seen, not when they are in their busy public career, preaching to attentive multitudes or shaping a Rule which is to become to many the ordered way of a happy useful life, but in the quiet hours spent by each in inward communion with his God. There we see them, forgetful for a while of their fellow-men, forgetful of their own souls, their whole being absorbed in the contemplation of the Divine love. We see the self-controlled Dominic, morning by morning, shedding tears of joy as he offers up the sacred memorials of the Saviour's dying love: we see the ever-eloquent Francis rising from sleep and passing the hours of night in a rapturous silence—silence broken only by the oft-repeated cry, "My God, my God," which seems to speak of all the love and awe hidden within his heart.

And now to gather up the few fragmentary memorials of S. Francis still left to us in England. The brothers of his widespread Order found their way into this country in very early days, even within the lifetime of their founder, and took considerable hold here. As far as may be inferred from the evidence of a few scattered instances, "the Brothers Minor," or "Gray Friars," as the Franciscans were commonly called in England from their distinctive garb, were more apt than the Dominicans to bestow upon the churches of their Order the special name of their founder. The ruined abbey of S. Francis at Ennis in the County Clare, built for the use of the Gray Friars in 1242, is a case in point; but to come nearer home, in the city of Norwich there are still records of the "large and handsome church of S. Francis," now destroyed, which once formed part of the monastery of the Gray Friars.* This church of S. Francis is among the many vanished glories of Norwich; but in the City of London the Franciscan church still survives, though no longer under its original dedication-name of S. Francis. The first settlement of the "Brothers Minor" in London was in Newgate Street; and here, within a very few years of their coming into England, they began the building of a church for their special use. Early in the next century this building was replaced by one on a more splendid scale, which was dedicated to the patron of the Order, S. Francis, and continued to be known by his name until almost the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, when the king directed that the church of the priory should become the parish church, and be called "Christ's Church within

* "Handbook of the Norwich Church Congress," 1895.

Newgate,"* the name which it has ever since borne. However much we may deplore the change of dedication upon the ground of the lost historical associations, we cannot doubt that the change is one which would have been peculiarly grateful to S. Francis himself. "Not I, but Christ," was the watchword of his whole life.

There remains, then, only a single nineteenth-century church under the invocation of S. Francis, that of Ashton Gate, near Bristol, and it must be owned that the name seems to have been bestowed without any very special reason, except in so far that the church was situated in a newly formed district which had been the scene of much energetic mission work, and there was therefore no small appropriateness in naming it after so ardent a missionary spirit as S. Francis of Assisi. The actual consecration took place in the month of June, 1887, but since that date the patronal festival has been duly observed on October 4, the day of S. Francis's death. It is pleasing to think that by means of this new church a valuable historic association which we were in danger of losing completely has been once more restored to us, and that the radiant personality and beneficent life of S. Francis of Assisi will now become known afresh to many who would never otherwise have heard his name.

S. Clare, V. Aug. 12, 1253.

Two names there are which are indissolubly bound up with the life-history of Sister Clare—*Assisi* and *Francis*. Assisi, the little town which gave her birth, and within whose narrow limits all her sixty years were spent: Francis, her fellow-townsman, her revered master, whose influence ruled her every thought and action from girlhood to old age, long after his gracious bodily presence had been withdrawn from earth.

In the years when Clare in her comfortable, well-to-do home was just passing from childhood to thoughtful maidenhood, the talk of the little town was all of the unaccountable doings of young Francis Bernadone, who for the sake of religion had given up wealth and ease and home, and was living a life of bodily toil harder than that of any poor journeyman, and was even infecting others with the like madness. But was it indeed madness—or holiness so exalted that it was not to be tested by the old familiar standards? So people began to ask one another; but to one heart at least in Assisi there was no manner of doubt as to the answer. The ideal set forth by Francis of a life of utter self-sacrifice that should be as far as possible a literal imitation of the earthly life of the Saviour, spoke straight to all the ardent but still undefined aspirations of Clare's enthusiastic nature. Drawn by his influence, she was ready to renounce wealth and comfort—her destined husband even—and to venture boldly forth into the unknown life of hardship and constant self-denial.

The ordinary course for a mediæval maiden in Clare's frame of mind to pursue would have been to enter a convent, and probably such a step would have been regarded by all her friends as perfectly admissible; but in her present high-wrought condition the girl yearned for something

* Godwin and Britton.

harder and higher than the conventional routine of an established Order, and it was natural enough that in the tumult of her soul she should turn for counsel to none other than her hero Francis. And he on his side could not discourage her—for when could the loving Francis bring himself to reject any who sought his help? He seems, too, from the first to have recognized in her a spirit like his own of loyal devotion to the Master's service, and even then to have gauged her great possibilities for future usefulness. How she was to be employed he knew not, but at least he dared not refuse her in her need; and, after some secret interviews between them, it was decided that on the night of Palm Sunday Clare should go down under the care of attendants from her own home to the little church of S. Mary of the Angels (better known as the Portiuncula), there to be solemnly received into the Franciscan Order.

Mrs. Oliphant has vividly described the strange midnight romance, and we shall venture to borrow her brilliant picture of the scene. "That same night she stole out of her father's house in the darkness, 'with honourable company,' says her biographer, and made her way down the hilly road towards the lonely little church of the Portiuncula. She was still dressed in her festival finery with all her pretty maidenly ornaments. At the door of the church she was met by Francis and the brethren bearing lights. . . . Here she solemnly put aside her ornaments, had her long hair cut off, and received from the hands of Francis the rough woollen gown and cord which were hereafter to be all her bravery. It would seem to have been in the middle of the night that this ceremonial took place. The little church streaming light out of all its windows into the external blackness, and the girl with her heart beating, with her long locks falling under the shears, among that crowd of brown-frocked brethren, some one or two wistful women, servants or dependents, looking on—what a curious mixture of stealth and solemnity, light and darkness, there is in this midnight scene. She had come in the dark with her attendants, through the fresh spring air and the rustle of the silent woods, escaping like a captive from her father's house. . . . There are few nowadays who will sympathize with the secrecy and stealthiness of the flight, or with the part Francis played in it. But it would be hard to refuse a thrill of sympathy to the trembling and excited girl, hurried up and down those gloomy roads under cover of the night." *

It was plainly impossible for the novice—"the spouse of Christ," as Francis loved to call her—to remain at S. Mary of the Angels, and Francis forthwith led her to a Benedictine convent in the town, where she was sheltered for some days; but her friends having made an attempt to withdraw her from thence, she was again removed to a convent outside the town, and it was in this second refuge that she was joined by her ten-year-old sister Agnes, whose life was henceforth as much bound up with the Franciscan Order as S. Clare's own.

This sequel to the story caused an immense sensation, and Clare's

* "Life of Francis of Assisi."

motives and actions were now canvassed as freely as Francis's had been, and many were the differing opinions expressed. There is no need here to apologize for or to defend the course pursued by Francis and Clare; from our point of view it was plainly indefensible, but we must remember that they were both of them acting with their consciences, and not against them; that, according to their own standard of right and wrong, they were putting a higher duty above a lower one. Moreover, the judgment of thoughtful people was for the most part in their favour; even S. Clare's own angry parents, who at the first were bitterly grieved by their daughter's decision, in the end showed their sympathy with it. On the death of the father, his riches passed into the hands of the daughter who had voluntarily forfeited all claim to such wealth; and the widowed mother and her youngest child made their permanent home with S. Clare in her convent retreat.

But we are anticipating. S. Clare's bold step had cleared the way for many more timid women who like her were desirous of a more complete separation from the world. Others now came to Francis asking to be admitted into his Order; and to meet this new need, he determined to set apart a house adjoining the church of S. Damian, and to make the youthful Clare the abbess of this informal community, which embraced children, maidens, married women, and widows—all who felt a drawing to a hard life of obedience, poverty, and service.

It was in this manner that the famous "Second Order" of S. Francis, afterwards commonly known from the name of its first abbess as "the Poor Clares," came into being. Like most of S. Francis's schemes it was not the result of a premeditated plan, but arose almost of itself to meet a particular want; and, like so many of his schemes, it spread to an extent which no one at the first could have supposed possible.

As the numbers increased, Clare earnestly petitioned to be allowed to resign the headship into older and more experienced hands, but this was denied her; and from her nineteenth year until the time of her death, forty-two years later, she continued to preside over the parent house at S. Damian's, which was to mould and influence all the branch establishments. She set herself to be both head and hands in her large household; to do the work alike of the mother-superior and of the humblest novice, reserving to herself no privilege save that of far outstripping all her companions in the measure of her self-imposed austerities. Nature broke down under the awful strain, and Francis, ever wiser for others than for himself, desired Clare as a matter of holy obedience to take more care of her bodily health. But the slight concessions which she made to his authority were made too late, and were insufficient in themselves to undo the harm already wrought by years of persistent neglect. For the twenty-nine remaining years of her life, Sister Clare became a confirmed invalid; yet to the last she continued to exercise the duties of her office, and during all that protracted trial no one ever heard from her lips an impatient word. Still, even in her direst weakness, her spiritual children looked to

her for strength and guidance; and once in a moment of imminent danger, when the Saracen mercenaries in the pay of Frederick Barbarossa had entered the town and were actually surrounding S. Damian's, S. Clare caused herself to be carried from her sick-bed, preceded by the Host, outside the walls of the convent. And even as she lay there making fervent and trustful supplications for the defenceless ones committed to her care, the great peril was averted; for the Saracens, moved by some sudden panic, made a hasty retreat from the city.*

Francis knew well that in every fresh undertaking, every fresh trial, he had the full sympathy and the sustained prayers of the gentle recluse of S. Damian's. It was a comfort to him that she should know exactly all that was about to befall him; and when he was obliged to undergo a painful operation for his eyes, his last care before he gave himself up into the hands of the doctors was to visit his faithful friend, and to share with her the natural sufferings and shrinking that weighed down his soul, and not less the heaven-sent comfort that enabled him to face it with courage, nay, even with gladness.

But in time Francis came to rely not only upon the sympathy, but also upon the judgment, of his sister-like friend. When he was in doubt whether or not to take upon him the new responsibility of public preaching, S. Clare was one of the small band from whom he sought counsel on the subject. And Francis was by no means the only distinguished man of his time who took pleasure in the friendship of Sister Clare; bishops and cardinals, nay, more than one Pope, visited her in her lifelong home at Assisi, attracted not merely by the report of her marvellous sanctity, but by the union of modesty and quiet self-reliance which made her so worthy a head of a great institution. She had a quick insight into character, and a rare power of expressing in words what she saw—as when she described one of the brethren, a simple-minded, loving, half-witted creature, whose well-meant blunders made him at once the laughing-stock and the admiration of the rest, as "the plaything of God."

It was but rarely, however, that the two friends indulged themselves in the intercourse which was such a refreshment of spirit to both, for Francis was neither confessor nor priest; he had no official duties to call him to the convent, and their meetings were therefore for the most part of a serious business nature. But one happy festive meeting has been recorded which must have remained for ever a red-letter day in Sister Clare's eventless kalendar. It is thus quaintly told in the old popular collection of stories known in Italy as "The Little Flowers of S. Francis": "S. Clare had a very great desire to eat with him for once, and prayed him for this many times, but he would not consent to give her this consolation. His companions said to him, 'Father, this stiffness seems to us not according to Divine charity that thou shouldest refuse Sister Clare in such a little matter as eating with thee.' Then S. Francis answered, 'Does it seem to you that I ought to consent?' And his companions

* Baring-Gould and Baillet, August 12.

replied, 'Yes, Father, a right thing it is.' Then said S. Francis, 'Since it seems so to you it seems so to me also; but that she may be more consoled I will have her to eat with me at S. Mary of the Angels, because she has been so long a time secluded at S. Damian's that it will give her joy to see the place of the Blessed Mary where she was made the spouse of Jesus Christ; and there we shall eat together in the Name of God.'" So the little festival was planned with tenderest thought for the pleasure of the unwonted guest, and "the day appointed having come, S. Clare with one companion, came out of her monastery, and accompanied by the companions of S. Francis went to S. Mary of the Angels, where she had received the veil. Then they led her into the house, until it should be the hour to dine. And meanwhile S. Francis had the table prepared on the bare ground, as was his custom, and the hour for dinner being come, they seated themselves together, S. Francis and S. Clare, and one of the companions of S. Francis with the companion of S. Clare, and then all the other companions, humbly seating themselves round the table. And at the first dish S. Francis began to talk of God in a style so sweet, so admirable, and so sublime, that there descended upon them the abundance of Divine grace, and they were all ravished in God." In truth, as sometimes happened, a spiritual ecstasy had taken possession of Francis, and imparted itself likewise to his hearers; but "after a long space he returned to himself, and S. Clare also with all the others, and felt well comforted within themselves by their spiritual nourishment, little as they had partaken of the bodily nourishment. And afterwards, this blessed feast being ended, S. Clare well escorted returned to S. Damian's."

For fifteen happy years Sister Clare had rejoiced in the loving guidance of her brotherly friend. For almost twice that time she was to be left to carry out his well-understood aims with no earthly counsellor to lean upon. The early death of S. Francis in 1226 was the keenest sorrow of S. Clare's life. The blow when at last it fell had been long expected, and was received by the townsfolk of Assisi well-nigh with exultation. They had already taught themselves to think more of the fame that would accrue to their town through the possession of so great a saint than of the loss of the man's bodily presence among them; and even those of his own spiritual children, whose grief was, it need not be doubted, genuine enough, seem for a time to have been lifted above their sorrow; but on the faithful woman's heart down at S. Damian's the heavy sense of personal loss fell in all its bitter reality. When the body of the beloved master rested on its last solemn journey at S. Damian's. "S. Clare"—to quote Mrs. Oliphant's description—"with all her maidens, waited the last visit of their father and friend. . . . The bier was set down within the chancel, the coffin opened, and opened also was the little window through which the nuns received the sacrament on ordinary occasions. And to this little opening the pale group of nuns, ten of them, with Clara at their head, came marching silently, with tears and suppressed cries. Clara herself, even in face of that multitude, could not restrain her grief. 'Father, Father, what

will become of us?' she cried out. 'Who will care for us now, or console us in our troubles?' Then with a deeply pathetic effort to rise from her private sorrow to unselfish thanksgiving she reminded herself that the angels were rejoicing at his coming, and all was gladness on his arrival in the city of God. She stooped to kiss the dead hands, and then disappeared from the little window with her tears into the dim convent behind, where nobody could reprove her sorrow."

All through the long two and forty years of S. Clare's convent life she remained, as we have seen, a willing prisoner in the one same spot. Other of the nuns—her own loved sister Agnes amongst them—were called from time to time to undertake the headship of some new branch, to lead forth little colonies of the Order into distant parts. At one time, while Francis still lived, such a prospect of new enterprises had been held before S. Clare's eyes. "Be ready," he had said, "in case I have to send thee to another house;" and she, "as the daughter of holy obedience," had made answer: "Father, I am ready always to go wheresoever thou wilt send me." The summons never came, and we may imagine to ourselves that S. Clare felt some inward disappointment; but at least we know that if there was secret pain there was also a sweet, openly confessed consolation in seeing the joy of the home-staying sisters at keeping her amongst them. In later years ill health would have made it impossible for her to enter upon outside work; but there was abundant work for her in training the workers, and in seeking to imbue all who passed under her hands with the spirit of absolute self-surrender which she herself had learned from her dear master, Francis. It was a grief to her, as it had been to him, to mark in the brethren and sisters a growing tendency to luxury, and a desire to secure their worldly position, instead of trustfully accepting the obligation of perpetual dependence to which they committed themselves when they took upon them the vow of continual poverty.

S. Clare had for so long a time been recognized as a living saint that after her death there was but a brief delay in obtaining her formal canonization. The actual day of her death was August 11, but her commemoration has been postponed to August 12, the day of her burial. There is a striking significance in the thought how fervently both Francis and Clare would have repudiated for themselves the title of Saint, a title so freely bestowed on them by their fellow-men.

The Poor Clares have left fewer traces of their presence here in England than their brothers of the Franciscan Order, or than the Dominicans; but some few traces at least there are. It is to be feared that we must ruthlessly give up the Cornish parish of St. Cleer, in spite of the statement found in a well-known guide-book that it is a busy town "called after the founder of the Poor Clares." It must unfortunately remain in doubt who the real patron may be; whether, as seems most probable, he was some native-born Celtic saint (CH. LI.), or, as has been surmised, some early Gallican saint out of the Armorican Kalendar; * in any case, he

* Borlase.

is most likely the same personage who has named the Carmarthenshire parish of St. Clear, or, as it is sometimes called, St. Clare ; and, with still more certainty, it may be affirmed that neither parish has anything to do with the thirteenth-century abbess of S. Damian's.

A less obvious, but an unmistakably genuine reminder of our saint is to be found in the ancient City thoroughfare known as the "Minories." It was here that, some forty years after S. Clare's death (in 1293), the first English House of the Poor Clares was established. The founder of the Franciscans in his humility had designated his Order "the Little Brothers," or *Friars Minor*. The sisters who composed the Second Order were in like manner designated "the Minoresses," and their house was thence called "the Minories." By a strange irony of fate this street became at one time the peculiar quarter of the goldsmiths and armourers.*

Yet another and more direct trace of S. Clare is to be found in the beautiful chapel which bears her name in the parish church of S. Nicholas at Rye in Sussex. There can be no doubt here as to the intended patron, for the architecture of the building, its double row of graceful lancet windows, dates it as belonging to the Early English Period,† and so to a time—about the close of the thirteenth century or the opening years of the fourteenth—when S. Clare's fame was likely to be at its height in England.

But these are none of them thoroughly satisfactory commemorations of S. Clare, and we come now to the one parish church that may with most reason be ascribed to her. One of the many Bradfields in the county of Suffolk is distinguished from the rest by the appellation "Bradfield St. Clare ;" while a neighbouring parish bears the name of another saint, and is known as "Bradfield St. George." Locally, the church is unhesitatingly considered as belonging to S. Clare, and it is painful to question the belief ; but even here there is a difficulty. Two separate influences there are, either of which may account for the presence of the name of Clare in the county of Suffolk. It is true that of the three English Houses belonging to this Order outside London, two were in Cambridgeshire, and the third was in Suffolk at Bruisyard, near Saxmundham. If our Bradfield lay near to Bruisyard, or if any connexion could be shown to have existed between the two parishes, we should gladly accept the presumption in favour of the saintly origin of the name. The oldest farmhouse in the parish is indeed called "St. Clare's Hall," and is traditionally said to have been formerly occupied by monks. How gladly would the imagination transform these monks into Poor Clares ; but there is no warrant for such a liberty, and, unluckily, the parish itself is situated on the south-western border of the county, where other and more secular associations with the name of Clare play a very prominent part. Not far from the Essex boundary lies the little town of Clare, which existed at the time of the Domesday Survey, and which, long before the days of S. Clare, had given the title of Earl of Clare to the descendants of one of the most favoured

* "London P. and P." † Murray.

of the Norman followers of the Conqueror. One place after another in Surrey, Essex, and Suffolk passed into the hands of this wealthy family, but nowhere were their possessions so extensive as in Suffolk. Their name no less than their power was spread abroad. It was the Earls of Clare who named Clare College at Cambridge; and it was they who named an entire Irish county. It is from them that we get "Clare Priory," more properly the "Priory of S. John Baptist," at Stoke, near to the parish of Clare; from them that we get the oddly named "Claret Hall" in Essex, which may be compared with the "St. Clare's Hall" mentioned above; and having regard to all these things, it seems not improbable that in "Bradfield St. Clare" we have another reminder of these far-reaching Norman proprietors. The parish has unfortunately no record of any patronal feast which might satisfactorily decide the question; but whatever be the historic origin of the name, S. Clare has for centuries been the accepted patroness, and we may therefore gladly claim this little Suffolk church as a memorial of the loving-hearted and devoted friend of S. Francis of Assisi.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ABBOTS AND MONKS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
35	S. Brandan, or Brendon, A.	May 16 ...	577	2	
	S. Benedict of Nursia. See CH. XXVII.				
	S. Columba of Iona. See CH. XXX.				
40	S. Maxentius, A.	June 26 ...	cir. 515	1	
41	S. Ricarius, Richard, or Riquier, A.	April 26 ...	cir. 645	1	
43	S. Wandregisilus, A. ...	July 22 ...	667	1	
46	S Giles, A.	September 1	Sixth or eighth cent.	144	*See also dd*
	S. Anastasius the Persian. See CH. LI.				
52	S. Hybald, or Hygbald, A. ...	September 22	Seventh cent.	4	
52	S. Botolph, A.	June 17 ...	Seventh cent.	61	
56	S. Benedict Biscop, A. ...	January 12...	703	1	
60	The Venerable Bede, Mk.D.	May 27 ...	735	3	

A FAIRLY large number of our churches, some two hundred and twenty in all, take their dedication-names from abbots and monks; but when we come to examine closely, we find that three-fourths of the whole number belong to S. Giles alone. They cover a curiously wide range, these monastic patrons, from the semi-mythical S. Brandan in the sixth century to our own historical, matter-of-fact Benedict Biscop in the eighth, and present a strange intermingling of nationalities — Brandan, the daring Irish explorer, the French Maxentius, the East-Anglian Botolph, the Northumbrian Benedict, and, most celebrated of all, the Greek Giles.

Two great names are not here taken into account, Columba, Abbot of Iona, and Benedict, the distinguished founder of the Benedictine Order. Columba is ranked with S. Patrick as one of the Apostles of Ireland and Scotland (CH. XXX.), and Benedict finds his proper place among the Founders of Religious Orders (CH. XXVII.).

S. Brandan,* or Brendon, A. May 16, 577.

Let us begin with S. Brandan, or Brendon (he is variously spelt), of Clonfert, the celebrated Irish saint whose legend reads like the "Arabian Nights," and who occupied so large a space in the imagination of our forefathers.

* The story of S. Brandan is mainly taken from an early English version of the legend published by the Percy Society, vol. 14. See also Forbes's Kalendars.

Most difficult it is to separate the facts of S. Brandan's life from the cloud of legend that enfolds it, nor is the result particularly repaying in an historical point of view. The supposed facts of his life are scanty in the extreme, and such as they are there are few of them that have not been disputed.

The life of S. Brandan, as set forth in the pages of a Biographical Dictionary, will give us no understanding of the avidity with which every word of his legend was read in the Middle Ages. The brief outline of his real history is probably as follows. He was born in Kerry at the time when Ireland had her best claim to her beautiful designation, "The Isle of Saints," and with some of her saintly sons and daughters he lived in close intercourse from his earliest years. He was the founder of the celebrated monastery of Clonfert in County Longford—that great monastery whose Rule was so perfectly framed that it was popularly said to have been the work of an angel rather than of a man. This monastery had cells and branches throughout the whole island, so that our abbot was accounted to rule over three thousand monks.

But Ireland was too small a field for S. Brandan's burning activity. There are faint traditions of his organizing power in Religious Houses, both in Wales and Brittany, said to have been founded by him. And then he disappears on some more distant voyage, and nothing certain is known of him till he returns to his native land to die—in his own monastery, say some authorities; in the convent governed by his saintly sister, S. Briga, say others.

This is practically all; and yet there is no one of the abbot-saints who has had so far-reaching an influence as this S. Brandan; and it is around those very years concerning which history is silent that all the interest of his story has since woven itself.

It should always be remembered that the Irish were a sea-going people, with a strong turn for exploring and colonizing; and we need not doubt that there is some foundation in fact for the story of S. Brandan's voyage, however much the marvellous and fantastic element may have increased as it was told about from mouth to mouth. The Irish monks of a later generation pushed their way northward to Iceland and the Faroe Islands,* and some bold spirits struck out far to the westward, and brought back rumours of a vast unknown land on the further side of the ocean.

Canon Kingsley has suggested † that Brandan and his companions may have sailed southward and seen the tropical beauty of the Canaries and the Azores, and in them have found the original of their terrestrial paradise —"the Land of Behest," ‡ as our old English versions call it.

S. Brandan's seven years' voyage has been compared both to the Odyssey and to the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor. It is supposed to have been

* Baring-Gould, May 16.

† "The Hermits."

‡ This name, peculiar to our early English versions — and always used in them—clearly takes its origin from the "behests" or commands of the Lord of Paradise. It is only they who keep unbroken God's behests who are worthy to dwell "in the Land of Behest, that is afore the gates of Paradise."

thrown into its present form in the course of the eleventh century. In days when books of travel were scarce it was greedily read; it stirred up mariners to search for this fair unknown land, and expeditions for the purpose were several times fitted out by the Spaniards. S. Brandan's unknown isle was more than once formally assigned in international treaties, with the saving clause—put in by some prudent Portuguese king—"when it shall be found." And, according to a Spanish saying, it never could be found when sought for! only the fortunate mariner might sometimes come on it at unawares!

Gradually this island came to serve as a fitting background for other mysteries. Twice at different periods of Spanish history it became the popular belief that two ill-fated kings of Spain,* who vanished mysteriously from the battle-field, had found a safe and impenetrable refuge on S. Brandan's Isle. Even the science of the Middle Ages could not withstand the influence of the popular legend, and some of the most fantastic incidents of the voyage—notably, the description of the Isle of Sheep and the Isle of Birds—had found their way into the works of some of the Arabian geographers in words "which must have been taken from our Christian legend." †

Yet amidst all these impossible marvels some conception of the man emerges—the ardent, adventurous spirit, the true ruler of men, calm in danger, strong in self-control, quick to admire others' superiority, obedient to calls from without and from within. And striking and poetical incidents are not wanting: two or three may be instanced as specimens of the rest. Perhaps the most beautiful of all is the description of the Paradise of Birds, the island whither Brandan and his companions came in the course of their wanderings.

Now, it was a very fair land, standing thick with flowers; and hard by a noble well stood a spreading tree, whose every bough was laden with fair white birds so that the leaves might scarce be seen. And they sang so merrily that it was a heavenly noise to hear. Then one of the birds flew to S. Brandan, and with the flickering of his wings he made a full joyous melody, like unto a fiddle, yet merrier instrument never was there than his wings were. Then the saint bade him tell wherefore they sat so thick upon the tree and sang so merrily; and the bird made answer: "Some time we were angels in heaven, but when our master Lucifer fell through his high pride, we fell with him for our offences; but since our trespass is but little, our Lord hath set us here out of all pain, to serve Him and to praise Him on this tree in the best manner that we can."

It was on Easter Day that the bird said these words to S. Brandan, and then he flew again to his fellows that sat on the tree, and then all the birds began to sing evensong as merrily as though God's self were among them; and on the morrow they rose betimes and began matins and prime and all such service as Christian men are wont to sing. And yearly, at the

* Roderic in the eighth century, and Sebastian in the sixteenth.

† See Mr. T. Wright's Preface to the Legend, Percy Society, vol. 14.

Easter time, S. Brandan and his companions returned to keep the holy feast in the Paradise of Birds, finding in that joyous peace strength and refreshment after all the dangers and distresses that they had to pass through in the interval.

By far the most famous of the legends imbedded in the history of S. Brandan's voyage is his meeting with Judas, who floats by him on an iceberg, enjoying a brief respite from the sufferings of hell. The story is familiar to many of us through Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem, from which we quote a few verses.

"'Ah, whence this mercy, Lord?' I said.
The Leper recollect, said he,
Who ask'd the passers-by for aid,
In Joppa, and thy charity.

"He gazed upon me as I pass'd,
And murmur'd: *Help me, or I die!*—
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
Saw him look eased, and hurried by.

"Oh, Brandan, think what grace divine,
What blessing must full goodness shower,
When fragments of it small, like mine,
Hath such inestimable power!

"Well-fed, well-clothed, well-friended, I
Did that chance act of good, that one!
Then went my way to kill and lie—
Forgot my good as soon as done.

"That germ of kindness, in the womb
Of mercy caught, did not expire;
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in the pit of fire."

The old English versions differ in several noteworthy particulars from the Latin version which Mr. Arnold in all probability followed. The Northern seas and the iceberg are altogether wanting: Judas is permitted a weekly and not merely a yearly respite; the cloak was indeed a gift to the leper, but it was itself stolen, with the money entrusted to Judas as the keeper of the bag. Forasmuch as it was given for the love of God, it hung ever beside him as a token that nothing done for God's sake shall ever be forgotten; but, forasmuch as it was wittingly stolen, it was to him a present instrument of pain, beating continually against his face, and recalling the wrong he had done. "Few good deeds have I done that I may tell of"—so cried "that doleful ghost, wretched Judas;" yet one tiny act of thoughtfulness had he wrought, which now "through our Lord's sweet mercy" had brought its own reward: "The stone on which I sit that maketh me sit above the waters, I found it in a desolate place where it eased no man, and I took it thence and laid it in a foul way, where it did much ease to them that went by that way, and therefore it easeth me now."

Mr. Arnold's poem deals only with Judas and the "inestimable power"

of one small fragment of goodness; he therefore passes over Judas's passionate appeal to S. Brandan to stay with him all through the night, and to save him from the fiends who would come to drag him back to hell. Then answered Brandan: "With God's help we will protect thee, and thou shalt abide here all this night." And on Sunday at even there came a fierce multitude of angry fiends, and they commanded S. Brandan not to hinder them, but to let them have their servant. And the saint made answer: "I hinder you not; that doth our Lord Jesus Christ that is of more power." "How darest thou," quoth the devil, "help him that so betrayed his Master, and sold Him to a death of great shame?" And S. Brandan said: "In His name I charge you that you touch him not till it be day." Then the fiends went their way, roaring and crying, and Judas thanked S. Brandan so piteously that it was grievous to see.

And after these things Brandan came to an island where he had happy and holy communion with a venerable fellow-countryman of his, one Paul the Hermit. And with him he would fain have tarried, but the hermit bade him depart, for that he had still a great journey before him, which would bring him in the end unto the Land of Behest. So they sailed on for forty days, and then a heavy hail began to fall, and a thick mist encompassed them, so that they were sore afraid. And when at last the mist passed away, they saw to the eastward the fairest country that any man might see—a land where it was always day—yea, "the joy that they found there may never be told." At the last they came to a river, but they durst not go over; and there came to them a young man, who said: "Be now joyful, for this is the land that ye have sought, but our Lord wills that ye depart hence hastily, for ye may not longer abide here, but thou shalt sail again unto thine own country, and this water that thou seest here parteth the world asunder; for on that other side may no man go that is in this life." Then Brandan and his companions, weeping sore, took their leave of the Land of Behest, and entering into their ship, they returned in safety to Ireland.

Henceforward this holy man had little delight in the pleasures of the world, but he seemed to be "as a man of the other world, and as he were in thought." Now, soon after this S. Brandan waxed feeble and sick. One journey, "the longest and the last," awaited him; and even his brave spirit trembled as he prepared to embark on this unknown voyage. "Commend my departure in your prayers," said he to those who stood about his dying bed. "What is it you fear?" asked Briga his sister. And the old man replied: "I fear if I go alone, if the journey be dark, the unknown region, the presence of the King, and the sentence of the Judge."

Two of our churches are dedicated to S. Brandan, the one in the parish of Brendon in Devonshire, the other at Brancepeth in Durham. Apparently both parishes derive their names as well as the dedications of their churches from the saint, for Brancepeth has been taken to mean "Brandan's valley," from the Anglo-Saxon word "peth," or "paeth," a valley.* It is

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

curious that the adjacent village bears the name of Brandon, though here the church, which is of nineteenth-century origin only, is dedicated to S. John Evangelist. It is probable that the dedications, both in Devonshire and Durham, are due to Celtic influences. The one perhaps may have come in through Cornwall or Ireland, the other through Scotland. In Scotland S. Brandan is much honoured, and Bishop Forbes shows a considerable list, both of churches and localities, which derive their names from him. We have already pointed out S. Brandan's connexion with both Ireland and Wales, and thus our saint links together England and Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

S. Benedict of Nursia. See CH. XXVII.

S. Columba of Iona. See CH. XXX.

S. Maxentius, A. June 26, cir. 515.

From the semi-mythical S. Brandan and all the rich imaginations that clothe the story of his wanderings, we suddenly pass to a Frankish contemporary of his, who presents as striking a contrast to the Irish abbot as can well be conceived. S. Maxentius, with whom we have now to do, forms part of a small group of French abbots, dimly known to us indeed, but belonging to the realm of history, not of myth. The details of the lives of these three men—S. Maxentius, S. Ricarius, and S. Wandregisilus—are meagre enough, but the setting of their actions, the places where they dwelt, the kings and bishops with whom they came into contact, bring us back into the paths of well-authenticated history. The names of all the three are still remembered in the several localities where they laboured, and the work of one of them at least—S. Wandregisilus—endured for many generations after he himself was at rest.

S. Maxentius lived in the days of Clovis, from whom he received many benefits. He was the head of a monastery near Poitiers, and his name survives to this day in the little town called from him "Saint Maixent." The best-remembered incident of his life belongs to the time when the surrounding district was suffering under the invasion of Alaric, King of the Visigoths, and the safety of the monastery itself was endangered by the approach of a troop of soldiers. The terrified monks hastened to their master's cell, beseeching him to go and parley with the soldiers, and as he lingered awhile they opened the door and almost forced him out. Then Maxentius, rousing himself as it were to the present needs, advanced boldly to the foe, calmly ready, like another S. German, to imperil his own life for the safety of his people. Before he could speak one of the soldiers raised his sword, but lo! the outstretched hand became stiffened and powerless, and the weapon fell to the ground. The conscience-stricken soldier fell on his knees to implore pardon for his rash act; the saint showed his forgiveness by restoring the paralyzed arm to its former vigour; and the monastery, it need hardly be said, escaped all further danger. S. Gregory of Tours, from whom we derive this narrative, says that S. Maxentius wrought many other miracles, which may be

read in the book of his life. This book is no longer extant, but we have a later life, probably founded upon it,* which records certain of these miracles; such, for example, as the calling down rain upon the drought-stricken land.† The gentle aspect of this saint is pleasantly set forth in the tradition which tells how the birds came round him as he walked, and when he sat in his cell.

Our sole link with S. Maxentius in this country is in the little Lancashire church of Bradshaw, now a separate parish, but formerly a chapelry in the parish of Bolton. Its history is obscure, like the history of the majority of chapelries, and neither Baines's "County History" nor the researches of a careful local archæologist have been able to throw any light upon the origin of the dedication. We can only say that the close connexion existing in the early Middle Ages between England and Poitou sufficiently accounts for the presence of not a few French saints, highly honoured in their native land though little known amongst us.

S. Ricarius, Richard, or Riquier, A. April 26, cir. 645.

It must be frankly admitted at the outset that there is some doubt whether this French abbot can justify his claim to be remembered among our English patron saints; but since the particular church around which the discussion has raged has, as we shall show, definitely decided to allow that claim, his history must needs be told here.

His story has a special interest for us, since it was from the lips of Irish Christians that he first heard the truths that were to change his whole life. The history through which alone we know him is from the pen of a distinguished Englishman, and if we may trust an uncertain report, he laboured for some time as a missionary in this country. His biographer was the famous Alcuin, who undertook, at the joint request of Charlemagne and of the superior of S. Ricarius's own monastery, to compile a life of the sainted founder from some earlier narrative now no longer extant; but Alcuin had the disadvantage of writing nearly a century and a half after the saint's death, and his materials were unfortunately very meagre. Except for that one sojourn in Great Britain, of which his first native biographer probably knew little and cared less, and so has left it a complete blank, the life of S. Ricarius seems to have been uninterruptedly passed in the same district, namely, in the parts of Picardy round about Abbeville. His birthplace and the scene also of his greatest activities was Centule, a place which is now called from him St. Riquier.

We are apt to forget that the evangelization of Europe was a slow and gradual process. Five hundred years had elapsed since the time when Blandina, the slave-girl, and Pothinus, the bishop, were martyred at Lyons; two hundred years since S. German came from Auxerre to the aid of the British Church; one hundred and more since Clovis had been baptized at Soissons; and yet now, in this seventh century, whole regions of Northern France were still strongholds of heathenism, and the forest district about Centule was one of these dark spots. When at last the

* See D. C. B. † Baring-Gould, June 26.

light dawned upon Centule it was from an unexpected quarter. Two Irish missionaries, imbued with the spirit of their great countryman, S. Columba—if not actual disciples of his—were passing through the village on their way from Lower Germany, preaching as they went. The unfamiliar figures, in their strange foreign garb, may well have called forth the jeers of the rough peasantry, and from insolence they passed on to bodily ill-usage. The two missionaries were about to abandon their mission and go elsewhere when the young chief of the place, our Ricarius, came to the rescue, and brought them to the shelter of his own house. He seems to have been moved in the first instance purely by feelings of natural compassion and chivalry; but he was not unwilling to listen to the new doctrines of his guests, and by their influence he was led to desire baptism. In course of time he was admitted to Priest's Orders, and himself became a preacher of the gospel. But his new-found faith most delighted to express itself in direct personal ministrations to the sick and needy. The sorrows of captives, then so large a class of the community, appealed to S. Ricarius not less than to his fellow-countryman, S. Leonard (CH. XXIX.); and a large part of his wealth was devoted to their redemption. Henceforth he looked upon all his riches as consecrated to the service of God and man.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the chance meeting between the young nobleman and the Irish missionaries in the village street ripened into a lifelong friendship, at any rate with one of them. Ricarius persuaded this S. Caidocus (who must not be confounded with his famous Welsh namesake, commemorated, curiously enough, on the very same day of the year, January 24) to settle down beside him, and to become an inmate of the monastery which he established in his native town; and this arrangement was terminated only by the death of S. Caidocus. The influence of his Irish friends may be seen again in Ricarius's missionary journey to Great Britain, or, as some suppose, to Ireland*—that journey concerning which Alcuin would surely have told us more had he been able to do so. Their influence is seen yet more plainly in the ascetic habits and love of seclusion that marked his later years after his return to France.

All was going prosperously with Ricarius: he had been singled out for special favour by King Dagobert I.—that good friend of so many of our saints (see, for example, S. Eloy and S. Ouen, CH. XXIV.); his monastery was satisfactorily organized, and he had disciples capable of carrying on the work which he had begun. He therefore withdrew with a single disciple to a lonely hut in the forest of Crécy, about ten miles from Centule, where he gave himself up to all the austerities of a genuine Irish hermit. He was still, however, as ready as before to relieve the sick who "flocked to him to be healed."† When he died, his solitary companion, by his express desire, buried him in the forest; but afterwards the monks from Centule came and carried off his body to their monastery, where it was subsequently declared to work many miracles.

* Baring-Gould.

† D. C. B., "Richarius" and "Caidocus."

Aberford church in the West Riding of Yorkshire, not far from Tadcaster, has for centuries been known by the name of "S. Richard's," and great discussions have arisen as to the identity of the saint intended. The first S. Richard who occurs to our mind, the sainted Bishop of Chichester, commemorated in our Prayer-book Kalendar, is too late to be the possible patron; then there is a very little known "Richard, king of the West Saxons," an eighth-century saint, whose history, together with that of his God-fearing wife and children, may be found in Newman's "English Saints." A modern window in Aberford church assumes this kingly Richard to be the patron; but in those days there was too little natural connexion between Wessex and West Yorkshire to give much support to this theory. On the whole, the late learned Vicar of Aberford, the Rev. Canon Eden, came to the conclusion that the most probable explanation of the name was that the true patron was Richarius, or Ricarius, the French abbot. The transition from Richarius to the more familiar "Richard" would be easy and natural enough. It would be pleasant to flatter ourselves with the imagination that S. Ricarius, on that unknown visit to Great Britain, may have travelled along the old Roman road which passes straight through Aberford, and himself founded the church which to-day bears his name; but apart from such fancies, we know that the many links between England and the North of France after the Norman Conquest make it natural enough that the name of the venerated French recluse should have been introduced into England. The feast-day, which is so often a useful guide in these matters, does not help us here. In 1307 Edward I. granted "a yearly fair to be held at Aberford on the eve, day and morrow of the feast of S. Dionis."* The present village feast, such as it is, is observed on the last Monday in September, which agrees, unfortunately, no better with S. Denys's Day on October 9 than it does with S. Ricarius's Day on April 26. In conclusion, it may be added that out of all the conflicting possibilities the present vicar has decided to have the church formally designated "S. Ricarius"—chiefly in deference to the opinion of his scholarly predecessor, Canon Eden.† It is not quite clear why the spelling *Ricarius* has been adopted instead of the more usual Richarius.

S. Wandregisilus, A. July 22, 667.

This saint, whose somewhat unmanageable name has been abbreviated by his countrymen into Wando, or the still smoother-sounding Vandrille, belongs to the same group as the two bishops, S. Eloy and S. Ouen, of whom we have elsewhere spoken (CH. XXIV.). Like them, he began his public career at the Frankish court; like them, he had it in his power to rise to high worldly distinction. He was still young when King Dagobert appointed him to a position of no small importance about the court, and his prospects were still further advanced by his marriage with a lady of considerable wealth—the bride marked out for him by his parents.

* Taylor's "Leeds Churches."

† Private letter from the vicar, the Rev. A. L. Barnes-Lawrence.

So far Wandregisilus seems to have taken things very much as he found them; but in the early years of his manhood his spirit began to rebel against the too great ease and prosperity of his surroundings, and, with all the thoughtless impatience of youth, he struggled to free himself from the responsibilities which he had so lightly accepted. He made known his secret aspirations to his new-made wife, and found her as enthusiastic as himself. The only boon she asked of him was, that before withdrawing from the world he should himself place her in a convent where she might pass the rest of her life. So with a solemn joy they mutually renounced one another, and S. Wandregisilus, having himself placed the veil upon his wife's head, sealed his own fate in like irrevocable fashion by assuming the clerical tonsure, albeit he was still a layman. Unmindful of his official duties, which seemingly he left to take care of themselves, he now with characteristic hastiness bent his steps to a neighbouring monastery. The king, not unnaturally annoyed at his young minister's cavalier mode of quitting his service, recalled him. Our saint, who had acted more from impulse than of deliberate purpose, promptly returned, acknowledged his error of judgment, but pleaded to be legitimately set free to follow his vocation. A trifling incident which occurred as he was returning to the palace was told years after by one and another of his disciples, so that at last it found its way into the formal life of their master, which, after his death, was written by one of their number. As he passed through the streets of Metz, and was nearing the palace, he came upon a poor man vainly struggling to extricate his cart and horses from the muddy ditch into which they had fallen. The hangers-on of the court jeered at the unlucky man without offering to stir a finger to help him, while some of them abused him roundly for blocking up the road, but Wandregisilus promptly hastened to the rescue and worked with a will, covering himself with mud, and, moreover, drawing upon himself all the jeers of the crowd for his quixotic action.

With a clear conscience he now departed from the Frankish court, and set forth on his wanderings. Being, in the first instance, undetermined where to go, he was led by a dream to cross the Alps and visit the famous Milanese monastery founded by the Irish missionary, S. Columban. After some sojourn there, he extended his pilgrimage to Rome, where he had the satisfaction of visiting the various holy places. Returning to his native land, he entered a monastery in the Jura. Here he seemed likely to remain for life, but at the end of ten years he again felt himself impelled by a dream to recross the mountains. His next halting-place was Rouen, where he encountered his old friend of the palace days, S. Ouen, now archbishop of that city. In him our saint found a wise and strong guide, to whose counsels he submitted himself with enthusiastic delight. S. Ouen himself admitted him to the diaconate, and a year later caused him to receive Priest's Orders at the hands of a neighbouring bishop, the "S. Omer" whose memory survives in the French town of that name.

For a while S. Wandregisilus lingered in Rouen giving what assistance

he could to his honoured chief ; but the old craving for the monastic life was strong upon him, and with the hearty consent of his diocesan, he made a settlement at a spot some five miles distant from the city, called from the water-springs, which were its most marked feature, "Fontenelles." Here disciples speedily flocked around him, no wise deterred—nay, rather, perhaps attracted—by the rigour of the Rule, which was in the main that of S. Benedict—a Rule exacting severe bodily labour in addition to steadfast prayer and unremitting self-denial.

With some memory, it may be, of the Celtic traditions, which he must have learned in the Irish Columban's monastery at Bobbio, he seems to have set the favourite Celtic figure of three hundred before his mind as the ideal number for his monks. That limit was quickly reached, for it was accounted a privilege to be admitted to Fontenelle. Nor were the noble ladies willing to be excluded from his Rule. The great double monasteries for both sexes, so flourishing at this period in the North of England, were indeed unknown to the sister Church, but S. Wandregisilus, at the bidding of S. Ouen, undertook the general oversight of a convent for some three hundred nuns, which was founded by the governor of the district in imitation of the great House at Fontenelle.

S. Wandregisilus would seem to have had a mistrust of very large communities. Besides founding several lesser houses, he divided the main institution into four parts, each having its separate church. The building and furnishing forth of these churches was an immense interest to him. When they were completed, he sent one of his monks—his own nephew, by the way—to Rome for the purpose of collecting a due supply, not only of relics, but also of books. In this last commission we may with some reason suspect the influence of the good S. Ouen, whose literary bias was very decided.

For close upon twenty years the abbot continued to govern this great foundation, which was destined for centuries to come to keep alive the memory of his name. It seemed almost as though at last his life must subside into the regular routine that was so uncongenial to him ; but against such a danger he found an abundant safeguard in his direct missionary labours among the neglected peasantry of the surrounding district of Caux, who at his first coming amongst them were Christians "in nothing but the name." * Idol worship still reigned, and the lawlessness and brutality of the people were such as to make them a terror to those whose duty it was to minister to them. But in the eyes of our saint the greater the danger the greater the attraction ; and his earnest preaching had such success among these rough hearers that at the time of his death the state of religion and morality in this abandoned district compared favourably with any part of the country. Thus S. Wandregisilus kindled the missionary zeal which a few years later was to shine forth again in another son of Fontenelle, S. Wulfram, the great missionary to Friesland (CH. XLII.).

* Baillet.

"Not as though I had already attained:" such was the spirit of the abbot's lifelong labours. He lived to old age, never to the last relaxing his strenuous diligence, and for ever impressing upon his disciples the need of forgetting the things that were behind, and of pressing forward to those which were before.

He died in the year 667, on July 22, the day on which he is still commemorated. He was buried in his own abbey; but in after times, when the land was distracted by the perpetual fear of Danish raids, his remains were transported from place to place, almost after the fashion of our own S. Cuthbert's—a proceeding which no doubt caused his fame to be the more widely known. The abbey, in order to console itself for the loss of its precious relics, adopted the name of its distinguished founder, and was known from the tenth century onwards as the Abbey of S. Wandregisilus. One of the churches that formed part of the abbey was still standing at the beginning of this century, but has unhappily been since destroyed.* The mother-church attained to great importance, and had at least one offshoot in this country—the Priory of Ecclesfield near Sheffield, which, however, was dedicated to S. John the Baptist, and not to the founder of Fontenelle.

Our only direct English commemoration, then, of S. Wandregisilus lies in the dedication-name of the tiny Norfolk church of Bixley, not far from Norwich. The present fabric is a thirteenth-century structure, but Domesday Book makes mention of the existence of a church in this place, and it is not impossible that the name may have been introduced in the tenth century at the time of those various translations of the saint's remains to Chartres and elsewhere, of which we have already spoken. Bixley church at one time contained an image of its patron, S. Wandregisilus the Abbot,† to which pilgrimages used to be made.

S. Giles, A. Sept. 1, sixth or eighth cent.

To the group of French abbots just described must be added the celebrated name of S. Giles, though whether he should rightly stand at the beginning of the series or at its close is a matter hopelessly in dispute. The history of S. Giles—or Ægidius, as the learned would have us call him—is far more obscure than that of any one of the three worthies last considered, and yet he is a hundred times more celebrated than any one of them. S. Maxentius, S. Richarius, S. Wandregisilus—these are names known only to the student; but S. Giles is spread abroad everywhere, not only in the Old World, but in the New, and is still as familiar a sound in Presbyterian Edinburgh as in London or Paris.

We must needs rank S. Giles among the abbots for more reasons than one: first, because tradition has always so ranked him; secondly, because two at least of our English churches are careful to accord him the title of "S. Giles the Abbot;" and most of all, because in the one independent glimpse that we catch in authentic history of his perplexing personality, he is carefully designated as such. And yet by all natural affinities S.

* Baring-Gould, July 22.

† Blomefield's "Norfolk."

Giles unmistakably belongs to the hermits rather than to the abbots, and it is through his renown as a hermit of great sanctity that he has become so great a favourite.

The so-called Acts of S. Giles give great prominence to the hermit aspect of his life, but from an historical point of view they are worthless, and it is only by carefully following the clue furnished by the name of a person here and a place there that we can piece together some probable outlines of our saint's career; and in spite of all the labour that has been expended upon the subject, it still remains an open question whether our S. Giles be not what we may term a *composite* saint, made up out of two distinct men, the one living in the sixth century, the other in the opening years of the eighth. In either case our hero is said to have come from Athens—and his very name of "Ægidius," an appellation derived from the Greek "ægis," * is in harmony with his reputed birthplace—and settled himself in the south-eastern corner of France at a spot near the mouth of the Rhone, which bears to this day the name of "St. Gilles."

The Greek origin assigned to the saint has been regarded in some quarters as a manifest proof of the falsity of the legend; but it is difficult to see any sufficient reason for so regarding it, especially in the eighth century, when all Christendom seemed seized with a wandering fever, and Persian and Saxon, Greek and Celt, intermingled with a freedom that seems more fitly to belong to the nineteenth century than to the eighth.

The place which the wanderer had chosen for his retreat was not far from the important metropolitan city of Arles. Here, according to one version of his history—a version which is fairly consistent with itself, and has much to recommend it—he became known to the distinguished Bishop of Arles, S. Cæsarius, and was by him appointed abbot of a monastery in those parts. At this one point in the curiously involved history of S. Giles we seem to touch solid ground, for there is trustworthy independent evidence to show that when S. Cæsarius of Arles, about the year 514, sent delegates to the then Pope, Symmachus, to state his grievances against the rival Church of Vienne, one of his two chosen delegates was a certain abbot of the name of Ægidius. At first sight it seems beyond doubt that here we have a clue to our S. Giles, and the identification has been accepted by scholars of high standing. Unfortunately, the matter is not quite so simple as it appears. Other names are found in the Acts which can by no possibility be brought into line with the sixth century, and there is even a horrible doubt whether the name of S. Cæsarius is not an interpolation made by some unscrupulous scribe. The question is one that has been discussed over and over again without arriving at any satisfactory result; but modern scholars on the whole are inclined to abandon the once accepted theory of the identification of the popular hermit with the messenger of S. Cæsarius, and to fix the date of our Giles some two hundred years later, on account of a reference in his legend to Charles Martel.

* "Αἰγιδιος, diminutive form of αἴξ or αἰγὶς; Italian, Sant Egidio; Spanish, San Gil; French, S. Gilles; English, St. Giles"—D. C. B., "Ægidius."

From one point of view, no doubt, an interval of two centuries makes a considerable difference; from another it makes scarcely any difference at all. The legend of S. Giles is practically the same whether we place it in the sixth or in the eighth century—whether he died, as some say, on September 1, 547, or, as others seek to establish, on September 1, 714. In one point both versions are thoroughly in harmony: it is as a holy hermit living in the deep retirement of some forest glade beside the Rhone that he has won his extraordinary celebrity; his claims to the title of abbot are strangely shadowy. There is a mention here and there of his ruling for a while over some larger or smaller community, but this part of his career is passed over lightly, while we hear much of the humble spirit which impelled him to lay aside such responsibilities and to return to the solitary life of his choice. If he would not live among his fellow-men from motives of duty, he would certainly not live amongst them for the sake of his own gratification; and he resisted the offers of more than one king to exchange his poor hermitage for the attractions of a court life.

Again, we may admit that historically it makes a great difference whether the king in question was the Arian king of the Visigoths, or Childebert of France, or Theodoric of Italy, or Charles Martel himself; but indeed it does not much affect the story: the setting is different, the central episode is the same. In all versions of the legend we have the same picture of the royal hunting-party following the wounded hind to its place of shelter, and seeing it seek refuge by the side of the revered hermit with a confidence that showed the good understanding existing between the dumb creature and its protector. The sight moved the king. He inquired into the recluse's mode of life; learned with wondering admiration how he sustained life upon the woodland herbs and the milk furnished him by his four-footed friend; learned also for what purpose he denied himself all natural pleasures, and gave orders that henceforth he should be left unmolested in his forest solitude. It has been thought necessary carefully to explain away the earlier version of the story which makes the royal huntsman an Arian; yet one sees no reason why even an Arian should not be open to the beauty of such a harmless, easily contented piety.

Of the later efforts of the king—be he who he may—to lure the hermit from his cell, we have already spoken. One version of the legend states that S. Giles actually went to court for a short space; at any rate, he speedily returned to his beloved cell, and there ended his days. The story of the wounded hind finds its counterpart in the lives of many of the saints—indeed, such stories are sure to recur over and over again where we have a gentle-natured solitary living in peaceful intercourse with the woodland creatures; but S. Giles has one curiously distinctive feature of his own which marks him out from other hermit-saints. His Acts tell us that he suffered from an accidental lameness, and that he as a matter of principle refused to undergo any treatment for this trouble. This trait lingered for centuries in popular memory, and caused him eventually to become the patron, not of cripples only, but—a far less enviable charge—of beggars also.

When at last the aged hermit died, the river-side cell which had so long been his home served as his grave. Even in his lifetime the spot had become dear to many; now it grew into a most sacred place of pilgrimage. For the better protection of the honoured remains a monastery was established on the spot; the monastery grew into a powerful abbey, and under the shadow of the abbey there sprang up a town which was destined to play no inconsiderable part in the history of the Middle Ages, and which by its name of "St. Gilles" still keeps alive the memory of its hermit-patron. There are some who, recalling S. Giles's title of abbot, have declared that he was not merely the patron of the monastery, but its real founder, and that when he died he left a community of monks whom he had himself trained; but in this, as in most other points touching the history of S. Giles, there is much difference of opinion.

As regards the town of St. Gilles, it has been suggested that "the situation of the town on a small arm of the Rhone, which furnished it with an accessible and safe harbour, may have stimulated the devotion which during the eleventh and twelfth centuries is remarkable." We hear particularly of a Jewish Rabbi who visited St. Gilles in 1160, and who noticed the crowds of foreigners assembled there from the most distant countries; and we hear also of the famous fair at St. Gilles on the 1st of September. It is probable, says the writer who has brought together the above facts, that to this period "we may refer the great extension of the cultus of S. Giles, especially in England and Scotland; for instance, we may suppose that pilgrims from Oxford on their return built the church in the north suburb of their city, and instituted the annual fair which to this day bears the name of their patron, while London, Edinburgh, and most of the other principal British cities, possess eleventh or twelfth-century churches under this dedication." * Edinburgh, with its historic cathedral church of S. Giles, lies outside our present scope, but England alone is sufficiently rich in dedications to the hermit-abbot. As we welcome S. Leonard from his northern hermitage in the forests of Le Mans, so no less freely we welcome S. Giles from his forest home beside the Rhone. It is a curious proof of the extraordinarily high place accorded in the Middle Ages to the passive virtues of the hermit, that S. Leonard and S. Giles can each of them show a record of some hundred and fifty churches, a total which is exceeded only by the great names of Scripture, by the glorious martyr, S. Laurence, and by those semi-mythical favourites, S. Nicholas and S. Margaret.† In one case at least—Croxden in Staffordshire—both S. Laurence and S. Giles lay claim to the same church; in another case—Dallington in Sussex—there is a doubt between our saint and S. Margaret; and in yet a third instance—Mountnessing in Essex—we find the parish hesitating between the two hermit-saints, S. Giles and his close rival, S. Leonard. When we find an alternative dedication to All

* D. C. B., "Ægidius."

† S. George can show a larger total, but many of his churches are of post-Reformation origin, and have a wholly different signification.

Saints or All Hallows—as at Elksley in Nottinghamshire—the presumption is that the name of Giles formed part of the original ascription, as at Orsett in Essex, "S. Giles and All Saints." But where, as in another Essex parish—Rainham—S. Giles is joined to S. Helen, the heroine of many a Colchester legend, we are inclined to suspect that the first place is to be given to the Roman empress, and that the French abbot was a later addition; the same is perhaps the case at Werrington in Devonshire, where he is associated with S. Martin. The only really perplexing instance of an alternative dedication is at Holme in Nottinghamshire, which, according to the pre-Reformation York records, is ascribed to S. David, though it is more commonly and naturally attributed to S. Giles,* a saint who is more largely represented in Nottinghamshire than in almost any other part of England.†

But it is needless to linger over doubtful dedications in honour of S. Giles, when he is the undisputed patron of nearly a hundred and fifty of our churches. The best known probably of all of these churches is the one in the crowded neighbourhood of New Oxford Street, which has kept for close upon nine centuries its now strangely inappropriate designation of "S. Giles-in-the-Fields." Originally a hospital for lepers, founded by Matilda or Maud, the much-beloved English wife of Henry I., and placed in what was then an isolated spot in complete country, its purpose was enlarged by Henry VIII. It was no longer required as a leper hospital, and he caused the chapel of the hospital to be converted into a parish church.‡ The additional words "in the fields" were intended not merely to describe its situation, but to distinguish it from the already existing church of the same name in Cripplegate, built in the previous reign by Alfune, the friend and fellow-worker of Rahere, and himself the first hospitaller of S. Bartholomew's Hospital.§ If Alfune was as great a traveller as his friend Rahere, it is reasonable to surmise that he may have visited S. Giles's shrine, and thence brought home his devotion to a saint who was as yet unknown to our Kalendar.‖ The name of Cripplegate has raised a host of conjectures. At first sight it seems to spring naturally from the association with our lame saint, the kindly patron of cripples; but this cannot be, for the locality appears to have been known by the name of Cripplegate at least eighty years before S. Giles took up his station there—if, at least, we can trust the statement that when the body of King Edmund the Martyr sought temporary shelter in London, in the year 1010, it was brought into the city by "Creplegate."¶ Possibly the name of the locality, on the other hand, may have suggested the saint; possibly Camden is right as to the hospital for cripples which originated the name; possibly the real derivation has nothing whatever to do with the lame and

* As in Ecton.

† Yorkshire leads with twelve dedications to S. Giles; Nottinghamshire and Oxfordshire come next with ten each.

‡ "London P. and P."

§ Ibid.

‖ S. Giles is not found in Bede's Kalendar. If we admit the later date for his death, obviously he could not be there.

¶ Godwin and Britton.

the halt—this we must leave to scholars to determine ; at any rate, it is easy to believe Stow's statement as to the numerous cripples who, in the seventeenth century, were in the habit of daily begging near the church. Queen Matilda must have had a very special devotion to S. Giles, for she also founded a brotherhood of SS. Mary and Giles* in connexion with the older foundation within the City walls ; but it may be there is some confusion between the two churches.

The statement already quoted, that dedications to S. Giles are to be found in "most of the other principal British cities," as well as London and Edinburgh, seems hardly borne out by facts. We find him in Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, Norwich, Northampton, Reading, Colchester, but he is altogether missing in several of our most ancient and important cities. In many cases, no doubt, he has had churches, which from very age have gone to decay and disappeared ; and this may explain his absence in our lists from seven English counties ;† whereas, according to Parker's Kalendar, he has "churches named in his honour in every county except Westmoreland and Cumberland."

The other statement, that the eleventh and twelfth centuries were the period of his greatest cultus in England, is abundantly borne out by the multitude of eleventh and twelfth-century foundations of varying degrees of importance that bear his name ; not only in big towns, but in tiny country villages. Among these we may single out Caulk in Derbyshire, a mere hamlet, whose parish church of S. Giles is a relic of the Augustinian monastery founded in this place by Maud, Countess of Derby, some time before the year 1161, and placed under the twofold invocation of SS. Mary and Giles.‡

Considerably later in date—perhaps belonging to the fourteenth century—is the Devonshire chapel of "S. Giles-on-the-Heath," styled in ecclesiastical documents the "Capella de Sancto Egidio." There is reason to think that its name is derived from the older foundation of SS. Martin and Giles at Werrington.§

There appears to be no single instance of a post-Reformation church dedicated to "S. Giles the Abbot," as the hermit is carefully designated in the two old Kentish churches of Farnborough and Shipbourne. It is hard to associate our recluse with such populous centres as S. Giles-in-the-Fields, or S. Giles, Cripplegate, or S. Giles, Edinburgh ; we feel he would be more at home in "S. Giles-on-the-Heath," or, better still, in that other Devonshire parish of "S. Giles-in-the-Wood ;" but indeed not a few of the little rural parishes over which he presides in different parts of England are such tiny hamlets, counting their inhabitants by tens, that we think that in them he might have indulged his passion for solitude almost as completely as on the banks of the Rhone.

* Godwin and Britton.

† Cheshire, Cornwall, Cumberland, Lancashire, Monmouthshire, Rutland, Westmoreland.

‡ "Eng. Illus."

§ *Launceston Weekly News*, October 30, 1880.

S. Anastasius the Persian.

Let us pause a moment, on the threshold of the seventh century, midway between the monastic saints of France and England, to bestow a thought on their heroic contemporary, the Persian Anastasius—sometime a soldier, afterwards a monk—who even in the hour of martyrdom looked upon his monkish garb with reverent eyes as the symbol of all that was most dear to him. S. Anastasius could have dreamed of no higher honour than to be ranked among the monastic saints; but since the one English church that kept alive the memory of his name now exists no longer, we have been obliged to relegate his striking history to the chapter on Forgotten Dedications (LI.).

S. Hybald, or Hygbald, A. Sept. 22, seventh cent.

This saint furnishes an interesting example of purely local fame. He is said to have been the Abbot of Bardney in Lincolnshire, and there to have educated a certain S. Swidbert, still more obscure than himself. Beyond these incidental mentions of his name, our only knowledge of him comes from a passage in Bede.* In his account of S. Chad of Lichfield, Bede speaks of a certain Irish "Father Egbert," and of a friend of his—Hygbald, "an Abbot of Lindsey, a most holy man, who came out of Britain to visit him." The two friends were talking together "of the life of the former fathers, and rejoicing to imitate the same," and mention having been made of S. Chad, Egbert proceeded to tell of a man still living, who had been vouchsafed a vision of the ascent of that saint to heaven.

This love of hearing of the holy lives of others, this desire to imitate them, is just the little touch that makes our unknown S. Hybald real and living to us. But his neighbours knew more of him than we shall ever know, and after his death they held in honour the spot where he had lived, and called it in memory of him "Hibaldstow," or the place of Hibald. "We may conceive of him," writes the late Precentor Venables,† "as living in a cell, and erecting a small wattled chapel, first at Hibaldstow, then at outlying missions in the adjacent villages of Manton and Scawby. The fourth dedication to him at Ashby-de-la-Launde I cannot account for." This last-named place is in South Lincolnshire; the other three all lie in a cluster in North Lincolnshire, not very far from Gainsborough; and it is pleasant to think that the name of the saint has lived on for over twelve hundred years in the quiet villages where once his form must have been so familiar. He is commemorated both as Hybald and Hibald.

S. Botolph, A. June 17, seventh cent.

In reality less known to us than even his contemporary S. Hybald, yet a hundred times more celebrated, is the hermit-abbot Botolph, whose memory is for ever bound up with the history of the colonization of the New World. To us in the nineteenth century the obscure Botolph is interesting chiefly for the sake of his connexion with the Pilgrim Fathers and the two Bostons, or "Botolph's Towns"—the little quiet town in Lincolnshire and its world-famous daughter across the Atlantic. But seven hundred years and more before the *Mayflower* ever set sail from Boston, S. Botolph had become

* E. H.

† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

famous throughout East Anglia and the Fen Country, as is testified by the existence of no less than sixty churches dedicated in his honour.

It is matter for regret that the notices of this saint are meagre and contradictory in the extreme. We have no contemporary life of him, and it is only a passing allusion in the life of Ceolfrith, Abbot of Monkwearmouth, that enables us with certainty to assign him to the latter half of the seventh century, and further gives us a hint of his true importance by showing him to us as the veritable pioneer of the Benedictine system in this country. On this point more will be said presently. For the rest, there is hardly a single statement relating to this saint which has not been called in question. Even his nationality is disputed. According to the eleventh-century life of him preserved in his abbey church at Thorney in Cambridgeshire—written, as is supposed, by a certain Abbot Folcard—he was an Anglo-Saxon by birth, who passed over into Germany "to learn the Gospel more fully," and there became a monk; after which he returned to his native land. But, curiously enough, an ancient North German breviary, which might naturally have been expected to favour this statement, declares him to have been an Irishman, who in due course "went to England, and was heartily received by King Edward, and at his desire advanced to Holy Orders." * Probably the first tradition is the more trustworthy, for, as it has been observed, the name *Botulph* is "purely Saxon." †

But the impossible "King Edward" of the German breviary hardly presents more difficulties than the various royal Ethelmunds and Ethelwolds and Ethelheres who figure as the patrons of the holy man in the English version of the story. "Ethelmund, king of the South Angles, is a person otherwise unknown," observes the Bishop of Oxford; ‡ but there was an Ethelwold of East Anglia reigning over Suffolk at about this time, and the Norman biographer who compiled his memoir some three centuries after Botolph's death, may be pardoned for having to some extent lost his way among the countless Ethelings of the Saxon race. A touch of romance is imparted to this portion of the saint's history by a hint thrown out by one of his biographers concerning the platonic attachment which sprang up at this time between the young foreign student and two princesses from his own country who were being educated, according to the custom of the day, in the same monastery; and it is further told how, on his return to his native land, the maidens recommended him to the good offices of their brother, the reigning prince of East Anglia, whose name the writer on this occasion discreetly refrains from mentioning. §

From this unknown king, be he who he may, our monk asked and obtained a grant of land whereon to build a monastery. The king would have given him some of his own royal demesne, but Botolph, in the true hermit spirit, made choice of a lonely, uncultivated patch of ground surrounded on all sides by the branches of a river, the supposed haunt of

* Quoted in Forbes.
† Baring-Gould, June 17.
‡ D. C. B.
§ "Moines d'Occident," vol. v.

evil spirits. At this dismal spot, by name Ikanho, he remained for some time; but at length—on account, says one authority, of the power of the evil spirits—he sought a change, and removed to a place on the Thames, where he built a church dedicated to S. Martin—that favourite patron of early founders. It would be highly satisfactory if we could certainly attribute to S. Botolph any one of the rare dedications to S. Martin that are to be found on the Thames; Bladon near Woodstock is sufficiently near the river to answer to the required conditions.

After thirteen years, say the Scottish accounts, "he was bitten by a snake, and again sought a change, and in this place he dedicated two churches to S. Peter and S. Paul."* Both invocations are too common to afford us any assistance in attempting to locate these churches. The Scottish account concludes by making him perform, shortly before his death, the inevitable pilgrimage to Rome.

These successive migrations of the saint are not recorded in all the lives of him, and the one and only place that is distinctly named by all the authorities is the perplexing *Ikanho*, where he is said to have made his first settlement. This Ikanho is commonly identified with Boston in Lincolnshire; but the little village of Iken in Suffolk has claims of its own which may fairly be considered. In the first place, *Iken* is a prefix peculiarly characteristic of old Suffolk,† and Suffolk agrees better than Lincolnshire with the statement that it was "in the kingdom of the South Angles" that he made his first resting-place. The natural features of Iken, moreover, bear out with much exactness the description of his chosen abode—"surrounded on all sides by the branches of a river." The map of Suffolk in Camden's "Britannia" shows Iken to be encircled by the river Alde, which at this point makes a great loop. We can well imagine that the intervening space of land would in those days have been as secluded and dismal a morass as any in the fen country proper. Lastly, in support of our theory that Iken is the original Ikanho, we find that it has to this day its church of S. Botolph, a memorial, as we may reasonably believe, of the holy man who at one time sojourned in that lonely spot. Too lonely it proved, if we may trust the version of his wanderings accepted in the Northern Church. Either, as some of his biographers assert, he found the evil spirits too powerful for him, or else he found the practical inconveniences of so isolated a habitation too great for the advantageous ordering of his community, for he deserted it, first for the banks of the Thames, and afterwards for that final unnamed settlement which we may perhaps identify with Boston in Lincolnshire.

Of S. Botolph's personal history nothing more is known; but according to an eleventh-century tradition preserved at Bury St. Edmunds (where his remains were then said to lie), he was locally regarded as a bishop, not merely as an abbot. From the same source we learn that he was in the first instance buried at Grundisburgh, an obscure village in Suffolk, not

* Forbes.

† See Ikensworth (now Iksworth), Ikenthorpe, Ikborrow, etc.; Camden's "Britannia."

far from Iken—a fact which tends to confirm the theory of the saint's connexion with that county.*

But the key to the real importance of S. Botolph lies, not in the particular places in which he sojourned or founded churches, but in the fact that he instructed his little band of disciples according to the Benedictine Rule. Probably Botolph had become acquainted with that Rule in the days of his foreign travel, for in England it was at that time unknown. The rumour that a certain East Anglian abbot had introduced the new and rigid discipline of the so-called "Black Monks" attracted the attention of a young disciple of S. Wilfrid's, Ceolfrith by name, who visited S. Botolph about the year 670, for the express purpose of being instructed by him in that Rule. This important fact we learn from the quite independent source of Ceolfrith's own life. Could we but know more particulars of that visit, many of the problems of S. Botolph's life would be solved. Unfortunately for us, even the place of meeting is not specified; but that it bore fruit in after-years we do know; for Ceolfrith, who was at that time only a monk in the Abbey of Ripon, became later the coadjutor of Benedict Biscop (p. 61) as abbot of the famous monastery at Wearmouth, and there warmly supported his friend in introducing the Benedictine Rule.

But in spite of the efforts of Botolph and Benedict Biscop, it was not till three centuries later, in the time of Archbishop Dunstan, that the Benedictine Order really struck root in England. Then, favoured by such powerful patrons as the Archbishop, the Bishop of Winchester, and King Edgar, it multiplied its houses with astonishing rapidity, and quickly grew wealthy and influential. What more natural than that some of these Benedictine houses, when in search of a suitable patron for their newly founded churches, should call to mind the Abbot Botolph, the English pioneer of their Order? This theory, plausible in itself, gains support from a few examples which have been investigated somewhat closely. It would be interesting to see whether the same observation holds good on a larger scale. The famous Priory of S. Botolph's in Colchester seems at first sight to be an exception to the supposed rule, for it was held by the Augustinians, and not by the Benedictines proper; but the Augustinians were, in fact, only a branch of the older Order, and likely in consequence to have the same patron saints.

Cambridge and Lincoln are the only provincial towns of any importance that possess churches dedicated to S. Botolph; then follow Colchester, Boston in Lincolnshire, and after these some half-hundred country places, of which the majority are unknown by name to the world in general.

But to Londoners the name of S. Botolph must ever be familiar, for was not the saint honoured with a church in each one of the four gates of the City—Aldgate, Billingsgate,† Bishopsgate, and Aldersgate?

Whatever part in the different ascriptions to S. Botolph we may be inclined to impute to the Benedictines, it would be going much too far to

* From a MS. in the Bodleian, printed in "Memorials of S. Edmund's Abbey."

† Now demolished.

conclude that all the sixty churches dedicated to this saint must necessarily be connected either with himself personally, or with some Benedictine house. We have abundant proof from other cases that when any given saint's name has become familiar in a district, it shows a strong tendency to go on continually repeating itself. This tendency is nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in Norfolk and Suffolk, where SS. Peter and Paul, S. Margaret, S. Edmund, and S. Botolph well-nigh divide the field amongst them.

Another point that calls for notice is that though dedications to S. Botolph are numerous in certain parts of the country, they are entirely wanting in more than half the counties of England; while the West-country cannot muster one single dedication in this name. This is probably owing to the fact that his name was omitted from the important Sarum Kalendar; in East Anglia and all the Fen country the saint was assured of a local reputation, which will account for his presence in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, etc.; and in Yorkshire, where he is also commemorated, he would be familiar through the York Kalendar, which "honoured him on June 17th, as one whose name has been very illustrious on account of his extraordinary sanctity."* In this matter of veneration for S. Botolph, Yorkshire was in full sympathy with her neighbours across the Scottish border, where this saint was held in high esteem even as late as the closing years of the fourteenth century; witness the way in which the burning of Elgin Cathedral by one of the royal princes, the so-called "Wolf of Badenoch," is dated in the cathedral records as having taken place upon "S. Botolph's Day," 1390.†

It will be observed that one or two of the churches dedicated to S. Botolph have alternative dedications to some scriptural saint. Here there is little doubt that the original patron was S. Botolph. In five instances we find the name of Botolph not only bestowed upon the church, but embedded in the very name of the parish or chapelry—as at Bossal in Yorkshire, Boston in Lincolnshire, Botesdale in Suffolk, Botolph in Sussex, and Botolph Bridge ‡ in Huntingdonshire. The antiquity of such names speaks for itself.

S. Benedict Biscop, A. Jan. 12, 703.

There is, as has already been said elsewhere (CH. XXVII.), great difficulty in distinguishing among churches dedicated to "S. Benedict" those intended for the great founder of the Benedictine Order from those intended for his English namesake, and there is but one single church of which we can say with confidence that it is dedicated to S. Benedict Biscop. We may be jealous for the just claims of our English saint, but Benedict Biscop himself would only have regarded it as an honour to be so indissolubly connected with his great patron, whose name he adopted, and whose monastic Rule it was the ambition of his life to promulgate in England. All who value the consecration of art to the service of religion must look with gratitude on the work of Benedict Biscop;

* Forbes.
† Ibid.
‡ Though this church is now styled "All Saints."

and Englishmen especially must be grateful to the man who was the first teacher of Bede the historian. Bede repaid his own debt by writing a life of his master, and it is from this most trustworthy source that we get our principal knowledge of Benedict Biscop.

Biscop was of good birth and position ; he was, moreover, the minister of King Oswy of Northumbria, and the owner of an estate "suitable to his rank," so that when at the age of twenty-five he determined to give himself to the monastic life, the worldly advantages which he renounced were by no means small. "He despised a temporal wealth," says Bede, "that he might obtain that which is eternal ; he refused to be the father of mortal children being foreordained of Christ to educate for Him in spiritual doctrine immortal children in heaven." Do we not feel that these last words are prompted by Bede's own grateful memory of what he himself owed to his beloved spiritual father ?

Before taking the final vows, Biscop made a pilgrimage to Rome. He was a true Englishman in his love of travel, and this journey was only the first of a long series. On his return home, he spent a couple of years in the island monastery of Lerins, where he duly received the tonsure and took the monastic vows. It was probably at this time that he assumed the name of Benedict, by which we must henceforth know him.

At the end of the two years he was enabled to gratify his wish of re-visiting Rome. He had hoped to make some stay there, and to perfect himself in the ecclesiastical methods practised in that city ; but this was not to be. The famous Theodore of Tarsus had just been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and the then Pope, knowing the young Benedict to be "a man of wisdom, piety, and nobility of mind," made choice of him to escort the foreigner to England, and there to be his guide and interpreter. So Benedict, with ready obedience, "abandoned the travel which he had undertaken for Christ's sake, and with a higher good in view, returned home to his country to bring into it that teacher of wisdom whom it had so earnestly wished for."

On his arrival at Canterbury, Benedict was appointed abbot of S. Peter's monastery, where he remained for another two years. But the love of travel was still strong within him, and finding himself in want of books, he made a fresh journey to Rome for the express purpose of adding to his collection. On his return to England, circumstances arose which determined him to betake himself to his native province of Northumbria. The reigning king was Egfrid, a devout Churchman, and the friend and benefactor of S. Cuthbert. Benedict came to his court and displayed before his delighted eyes the precious volumes and relics which he had brought with him. As a mark of his favour, the king bestowed on him a piece of land at the mouth of the river Wear, on which to found a monastery (A.D. 674).

Benedict did not hesitate for a moment in his choice of a patron for the new church, but thankfully hailed the opportunity of marking his reverence for S. Peter—the one of the Apostles for whom he had entertained

a special love, even before the time of his visits to Rome. This is the origin of the venerable church of S. Peter's at Monkwearmouth. The building of the church was taken in hand at once, and prosecuted with so much zeal that within a year from the laying of the foundation stone the roof was on, and the first service held.

And yet Benedict had not a few difficulties to contend with, for his position in Northumbria was not unlike that of a modern missionary in East Africa. He desires to build a church which shall give the beholders some sense of the dignity and beauty of worship ; his own mind turns back to the stately churches and perfectly ordered services which he has known at home ; but how can he give expression to such an ideal in a land where he has only untrained native workmen to help him, and where half the necessary appliances are wanting ? Our missionary is obliged, then, to do just what Benedict Biscop did under the like circumstances—he uses to the utmost the native resources, and supplements these with help from across the sea. When the work was drawing to completion, Benedict sent messengers into France to fetch glaziers—"who at this time," Bede observes, "were unknown in Britain"—to glaze the windows of the church and cloisters. The foreigners not merely did the given work required of them, but further imparted their useful handicraft to the English workmen.

But even France was unable to supply all the necessary fittings and ornaments of the church, and Benedict thought himself obliged to undertake a fourth journey to Rome. As before he brought back a large quantity of manuscripts of all sorts, and a number of relics of the apostles and martyrs ; "and thirdly," says Bede, "he introduced the Roman mode of chanting, singing, and ministering in the church, by obtaining permission from Pope Agatho to take back with him John, the leading singer of the church of S. Peter, to teach the English." It was Benedict's desire that those who entered his church should be taught by the eye as well as by the ear, and therefore he had a series of sacred pictures ranged round the walls, so that from them "even those who could not read" might take comfort and warning, and "examine their hearts the more strictly."

Eleven years after the founding of S. Peter's monastery at Wearmouth a fresh outlet was found for Benedict's untiring activity. His royal patron Egfrid commanded him to build a second monastery, and gave him additional land for the purpose. This second house was dedicated to the Apostle Paul ; and here we have the origin of the present church of S. Paul's, Jarrow (A.D. 685).* It was intended that the two monasteries should be as one in their rule and government, and in order the more plainly to express the bond between them, they were united under the great names of the twin Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul. Benedict was

* The rudely carved dedication-stone, with its Latin inscription giving the exact date of the dedication of this "basilica of St. Paul," is still preserved in S. Paul's church at Jarrow. At a later date, early in the ninth century, the then Pope made a decree requiring such dedication-slabs to be placed in every church, but "after the twelfth century this canon appears to have been neglected, and hence such inscriptions are very rare."—Middleton's *Archæologia*, vol. 50.

anxious that the second monastery should be no less perfectly equipped than the first, and it was with the object of getting pictures and relics for the church at Jarrow that he undertook his fifth and final journey to Rome.

Not long after his return home Abbot Benedict was laid aside from active life by a terrible form of paralysis, which increased upon him through three whole years, "so that," to use Bede's language, "when he was dead in all his lower extremities, his upper and vital members, spared to shew his patience, were employed in the midst of his sufferings in giving thanks to God, and exhortations to the brethren." Most earnestly he charged them to observe in its entirety the Benedictine Rule which he had with much care compiled from the seventeen most approved monasteries he had visited in his travels. He directed that "the noble library" which he had brought from Rome should be kept together and duly cared for, and he gave full directions as to the choice of his successor.

Long before he was taken ill, Benedict had appointed a coadjutor-abbot that the monastery might suffer no injury from his own frequent absences; but this man—who would have been his natural successor—was now so ill that it was a question which of the two abbots would die first. They desired to see each other once more, and Abbot Sigfrid was carried into Benedict's room and laid beside him on the bed, their heads resting on the same pillow; but so extreme was their weakness that they could not even turn to kiss one another without help. The two sufferers took counsel together concerning the future welfare of the monastery, and made known to the brethren the man whom they were agreed in recommending as their successor. Sigfrid died not long after this, but Benedict lingered on for six months. He sought to lessen the wearisomeness of the long nights made sleepless from pain by causing one of the monks to read the Bible to him, and the story of Job was an especial favourite with him. To the last he found a solace in his love for sacred music, and he would often call the monks to his bedside and cause them to chant the psalms in antiphon, even as he had himself taught them, joining his own weak voice to theirs.

At last came the January night which was to be his last upon earth. All knew that the end was at hand. "The brethren met together at church, consoling their sorrow for their father's departure by one continued outpouring of praise. Others clung to the chamber in which the sick man, strong in mind, awaited his entry into eternal life."

Two days later the body of Benedict was laid to rest in that church of S. Peter's which he had founded sixteen years before. It is the two churches of S. Peter and S. Paul, at Monkwearmouth and Jarrow respectively, that most tend to keep alive the memory of Benedict Biscop. Had they been dedicated to any other saints, it is highly probable that at some subsequent time they would have been re-dedicated in honour of their founder; but Benedict's known love for these two Apostles would combine with the universal reverence for them to keep the original dedications unchanged.

It was said at the beginning of this sketch of Benedict Biscop that only one church could with certainty be ascribed to him rather than to his greater namesake, S. Benedict of Nursia. That one church is at Wombourne in Staffordshire, and here the clue has been furnished by a diligent search into the original date of the parish wake or feast. It seems that within the present century the time of the wake was changed, but "from enquiries about its original date there seems no doubt that the Northumbrian Benedict was its patron." *

Wombourne is the only church that we can indisputably claim for our English Benedict, but we cling to the hope that local knowledge of the days of the different parish feasts may yet add to the number.

The Venerable Bede, Mk.D. May 27,† 735.

From Benedict Biscop himself we pass to his faithful biographer, S. Bede, "the father of our national Church History," ‡ as he has been rightly called. We may measure one small part of our debt of gratitude to him by reflecting how large a proportion of the English saints whose names still cling to our parish churches are known to us chiefly, if not wholly, through his writings. If Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" and his "Lives of the Abbots" had vanished, along with some other of his voluminous works, how imperfect would be our knowledge of Augustine, of Paulinus; still more so of the Northern saints—Cuthbert and Oswald, Aidan, Hilda, Benedict Biscop, and others too many to enumerate! Something, no doubt, we might collect from other sources, enough to tell us who and what they were; but for the most part they would be mere names to us, instead of the well-known men and women of our acquaintance which they become when once we have studied their faithful portraits in the pages of the "Ecclesiastical History." Five and twenty at least of the English national saints whose names are associated with our churches have a place in Bede's writings. Some few of them, it is true—such as Columba of Iona and S. Wilfrid—are only lightly touched upon; but it is here that we are brought into intimacy with the company of godly women who were the glory of Saxon England; here that we live with "Bishop John" and his gay band of pupils at Beverley; here that we are enabled to mark the fervent labours, the no less fervent prayers, of the holy Chad. Or to turn to more obscure figures than these—what meaning would there be for us in that curious group of Lincolnshire churches which bear the name of "S. Hybald," had not Bede illuminated the unknown name for us by the single paragraph in which he sets before us the pious abbot of those parts who delighted to speak of and to imitate the lives of the holy men of a bygone day?

It is not a little difficult to write the uneventful personal history of

* "Lichfield Year Book."

† There is considerable difficulty as to the exact day of the Venerable Bede's death. It is indissolubly associated with the Feast of the Ascension, but whether he passed away on the feast itself or on the eve is not perfectly clear. In the year in question (735) Ascension Day fell on May 26, while all martyrologies agree in commemorating him on May 27; but it seems not improbable that his festival was postponed one day in order to avoid clashing with the Feast of S. Augustine of Canterbury.

‡ Bright's "Waymarks of Church History."

Bede (with Canon Bright we must plead to be excused from the new fashion of writing the familiar name with "archaic precision as Bæda") without merging it in the history of the times in which he lived, or the history of the immortal book which he wrote; and neither of these is our present concern.

"Saint Bede," then, to give him his proper style, accorded to him in our English Kalendars as late as the reign of Henry VIII., was a veritable child of the monastery. From the time he was seven till his death at the age of sixty-two the monastery was his only home; the unchanging daily routine of the monastery moulded his entire life from earliest boyhood. If he ended his days as a plain monk, and not as the abbot of the community among whom all his days had been passed, it was only because he shrank from undertaking the added burdens of the headship.

Probably few men of equal distinction have been so closely associated their whole life through with one particular spot of earth as Bede. Born, if tradition may be trusted, at a place that is now a township in the parish of Jarrow, and which in course of time took its distinctive name of "Monkton" from its monastic owners, he was absent from his native village only the single year which he spent in S. Peter's monastery at Wearmouth, some seven miles distant from Jarrow—"Monkwearmouth" as we call it now, from the great house which made it famous.

"I was given," he tells us, "at seven years of age, to be educated by the most reverend Abbot Benedict;" but a year later, Benedict having completed his twin monastery of S. Paul's at Jarrow, the little eight-year-old Bede was transferred there under the care of the newly appointed Abbot Ceolfrith; and there, as he says—writing near the close of his days—he spent all the remainder of his life.

And a very tranquil life it was from first to last, save only for a terrible visitation of the plague which once swept through the monastery of Jarrow, desolating it utterly. In the graphic words of a contemporary: "All who could read or preach or recite the antiphons and responses were swept away, except the abbot himself and one little lad nourished and taught by him, who is now a priest of the same monastery, and both by word of mouth and by writing commends to all who wish to know them, the abbot's worthy deeds. And the abbot sad at heart because of this visitation," so the writer continues, "ordained that, contrary to their former rite, they should, except at vespers and matins, recite their psalms without antiphons. And when this had been done, with many tears and lamentations on his part, for the space of a week, he could not bear it any longer, but decreed that the psalms, with their antiphons, should be restored according to the order of the regular course; and, all assisting, by means of himself and the aforesaid boy, he carried out with no little labour that which he had decreed, until he could either train himself, or procure from elsewhere, men able to take part in the divine service." This story appears in an anonymous "History of the Abbots," written during Bede's lifetime; and Dr. Plummer, in commenting upon it,

observes: "The little boy here mentioned can hardly be any other than Bede himself; especially as Bede, who takes so much from the anonymous history, omits this striking incident altogether." *

For the rest, biographers look in vain for materials. They can easily disprove the fable that would make of Bede a professor at the University of Cambridge! They show good reason for doubting his ever having travelled to Rome, or indeed left his native Northumbria, and the most important external fact which they can find to chronicle is a visit to his friend Archbishop Egbert of York, or some similar visit to a fellow-priest. After all, Bede is his own best biographer. He does not omit to record the landmarks of his quiet life; how he was made a deacon at the age of nineteen, and received Priest's Orders at thirty from "the most reverend Bishop John." † With characteristic gratitude, he pauses in the course of his narrative to name one and another of those to whom he was most indebted for his education. He refers to the multifarious duties which made up his common daily round—"the study of Scripture, the observance of regular discipline," and "the daily care of the singing in the church," a duty for which he was peculiarly qualified, having been himself instructed by one of the best church musicians of the day. We know well how much of a monk's time was occupied in the unending succession of church services. To many, no doubt, there was a danger of these services becoming merely tedious or formal. Not so with the devout-minded Bede. His distinguished countryman Alcuin, in a letter to the brethren of Monkwearmouth, recalls a characteristic saying of Bede's: "It is told that our master and your patron the blessed Bede said, 'I know that angels visit the canonical hours, and the congregations of the brethren. What if they do not find me among them? Will they not say, Where is Bede? Why comes he not to the prescribed devotions with the brethren?'" ‡

Whatever Bede did he did it with his whole heart. "I always," he says simply, "took delight in learning, teaching and writing." Ah! this delight of Bede's in writing! What cause have we not had to be thankful for it, and to be thankful also to the successive abbots who recognized wherein his gift lay, and gave him leisure to exercise it! But it is not only on the rare occasions when he deliberately speaks of himself that Bede is his own biographer; unconsciously he reveals much of himself in his writings. It has been justly said of him that "there is no writer of the past who has a greater power of attracting and securing at whatever distance of time the affection and gratitude of his readers. In spite of some inevitable differences of standpoint, he is thought of as if he had been a personal friend." § One thing we perceive instantly—that he was no ordinary monastic scribe laboriously compiling to order the chronicles of his house. We see in Bede all the instincts of the true scholar—instincts which show themselves most of all in the conscientious

* Plummer's "Bede."
† *i.e.* S. John of Beverley.
‡ Quoted in Plummer's "Bede."
§ Bright's "Waymarks."

accuracy which has made him the delight of all subsequent historians; in his care to render account of his authorities; in his endeavours to discriminate between the doubtful and the authentic, but hardly less plainly in many a little side-touch, as when he makes passing mention of a certain book—"The Passion of S. Anastasius" (CH. LI.)—"which was ill translated from the Greek, and worse amended by some unskilful person," and which he had taken in hand to "correct as to the sense."

And when we pass from his methods to his matter, we are impressed with the large and generous range of his interests. He has been no traveller, it is true, but home-keeping has not narrowed his sympathies. He takes all Christendom for his sphere. The framing of his comprehensive "Martyrology" has laid upon him the congenial task of attempting to find out "not only the day, but also by what manner of conflict these holy martyrs overcame the world." The Roman Church and its direct offshoots in these islands do not absorb his whole sympathies; he is alive to the noble names and noble deeds of other Churches. Those who know most of the bitterness engendered by the differences of practice existing between the Roman and the Celtic Churches will best appreciate the splendid justice and charity that could enable Bede to speak as follows of Aidan: "I have written thus much concerning the person and works of the aforesaid Aidan, in no way commending or approving what he imperfectly understood in relation to Easter; nay, very much detesting the same; but like an impartial historian, relating what was done by or with him, and commending such things as are praiseworthy in his actions: namely his love, his peace, his charity," etc.

The record of Bede's everyday labours is astonishing—his severe Biblical studies, his carefully prepared sermons, his translations of the Scriptures into English, his large correspondence, his superintendence of the monastery school. All these labours were carried on steadily in spite of the hindrances of advancing age and weak health, and now to all the other undertakings was added the crowning work of his life, "The Ecclesiastical History of the English People." Probably he had already begun to suffer from the internal pains and the difficulty of breathing of which we hear in his last illness; at any rate, he desires in his preface "of all who hear or read this history of our nation, that for my manifold infirmities both of mind and body, they will offer up frequent supplications at the throne of grace." Still he perseveres until the work is brought down to his own time, and he has the satisfaction of writing: "Here ends, by God's help, the fifth book of the Ecclesiastical History." And who can read without emotion the final words of mingled praise and thanksgiving beginning: "And now, I beseech Thee, good Jesus," in which the writer pours out his thanks for the measure of wisdom granted to him, and prays that it may be vouchsafed him "some time or other to come to Thee, the fountain of all wisdom, and always to appear before Thy face"?

Even in the very last year of his life Bede accidentally gives us, in an

important business letter to the then Archbishop of York, some personal particulars. And when at last his own writings fail, our desire to know what he himself can no longer tell us is abundantly supplied by the letter of his sometime pupil Cuthbert to a former schoolfellow, describing the last illness and death of their beloved master—a letter which, in its simplicity and tenderness, is worthy to rank with Bede's own writings.

It is difficult to tell again what has been told once for all so fully and so perfectly by an eye-witness. What would the humble-minded presbyter have thought could he have foreseen that the story of his own peaceful death would become no less sacred an example to thousands upon thousands of readers than the noble histories of those martyr triumphs on which he used to dwell with such ungrudging admiration? From this letter we learn how Bede himself "overcame"—"Bede whom God loved," to use his pupil's tender words. Death could never in Bede's eyes lose its rightful solemnity; yet faith and love had taken away its sting. He made his own the dying words of the great Ambrose: "I have not so lived among you as to be ashamed to live on; but I do not fear to die, for our Lord is good." Wakeful nights and increasing weakness were accounted welcome tokens of his "sonship," calling forth more and more of thankfulness to the heavenly Father. He was ever "cheerful and rejoicing;" that was the witness of those about him; "and," adds Cuthbert, with reiterated emphasis, "I declare with truth that I have never seen with my eyes, nor heard with my ears, any man so earnest in giving thanks to the living God." His only grief—a grief which moved him to tears—was for the sorrow of the friends whom he was leaving. For himself he eagerly looked forward to the time when he should "be with Christ," and yet he gave his mind to all the accustomed demands made upon him, as completely and collectedly as though he had no thought beyond the little duties of the present moment.

So the days of Lent and Easter passed in their wonted occupations, each one marked by some slight increase in suffering. The Rogation days with their solemn supplications were over, and the first joyous notes of the Ascension Day celebration had begun to sound, when late on the Wednesday evening the young scribe, who was at work on his master's translation of S. John's Gospel, said to him: "Dear Master, one sentence is left unfinished." There are few scenes in history more familiar, few more deeply touching, than the dying man dictating that "one sentence," and so perfecting his earthly work at which he had ever wrought so faithfully. Now he was free to put from him all thoughts of earth, and turn him wholly to his best-loved employ. By his own wish he was propped up upon the pavement of his little cell—"facing," as he said, "the holy place, where I was wont to pray." So sitting he began once more to sing the *Gloria Patri*, and, says Cuthbert, "when he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom."

Bede was buried in the place which he himself would have chosen, under the shadow of the monastery church at Jarrow; but three centuries

after his death his bones, which had by that time been brought inside the church, were stolen by one of the numerous pilgrims to his tomb, a monk from Durham, who carried them off to enrich his own cathedral. For a while they kept honourable company with those of the great patron of Durham, S. Cuthbert; but in the beginning of the reign of Henry II., S. Bede's relics were placed in a separate richly chased shrine of gold and silver, which in course of time was removed from the east end of the cathedral to the chapel known as the Galilee at the west end. Henceforth the Galilee became indissolubly bound up with the memory of Bede. There against the wall was the altar that bore his name, and there, standing upon the table-shaped tomb that covered his bones, was the venerated shrine. In Henry VIII.'s time this shrine was rifled and demolished, and the original tomb destroyed; but whether from reverence for Bede's character, or from whatever motive, the bones were re-buried, and the existing heavy slab of blue marble, so familiar to all visitors to the cathedral, was erected over them.* Its table-like form was probably intended to be a reproduction—though a very clumsy one—of the marble table with its five pillars on which the shrine had previously rested. To make the reproduction more thorough, there reappeared upon the new tomb the old mediæval inscription in monkish Latin commemorating Bede's virtues. The famous doggerel couplet with which it closes—

"Hac sunt in fossa
Bedæ venerabilis ossa,"

is of no small importance, as having done much to stereotype the use of Bede's mediæval title, "The Venerable." The Bishop of Bristol says, with reference to this matter: "The epithet 'Venerable' so constantly applied to Bede is found both in his own writings and elsewhere, applied to men of holy life who had not been canonized. Bede frequently calls the founder of Wearmouth and Jarrow 'the venerable Benedict.' He is not himself called Venerable in any extant work of a date earlier than the middle of the tenth century. He is most often called Dominus Bæda in early manuscripts of his homilies. . . . Writers nearly contemporary with him call him Sanctus Bede, Saint Bede, or Holy Bede. . . . Thus the epithet as applied to Bede was of comparatively late origin, and had no more personal meaning than the epithet 'Judicious' and 'Admirable,' applied to Hooker and Crichton."† In all Kalendars and service-books up to the very verge of the Reformation we find him as Saint Bede. From the two Prayer-books of Edward VI. the black-letter saints were with scarcely an exception omitted, and when they were restored at the revision some ten or twelve years later, Bede was distinguished by his familiar prefix, "Venerable," which he can never now lose.

If the tomb in Durham Cathedral must be allowed to be S. Bede's most conspicuous memorial, it certainly is not the most interesting, for its only association is with his dead bones, not with the living man. More

* Murray's "Durham."

† "Life of Bede."—S. P. C. K.

interesting in this respect is the well which bears his name in his native village of Jarrow, or, to speak more exactly, in the outlying township of Monkton, which lays claim to the honour of having given him birth. "Bede's Well" used to be the centre of the village revels at midsummer, and its waters were supposed to possess considerable medicinal virtues.*

As to churches in honour of S. Bede, there are unfortunately, so far as is known, none of ancient standing. Our forefathers were not slow to recognize the merits of the monk of Jarrow; they put his name into their Kalendars; and, what is still more noticeable, they retained it there when many a more conspicuous name had been displaced; they put it also into their litanies. "S. Bede pray for us;" so the clause still ran in an English edition of the Litany published at a time when the whole question of saintly intercession was already beginning to exercise men's minds;† but one thing apparently our forefathers failed to do, and that was to build churches in honour of S. Bede, and it is only in our own time that this particular omission has been repaired.

Nothing could be more appropriately named than the new church of "The Venerable Bede" at Monkwearmouth; there is much to be said for a similar dedication at Gateshead, and although the Liverpool church of "S. Bede" cannot plead equally strong justification for the choice, yet there is a sense in which Bede is the property of the entire country.

And so at last we pass from the wild poetic fictions that surround the name of Brandan the explorer to the sober realities of our own Bede the historian, catching many glimpses as we go of the new and higher standard, of outward civilization as well as of spiritual hope, set up among half-barbarous peoples by the presence in their midst of some self-denying abbot with his band of disciplined followers.

* Lewis.

† See "A Goodly Prymer," 1535.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HERMIT-SAINTS.

Section I.—The Hermits of the Desert.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
68	S. Antony the Great, A. ...	January 17	356	7	

Section II.—Some Celtic Hermits.

75	S. Congar, or Cyngar ...	March 7 ...	Sixth cent.	1	
76	S. Godwald, or Gulval, B.	June 6 ...	Sixth cent.	2	
77	S. Decuman, M.	August 27 ...	706	1 parish	

Section III.—The Hermits of Farne Island.

78	S. Cuthbert, B.	March 20 ...	687	85	*See also dd.*
	S. Eadnor. See ch. li.				
91	S. Ethelwald, or Adelwold	March 23 ...	699	1	
92	S. Bartholomew of Farne	June 24 ...	1193	1 doubtful	

Section IV.—The Hermits of the Fens.

	S. Botolph. See ch. xxviii.				
95	S. Guthlac	April 11 ...	714	8	*See also triple deds.*
99	S. Bertoline, or Bertram...	September 9	Eighth cent.	1	

Section V.—Two Royal English Hermits.

102	S. Neot	July 31 ...	877	3	
109	S. Edwould	November 28	Tenth cent.	1	

Section VI.—The French Hermits.

110	S. Leonard	November 6	cir. 559	162	*See also dd.*
113	S. Theobald, P.	June 30 ...	1066	1	*See also dd.*

Section VII.—The Hermit of Knaresborough.

116	S. Robert of Knaresborough	September 24	1218	1	

We have had occasion before this to observe how rarely saints belonging to the African Church are commemorated amongst us. Exception is made, however, in some small degree for S. Antony of Egypt, who may be called the Father of Hermits.

The ideal of holiness pursued by the anchorites was one that much commended itself to our forefathers, and thus we find more than three hundred of our churches dedicated in honour of hermit-saints. The

chosen patrons range over nine centuries, from S. Antony of the Egyptian Desert, who lived in the days of Athanasius, to S. Robert, the recluse of Knaresborough, who died some few years after the signing of Magna Charta.

The high-born Egyptian of universal fame; the Welsh anchorites, honoured within their own territories but unknown beyond; the saintly evangelist of our northern counties, S. Cuthbert; the mysterious S. Botolph from the Low countries, and his lovable successor, S. Guthlac of the Fens; S. Neot and S. Edwould, both of them closely allied to one or other of our Saxon kings; S. Leonard, the favourite courtier of the French Clovis;—all these, and others like them, of different tongues and of different ages, are united by their common yearning to escape from the dangers of the world and to serve God in secrecy and solitude; all are united by their common experience of the sore temptations from within that beset those who flee from the temptations from without.

Section I.—The Hermits of the Desert.

S. Antony the Great, A. Jan. 17, 356.

Egypt has many hermit-saints—"Fathers of the desert," as they are called—men of note not a few of them, but our English dedications take account of S. Antony alone; and truly they could have singled out no one of the number more interesting in himself or more representative of his class. If not literally the first of the hermit-saints, he became the guide and the pattern of all who desired to live apart from the world, and the history of his eighty years of renunciation and spiritual warfare has exercised, both upon individual souls and upon society at large, an influence that it is impossible ever to estimate completely. The interest of Antony's life, moreover, is enhanced by the fact that it is the story of one remarkable man written for us by another, for its author is none other than Antony's contemporary and friend, S. Athanasius. As to the general truth of this life of S. Antony no question has arisen, though it is supposed to have been more or less interpolated by various editors, who may perhaps have been guilty of here and there "improving" into miracles acts that appear to us capable of a perfectly natural interpretation. The gift of prophecy with which S. Antony is credited seems in general the outcome of a thoughtful mind carefully pondering the signs of the times; occasionally it approaches more nearly to the strange power which the Scotch term "second sight." His ascendency over the dumb creatures is a feature common to the lives of all anchorites, and a natural result of the conditions of undisturbed intercourse between man and the beasts that surround him. There remains the point of the intervention of spirits, both good and evil; the tempting illusions of wealth that seemed so real; the desperate struggles with unseen foes that left him worsted in body as though he had fought with flesh and blood; the sensible communion with his heavenly Captain—all these conflicts of a strong mind thrown in upon itself, a prey to hunger

and solitude, will not seem utterly unintelligible to those who have followed the inner history of a Loyola or a Bunyan.

If Antony had been nothing more than a fanatical ascetic, like some of the Hindu fakirs of our own time, he would make but slight claim upon our attention; but he was far other than this. Those who knew him best were wont to speak of "the grace that showed itself in his countenance," and so "distinguished him from all the rest of the holy inhabitants of the deserts, that any stranger who came to visit him, though he happened to be in the company of a multitude of other monks, leaving all others would run up to him, as if the purity of his soul had shone forth from his very face;" and something of this indescribable charm still discovers itself even in the pages of his biography. But what seems most of all to have impressed his contemporaries is just that which perhaps in such a man we should least have looked for, the excellence of his judgment, the even balance of his mind; neither unduly exalted nor unduly depressed, neither discomfited nor puffed up by reason of the multitudes who flocked about him to do him honour, but showing himself "altogether equal." Though Antony was no scholar, he was a deep thinker, and men of the world, such as the Emperor Constantine and his sons, looked to him for counsel, while Athanasius regarded him with reverent affection.

Antony was on his guard—and increasingly so as life went on—against the too common fault of ascetics, of mistaking the means for the end. He ever impressed it upon his mind that his austerities were a form of "training," intended to qualify him the better for the service of God and his fellows; and though the solitary routine life of the desert was what he found most congenial to his soul's health, he did not shrink from showing himself in the crowded city—nay, even in the heathen courts of justice—when by so doing he could bear witness to his own faith and strengthen that of others.

The interest of S. Antony lies in his character rather than in his uneventful life, of which, however, we must now speak briefly. He was born about the year 250, the only son of wealthy and high-born parents. By them he was carefully trained in Christian belief and practice, and all their teaching met with a ready response from the gentle blameless boy. He was only twenty when his parents died, leaving him sole master of all their wealth, and guardian of his little sister. The thought of his new responsibilities weighed heavily on him, and he pondered the example of the early Christians, who gave up all that they possessed for the common good. It was in this frame of mind that he one day entered church and heard the words of the Gospel, "If thou wilt be perfect, sell all that thou hast . . . and come and follow Me." In that charge to the rich young ruler, Antony recognized a call to himself; and in a short time he stripped himself of all that he had, save only his house and some small portion of money which he reserved for the use of his little sister. But afterwards, on hearing our Lord's injunction not to be anxious for the morrow, he deemed that such a provision argued want of faith, and he determined to

part with his home also, and to entrust his sister to the care of "certain devout virgins, to be trained up in their way of life." When afterwards he had himself literally obeyed the call of conscience and left "home and sisters and lands" for Christ's sake, and withdrawn into the lonely wilderness, a tender anxiety to know the fate of that young sister was one of the cares from which he tried in vain to free himself. More than thirty years afterwards he had the profound happiness of learning that all was well with her, and that she had become the head of a religious community of women.

Antony did not immediately plunge into the utter solitude of the far desert, but began by joining himself to a few scattered anchorites who lived in separate cells not far from their own homes—a sort of half-organized religious community in which we see the earliest beginnings of the monastic system. The time spent here was not profitless. He made use of his strong memory to acquire that intimate knowledge of Holy Scripture which was afterwards to become in his hand such a mighty weapon of defence against the temptations that beset him; and furthermore, he strove to observe and to imitate all that was best in each one of his neighbours—the courtesy of one, the prayerfulness of another, the watchfulness of a third, the forbearance of a fourth.

At last the time came when he sought for a more rigid method of life, and he retired to a ruined castle near the Nile, where for twenty years he followed so austere a rule that it is a marvel he was not permanently injured in either body or brain. As was only to be expected, it was at this period of his life that he suffered most terribly from the inward conflicts, the dazzling phantoms, the unseen voices, that figure so largely in his spiritual history. Nothing tried his strength so sorely as feeling that he was left to fight his battle unaided by God or man; but in the midst of one of his direst conflicts, the Saviour "was pleased," so writes his biographer, "to come in a visible manner to the assistance of His servant," and Antony thus addressed Him: "Where wast Thou, my good Jesus, all this while? Why didst Thou not come before to heal my wounds?" And the Lord answered: "I was here, Antony; but I waited to see thy combat. And now, because thou hast fought so bravely, and not yielded, I will always assist thee, and make thy name famous over the whole earth;" and never again, even in his severest temptations, was the sense of utter bereavement so heavy upon him. In the company of his fellows his mind instantly recovered its natural elasticity; and it was noticed as characteristic of the man that years of seclusion never robbed him of the polished bearing of his youth.

His sermons, both at this period of his life and later on, attracted to him many hearers, so that "by degrees the deserts and mountains began to be peopled with a number of holy souls all acknowledging Antony for their father, founder, and master." Very simple practical sermons they were—on the kindness and love of God; the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death; and, above all—a strange topic, it may be

thought, for one who lived so much alone—the need for a forgiving temper.

Many attempts were made to draw Antony out of his retirement, and to persuade him to lead a less strenuous life more suited to his increasing age ; but in these forty years solitude had become dear to him, and he felt, to use his own quaint comparison, that "as a fish dies out of water, so a monk out of his cell." But what he would not sacrifice for his own ease he readily sacrificed for the sake of others ; and the great persecution in the beginning of the fourth century found him at Alexandria fearlessly exposing himself to danger, careless of himself, so he might have the privilege of assisting by his sympathy those who were called to suffer for their faith. The prefect, taking special note of him and his companions, issued a decree that all monks should leave the city, whereupon many departed ; but the dauntless Antony at the next opportunity presented himself as usual in the court by the side of the confessors—a more conspicuous figure than ever in the shining white sheepskin cloak which he had newly washed for the occasion. He indeed courted martyrdom ; but this was not to be, and many years of desert life and rigorous self-discipline lay still before him. Possibly the prefect was restrained from taking action against him by the knowledge of the intense popular reverence for his sanctity, a feeling that found strong expression a quarter of a century later, when, at Athanasius's wish, he returned to Alexandria to preach against the Arians, and eager crowds followed him—the heathens no less than the Christians saluting him as "the man of God."

After his first appearance in Alexandria, Antony, finding himself unduly harassed by the visits of admiring disciples, withdrew into still deeper isolation near the Red Sea. In order to save trouble to those who supplied him with provisions, he began to cultivate a little patch of ground, and to raise wheat and herbs. It is curious to note the beneficial effect upon his mind of this healthful occupation. The phantoms still troubled him at times, but they no longer terrified him as before. "I am a servant of Christ—if thou art sent to me, here am I—I do not run away." In such words as these he was wont to encounter the attacks both of wild beasts and of the not less terrifying creatures of his own imagination, and speedily they left him.

It may be doubted * whether Antony was as wholly illiterate as has been supposed from the construction put upon certain passages in Athanasius's life of him. It is plain that he was no great scholar, and that he was capable of being very ironical at the expense of those who put too high a value upon the place of books in the attainment of wisdom. "Which comes first," he asked, "the sense or the letters ? " So again he made answer to the philosopher who wondered at his lack of books : "My book, O philosopher, is Nature." But against this it is to be remembered that he is the supposed author of several epistles to Egyptian monasteries, and that he certainly corresponded with the Emperor Constantine and his sons,

* See the Rev. Gregory Smith in D. C. B.

though of course such correspondence may have been carried on by an amanuensis. Antony, who was ever so ready to help the poor, fell momentarily into the snare of refusing, through a false humility, to communicate with the emperor. He told his disciples that they were not to think it much that an emperor, who was no more than a mortal man, should write to him, but rather to bear in mind how the eternal God had written His law for mankind; but in the end he was prevailed upon to write back words of encouragement and guidance.

Antony's life was protracted far beyond the common span to the great age of 105, and "the old man," as his biographer constantly designates him, began to look wistfully to the time when he might "set sail" for the heavenly country. His last years were shadowed by a prophetic fear of the fresh storm that was so soon to break upon the Church; but for himself no evil touched him, and his days were divided between an ever closer union with his God and acts of charity to his fellows, among whom he moved as a guide, a peace-maker, a beloved father.

For himself he had but one earthly care. He had an intense dread of being embalmed after death according to the custom of the Egyptians, which he regarded as utterly unscriptural; and he charged the two chosen friends who alone were with him in his last illness to bury him with the utmost secrecy, and not to divulge his resting-place. To them also he gave his instructions concerning the disposition of his scanty effects, charging them to restore to Athanasius the sheepskin cloak—that famous cloak which had been in the first instance the gift of Athanasius. "So fare ye well, my children," he continued, "for Antony is departing, and shall no longer remain with you in this world." And when he had spoken this, "as his disciples were kissing him," he passed gently away (A.D. 356), "and his legatee," says S. Athanasius, "who had the happiness to receive by the orders of blessed Antony his old cloak and his sheepskin, embraces Antony in his gifts, as if he had been enriched by him with a large inheritance; he rejoices in the garments which present before the eyes of his soul the image of his sanctity."

It could not fail that such an one as Antony the Hermit should quickly and increasingly be honoured. "In the next century he began to be venerated as a Saint by the Greek Church, and in the ninth by the Latin." *

England reflects these feelings, though not in any high degree. Of ancient dedications in this name we have Alkham in Kent; the chapelry of Cartmell Fell in Lancashire (not to be confounded with the stately Cartmell Priory in the same district); the two Cornish churches of St. Anthony-in-Meneage and St. Anthony-in-Roseland, and the now demolished church of S. Antholin in the City of London. Cornwall, from whatever cause, seems to have a special liking for the name of Antony. Besides these genuine dedications to the saint, of which we shall say more presently, we have near Saltash the two villages of East and West Antony, with Antony House, the ancient seat of the Pole-Carews. One of these two

* D. C. B.

villages is possessed of a beautiful parish church, and if this church were dedicated to S. Antony we should consider the origin of the name to be satisfactorily accounted for; but the patron is said to be S. James—though here again there is a difference of opinion as to whether the saint intended be the son of Zebedee, or the much rarer S. James the Less.* The existing church, however, is assigned only to the fifteenth century, and the name of the villages must go back far earlier than this, so it is possible after all that if we could get back far enough we might discover some forgotten connexion with our saint, some chapelry in his honour—an offshoot, it may be, of the Augustinian Priory of S. Antony which had its headquarters farther west, not very far from Falmouth. This priory, whose name still survives in the beautiful little Early English church of St. Anthony-in-Roseland, was founded in 1124, by William Warlewast, Bishop of Exeter.† It would not be unreasonable to attribute to the presence of this same priory yet another dedication to S. Antony on the opposite side of Falmouth Bay in the rocky peninsula known as Meneage, or "the stony district." Popular tradition, however, maintains that this church was built as a thank-offering by some travellers of rank who were overtaken by a storm on their passage from Normandy to England. In their danger they vowed a vow to S. Antony, that if he would succour them they would hereafter build a church in his honour. The saint guided their vessel in safety into the creek upon which the church of S. Anthony now stands, a lasting memorial of the gratitude of the voyagers.‡

We may reasonably infer that the Augustinian monks, from whatever cause, had a special veneration for S. Antony, for the Lancashire chapelry of S. Antony, Cartmell Fell, was a cell to the great Augustinian Priory at Cartmell. The reason for the choice at Alkham in Kent is not apparent. Stratford-Tony in Wiltshire sounds as if it must owe its name to S. Antony, and indeed in some lists the church is assigned to him; but the late Canon Jackson of Leigh Delamere has shown that the distinctive second name comes, not from the saint, but from the fourteenth-century proprietress, Alice de Toni, Countess of Warwick, and that the church is dedicated either to the Blessed Virgin or to S. Laurence.

In the City church of S. Antholin, now demolished (though the name is still preserved in the formal title of the amalgamated parishes of "S. Thomas the Apostle, S. Antholin, and S. John the Baptist"), we seem at first sight to have a separate saint. The name, however, is but a corruption of the more familiar "Anthony,"§ and is thus explained: "The church was originally called 'S. Anthony by Watling Street' from its situation. It is called in deeds 'S. Anthony Watling.' Then the 'g' in the last word disappeared; then the last syllable of the word Anthony went, and the first of Watlin, and so we arrived at Antholin."‖ This curious corruption

* "A church dedicated to S. James the Less is said to have been built in 1420."—Murray's "Cornwall."

† Murray's "Cornwall."

‡ Ibid.

§ The name is spelt indifferently with or without an "h."

‖ From information furnished by the Rev. A. Drew, Vicar of S. Antholin's, Nunhead, 1888.

has been preserved with Chinese exactness in the name of the modern church of S. Antholin's at Nunhead in Surrey, which was built in 1878 out of part of the proceeds of the sale of the old City church. "I was obliged," says the vicar, "under the scheme by which I got the money to retain the old corruption of the name." The foundation of the original church of S. Antholin is assigned to the reign of Henry II.,* and it is probably to this early Plantagenet period that most of our old dedications in honour of S. Antony may be ascribed.

S. Anthony at Byker in Northumberland is "a church of recent foundation, but the locality has borne the name of 'S. Anthony's' from olden times;" † so that there is good reason for the choice. It is possible that here, as at York, there may have existed a "hospital of S. Antony." In the case of the York hospital, the master and keepers of the Guild had the curious right to claim one pig out of every litter.‡ Not at York alone, but throughout Europe, all manner of privileges were accorded to the so-called "Tantony pigs," the special property of the Antonine monks of the great Order of the Knights Hospitallers. Incongruous as it appears, the pig became the recognized symbol of S. Antony, as may be seen in the countless representations of the saint with a pig at his feet. That the austere hermit of the desert had in his own proper person nothing whatever to do with creatures from which he would most likely have shrunk in horror as unclean, is very certain; and those commentators are doubtless right who say, like Mrs. Jameson, that "the hog was the representative of the demons of sensuality and gluttony which Antony is supposed to have vanquished;" but as so often happens, the meaning of the symbol was misunderstood or forgotten, and at length explained in the most literal sense. The curious irony of fate which has thus made S. Antony—the rigid ascetic—the peculiar patron of pigs, has made him, hardly less incongruously, the patron of merchants and traders. He whose simple wants were bounded by a scanty supply of bread and water, who deemed a dinner of herbs a luxury only to be allowed to his guests and never to himself, he who had nothing to bequeath to his heirs but his well-worn garments, he it is who is the chosen patron of one of the most famous of the great corporations of the Middle Ages. The Egyptian monks who were followers of S. Antony by no means imitated their master's severe simplicity. "They are said," writes the secretary of the Grocers' Company in a private letter, "to have been trading monks, and to have formed settlements all along the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts as far as England; be that as it may, it seems clear that St. Anthony was the favourite saint of the carriers of oriental produce trading from Alexandria, and churches dedicated to him are found in places convenient for the trade of that day on the English coast and elsewhere." § The grocers in the City of London—or, as they were called in old times, "the Pepperers"

* Nightingale's "London."
† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.
‡ Lawton.
§ The only two known examples, however, on the sea-coast are those already referred to—St. Anthony-in-Roseland and St. Anthony-in-Meneage.

—were originally "dealers in spices, drugs and other oriental produce," so it was natural enough that when, in the middle of the fourteenth century, they formed themselves into a fraternity, they should choose for their special patron (in addition to "The Virgin Mary and All Saints") the saint already associated with their trade, S. Antony of Egypt. And thus, when, more than five hundred years later, the Grocers' Company had to find a name for a new church in Stepney, of which they were the patrons, they bethought themselves of their own S. Antony. Hence the origin of the third modern church in this name; and it must be acknowledged that each one of the three dedications can give an unusually good account of the reason why it was chosen.

Section II.—Some Celtic Hermits.

The Celtic branch of the Church furnishes a very large contribution to the hermit-saints; witness the great number of them congregated in Cornwall and in the counties bordering upon Wales. The great majority of these hermits will be considered in those chapters that are specially devoted to the Celtic saints; but we may find a place here for three of the number, whose churches are found outside the limits of Cornwall, and who may serve as representatives of their kind. These three are S. Congar, S. Godwald, and S. Decuman.

S. Congar, or Cyngar. March 7, sixth cent.

S. Congar the Anchorite, according to the mediæval accounts, was the son of an emperor of Constantinople,* who came into Britain, and for some unexplained cause took up his abode on a lonely tract of land in Somersetshire. There he built an oratory, and established a college of monks at a place afterwards called from him Congresbury, his rights being duly confirmed to him by Ina, King of Wessex. The whole story, except the connexion between the hermit Congar and the place Congresbury, may be freely dismissed. Among other disadvantages it has the fault of making S. Congar live a couple of centuries too late, and if we require more accurate knowledge of him, we must turn from the mediæval legend-mongers to the less sensational but more trustworthy Welsh genealogies. If they do not make out Congar to be the son of an Eastern emperor, they nevertheless provide him with a very respectable pedigree.†

He was the son of Geraint, Prince of Cornwall (CH. XXXV.), who himself is numbered among our saints. He was the brother of the S. Jestyn who is commemorated in Cornwall under the name of S. Just (CH. LI.); and uncle of yet a third of our saints, the celebrated S. Kebi (CH. XXXII.). He was a contemporary of S. David, and must in all probability have been known to him; but as he is not mentioned by name among the many friends of that great man, we have refrained from classing him among "the Associates of S. David."

The Welsh records do not really add much to the statements of the

* So Camden, borrowing from Friar Capgrave.

† Rees's "Welsh Saints."

Latin writers, only they say that before coming into Somersetshire he founded a college in the neighbourhood of Llandaff. The move from Glamorganshire to Somerset requires less explanation than a move from Constantinople to Somerset.

Congar must have been a man of some note in his day, for there are traces of him in Cornwall and North Wales as well as in Somerset. His native Cornwall has—or had at one time—a chapel and well of S. Congar in the parish of Lanivet,* in that part of Cornwall which contains dedications to three other members of his family—his father, brother, and nephew. In addition to this, he is the patron of two churches in North Wales; but the place which of all others is most closely connected with him, namely, Congresbury, has been unfaithful to his memory, and the church is now no longer dedicated to S. Congar, but to S. Andrew the Apostle. The church of the neighbouring parish of Badgworth is, however, dedicated to him, and this gives us the right to include him among our English saints.

S. Godwald, or Gulval, B. June 6, sixth cent.

Perhaps the best starting-point to investigate this most perplexing of saints is to be found neither in Cornwall nor in Wales, but in the county of Worcester, where, under his first name of Godwald, he was and is still commemorated. No such saint is to be found in the standard Kalendars; but the older fourteenth-century spelling of the name, "Godwale," suggests an approximation to "Gudwal," sometimes called "Gulwal," a Celtic bishop of uncertain date.

According to his legend, Gudwal was a Welsh bishop who withdrew from active duties to lead a hermit's life on a rocky island off the Welsh coast. The storms beat pitilessly against his retreat and threatened to sweep it away. Then, says the legend, Gudwal prayed for relief, and lo! "the fish came in multitudes with grains of sand in their mouths, and deposited them in one place, till they had reared a long bank which proved an effectual breakwater."† The legend goes on to relate that at length the number of disciples who came to live under S. Gudwal's guidance increased to such an extent that he was forced to seek a more spacious dwelling-place. Thereupon he migrated into Cornwall, and settled at the place now called Gulval, near Penzance. So far the legend, and it is tempting enough to adopt the suggestion that "Gulval" is only a corruption of Gudwal or Godwald, but the identification must remain very doubtful. In the first place, the evidence of the feast-day is against it, for S. Godwald is commemorated on June 6, whereas Gulval feast is on November 12; and more than this, in the earliest records the saint of Gulval is set forth as "Sancta Wolvele," a name which reappears in the parish of Laneast.‡ Who this unknown S. Wolvele may have been there

* Borlase.

† Baring-Gould, June 6.

‡ The name of the saint of Laneast is sometimes given as "Welvela," sometimes as "Galwell," and it stands in conjunction with the Saxon S. Sidwell (CH. XL.), under the style of "SS. Welvela and Sativola," or, more simply, "SS. Gulval and Sidwell." —See Clergy List, 1896.

is no saying; probably it was forgotten even in the parishes that once owed her allegiance; and when the hermit-bishop became popular, both Gulval and Laneast may have been glad to range themselves under a famous patron in place of one who was unknown.

"On the whole," says Mr. Borlase, "I am rather inclined to think that although the name of some older Saint underlies the word" (*i.e.* Gulval), "Armorican influence, perhaps in the tenth century, superintroduced the name of a then popular Saint, the translation of whose relics occurred at that time." For S. Godwald's relics were in course of time translated to Ghent, and it may very well have been by some Flemish channel, and not by Celtic influence at all, that his cultus was introduced into Worcestershire. In the sixteenth century, when Leland made his ever-valuable Itinerary, there were still traces of a chapel of S. Godwald's in connexion with S. Wolstan's Hospital in the city of Worcester, and Leland vainly endeavoured to learn who the saint might be, and could only discover that "some say he was a bishop." Ungrateful Worcester has dropped out the stranger, just as she has yet more unpardonably dropped out her own S. Wolstan (CH. XXIII.); but his memory is kept alive by another dedication in the same county—that of Finstall. Within the last five and twenty years Finstall has been made into a separate parish, but for centuries previously it was a chapelry in the parish of Stoke Prior. The vicarage of Stoke Prior was appropriated to the monastery of Worcester, and it must have been through this monastery that the chapel of S. Godwald was planted in the outlying village of Finstall. That the chapel was an offshoot of the monastery is shown by the use of the term, "the cell of S. Godwald." The date of the foundation can, unfortunately, not be traced, but there is little doubt that it goes back far beyond a deed of 1390, which is the earliest mention of it known to Nash, the Worcestershire County historian. Here it is spoken of as the "Capella Sancti Godwali," the misleading final "d" not having as yet crept into the name. By the middle of the eighteenth century, S. Godwald's chapel had fallen into ruin so complete that only the foundations remained. It was therefore rebuilt in 1773, and, to the lasting honour of these eighteenth-century builders, pains were taken to preserve the old historic name.*

S. Decuman, M. Aug. 27, 706.

Side by side with S. Godwald we may place a semi-mythical countryman of his, Degeman the Hermit, in Latin *Decumanus*, who has given his name to the parish of St. Decuman's in Somersetshire. Cressy, the Roman Catholic martyrologist,† sums up his history as follows: "He was born of Noble parents in the South-Western parts of Wales, and forsaking his country, the more freely to give himself to Mortification and devotion, he passed the river Severn upon a hurdle of rodds" (another version of the story says that it was on a cloak), "and retired himself into a mountainous vast solitude, covered with shrubs and

* The statements relating to S. Godwald's in Worcestershire have been kindly communicated by the Rev. J. H. Bainbrigge, Vicar of Finstall, 1888.

† Quoted in Rees's "Welsh Saints." The original authority is a legend handed down by Capgrave.

briars, where he spent his life in the repose of Contemplation, till in the end he was slain by a murderer." Cressy omits one legendary incident, which is that he was nourished by a friendly cow, the only companion of his solitude. Camden hands down the further tradition concerning him, that he was murdered "at a place called St. Decombe's in Somersetshire, where a church was afterwards raised to his memory." The church is now known as S. Peter's, not S. Decuman's. In all probability it was re-dedicated at some time of reaction against Celtic saints, but the name of the hermit was already bound up with that of the parish, and will last as long as the village of St. Decuman itself. Mr. Rees observes that S. Decuman is the patron saint of one church and of one extinct chapel in Wales, in addition to his English parish.

Section III.—The Hermits of Farne Island.

S. Cuthbert, B. March 20, 687.

Of all the saints contained in this chapter, there is but one to whom churches are freely dedicated at the present day, and that one is S. Cuthbert. There were hermit-saints more popular in their day than he; the obscure hermit of the fens, S. Botolph, has almost as many churches, and is found in very nearly as many counties,* while S. Leonard's churches outnumber S. Cuthbert's by considerably more than two to one. But whereas no one now thinks of dedicating a church to S. Botolph or to S. Leonard, except for the sake of preserving some link with the past,† still less to S. Congar or S. Bertoline, S. Cuthbert has come increasingly into favour of late, so that we find twenty churches dedicated to him within the present century, and the number is being added to every year. There is a difference, however, between the ancient and the modern point of view. In former days Cuthbert was honoured chiefly as a typical anchorite, and the activity of his earlier days and of his brief episcopate was forgotten in the admiration for his solitary life on the island of Farne; we, on the other hand, dwell on his untiring evangelistic labours, his wise influence over his fellow-men; but both we and our forefathers have common ground in our reverence for Cuthbert's personal character—at once so saintly and so lovable. He lives over again for us in the pages of Bede, who took the utmost pains to collect all that was remembered of the "beginning, middle, and end of his glorious life and conversation," and compiled two separate lives of him, one in prose and one in verse, besides his account of him in the "Ecclesiastical History." How loving, and at the same time how graphic, are the little touches with which he paints for us the character of his hero! Take this, concerning Cuthbert's helpfulness:‡ "He thought it

* S. Cuthbert is in twenty, and S. Botolph in sixteen, but the dedications to "S. Cuthbert" in Devon and Cornwall are doubtless intended for the Celtic "S. Cuby" (CH. XXXII.).

† See, for example, S. Antholin, Nunhead (p. 73), and S. Leonard, Malins-Lee (p. 113).

‡ E. H. All the subsequent quotations are (unless otherwise stated) from Bede's "Life of S. Cuthbert."

equivalent to praying, to afford the infirm brethren the help of his exhortations, well knowing that he who said 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' said likewise, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'" And again, as regards the secret of his power as a teacher: "He first shewed in his own behaviour that which he taught was to be performed by others." Again, too, in speaking of Cuthbert's references to his own spiritual experiences, Bede says: "He would introduce in the meekest way the spiritual benefits which the love of God had conferred upon himself. And this he took care to do in a covert manner, as if it had happened to another person; his hearers, however, perceived that he was speaking of himself." We almost find a difficulty in believing that we are listening to a biographer who had no personal knowledge whatever of his subject.

Bede's life is rather a series of pictures than an orderly biography, and he tells us nothing definite of Cuthbert's birthplace or family by which we might determine his exact social position. In one of the notices of him we find him at night-time "tending the sheep entrusted to his care on some distant mountains;" but when he comes a few years later to the Abbey of Melrose, it is as an armed horseman with a servant in his train. "It is not to be supposed," says Montalembert, "that he was of poor extraction. His family must have been in the rank of those clients or vassals to whom the great Saxon lords gave the care and superintendence of their flocks upon the vast extent of pastures or commons where cowherds and shepherds lived day and night in the open air." *

Our first introduction to the future saint is as a boy of eight years old, romping among other boys. In jumping, running, wrestling, Cuthbert surpassed all those of his own age. But his bodily activity met with an unexpected check. According to one story, it was the tearful remonstrances of one of his child-companions that first showed him that he had a mind as well as a body, and led him from that very moment to exhibit the "unusual decision both of mind and character" for which he was afterwards celebrated; but perhaps we may find a sufficient explanation of the change in the lameness that overtook him at this time. The remedies of the physicians availed him nothing; he could no longer walk, and was obliged to be carried by the servants. One day, as he was lying down out-of-doors, a stranger rode up, and dismounted beside him. With instinctive courtesy the boy explained the infirmity that hindered him from rising. The stranger carefully examined the injured knee, and prescribed a poultice of flour boiled in milk; then he remounted his horse and rode away. In a few days' time the obstinate swelling had yielded to this simple remedy, but Cuthbert was persuaded that it was an "angel who had given him the advice."

All the common things of life were turned to poetry in the boy's rich imagination. One night, while he was keeping watch over his sheep on the hillside among a band of sleeping companions, he suddenly beheld "a long stream of light break through the darkness," and it was to him

* "Moines d'Occident."

as though "the door of heaven was opened, and there was led in thither, amidst an angelic company, the spirit of some holy man." Next morning Cuthbert learnt that during the night, at the very moment of his vision, the holy Bishop Aidan had passed away; and so great was the impression made upon his mind that he determined forthwith to retire into the monastery of Melrose.

The next few years were perhaps the happiest of Cuthbert's life. He gave a willing obedience to the commands of the aged prior, who, on his part, loved him as a father from the day when he first welcomed him to the monastery with the words, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." The prior forbade the ardent young novice to wear himself out with extreme fastings; but there was no lack of work within and without the monastery walls. Cuthbert had a gift of speaking of holy things in plain words which went straight to the hearts of his hearers, and much of his time was spent in going about, on foot or on horseback, among the out-of-the-way mountain villages, living with the people in their homes, and teaching them "both by the words of his preaching, and also by his own holy conduct."

In the midst of this active life he was taken with serious illness. The brethren passed the night in prayer for his recovery. When Cuthbert heard of it, he exclaimed: "Then why am I lying here? It is not possible that God should have neglected your prayers: give me my stick and shoes." And in effect his strength of faith and will enabled him to overcome his bodily weakness; but the too rapid recovery left its mark upon him for life in a certain internal pain from which he was never free.

The younger man recovered, but the illness now seized upon the aged master. "Death is waiting for me," said the prior to Cuthbert. "Learn from me all you can whilst I am able to teach you;" and very soon Cuthbert found himself called upon to succeed his friend as head of the monastery. During his seven days' illness the prior "foretold to Cuthbert all things that should happen to him," and amongst others that he should be ordained a bishop. Cuthbert shrank from the thought, and for many years he kept the saying a secret; but if ever prophecy fulfilled itself it was this, for when at last the sacred office was pressed upon him, he saw in the summons the final fulfilment of his old master's words, and dared no longer hold back.

Several of the most beautiful of the stories of S. Cuthbert are connected with his life at Melrose. He still kept to his old habit of travelling about, teaching the ignorant, confirming the faith of those who were already instructed; and wherever he passed he left a fragrant memory of kind deeds done, or tender words spoken, which passed from mouth to mouth, till they were recorded for all time in the pages of Bede.

One of these numerous stories shows the perfection of his tact and insight. As he was on his way to visit an old and valued friend of his, a certain prefect in the service of King Egfrid of Northumbria, his host met him in the road in deepest sorrow, saying that his wife was lying at

the point of death, and entreating him to send a priest to her to administer the last rites. Cuthbert was about to comply with his request, when it struck him that the poor husband was concealing the worst part of his grief, and that the illness was rather of the mind than of the body. "No," said he, "I will not entrust this to another; I will go myself to visit her." His surmise was right; the poor lady had been seized with a sort of temporary insanity which caused terror to all who saw her, and the prefect was "ashamed to say that she was mad, because the man of God had always seen her in her right mind." Silently the two went on their way together, the husband's tears flowing for his secret fear that Cuthbert would think that one so afflicted could never have been a true servant of the Lord. Cuthbert read his thoughts, and said plainly: "Do not weep because I am likely to find your wife otherwise than I could wish; for I know that she is vexed with a devil, though you are afraid to name it; and I know moreover, that before we arrive, she will be freed, and come to meet us as sound in mind as ever, and will minister to us as before; for not only the wicked but also the innocent are sometimes permitted by God to be afflicted in body, and we are even taken captive in spirit by the devil." While he thus consoled the husband they approached the house, and all was as Cuthbert had foretold. The temporary insanity was past; the lady, "freed from her suffering, rose as if from sleep, entirely recovered both in mind and body," and came out with joy to welcome the man of God, and "begged him to dismount and to bestow his blessing upon her house."

The more one studies the life of Cuthbert the more one wonders at the stories that were current in a later age of his dislike of women. Visitors to Durham Cathedral will remember the line in the pavement near the west end which marks the boundary beyond which no woman was allowed to pass, lest her presence should be offensive to the misogynist saint; they will remember also that Durham is conspicuous amongst cathedrals for the absence of a Lady Chapel in the usual situation, and that the reason assigned for this peculiarity is that S. Cuthbert so plainly testified his repugnance to this feminine intrusion into the neighbourhood of his shrine, that it was decided to build the chapel of our Lady at the west instead of the east end of the church.* It is interesting, therefore, in the light of these mediæval slanders, to observe how much the happiness of Cuthbert's life was increased by his intimate friendships with good women. He visited them freely, and accepted such entertainment as they could offer, whether it were in the cottage of his foster-mother, or in the nunnery of some high-born abbess. Nor was there any would-be condescension in his behaviour to women; he met them on equal terms, and discussed the politics of the day with them with the same freedom and carnestness that he would have shown in talking to a fellow-prior. In the

* This is the chapel known as "the Galilee," a name which has caused that of "the Lady Chapel" to be lost sight of. It was intended, however, to serve all the purposes of a Lady Chapel.

early days of Cuthbert's fame, S. Ebba (CH. XL.), a most distinguished Northumbrian abbess, earnestly besought him to come and visit her monastery at Coldingham.* "This loving message from the handmaid of the Lord," says Bede, "he could not treat with neglect," and he came and stayed with her for several days. We could easily imagine, even if the life made no mention of it, how the nuns would delight to do honour to their illustrious guest; what care they would take that he should be "magnificently entertained;" how carefully they would watch him as he sat at table amongst them, anxiously noting the signs of extreme fatigue, and the trembling hand that let the knife fall from his grasp! But when the abbess taxed him with some inward trouble, he sought playfully but vainly to turn the subject, saying: "I could not go on eating all day, could I? I must have left off some time or other." His tender fear of slighting their hospitality caused him to lay aside his customary habits of asceticism in presence of the nuns; but the seeming self-indulgence was more than repaid in private by nights of painful vigil. One night, when he was staying with the Abbess Ebba, he rose and went down, unseen as he thought by all, to the seashore. But one of the brothers of the monastery followed him secretly, and beheld him standing up to his neck in the sea. There he remained "praising God" till the day dawned, and it was time to return home and join the rest of the community in the accustomed hymns; but as he left the water the brother beheld a strange sight, for "two otters came up from the sea, and lying down before him on the sand, breathed upon his feet, and wiped them with their hair; after which, having received his blessing, they returned to their native element."

The story of the compassionate otters laid strong hold of the imagination of the Northumbrian fisher-folk, and Montalembert notes it as the one incident which made his name familiar to their descendants of the nineteenth century. Not a few of the stories of S. Cuthbert are connected with the sea. There is one anecdote of his boyhood which is very characteristic both of the saint and of the transition age in which he lived. It was on a wild, stormy day that a crowd of spectators were gathered together on the banks of the Tyne, just at the point where the river widens into the sea, watching the fate of five little vessels laden with timber, that were vainly trying to make head against the wind. On the further bank knelt a body of monks, the owners of the ships, praying for the safety of their hapless companions. They had tried in vain to reach them by boats, and now "in despair of human aid they had recourse to God." Little sympathy did they meet with from the bystanders opposite, who watched with cruel delight as the vessels "were hurried rapidly out to sea, so that they looked like sea-birds upon the waves," and derisively shouted to the monks that they had deserved this loss for their new rules of life. Cuthbert, unable to listen in silence to these taunts, exclaimed: "Would it not be better and more humane to entreat the Lord in their

* Coldingham, like many another Saxon monastery, was a mixed community of both men and women presided over by an abbess.

behalf, than thus to take delight in their misfortunes?" And now the attention of the half-heathen multitude was fixed upon the boy, "and turning on him with angry minds and angry mouths," they cried: "Nobody shall pray for them! May God spare none of them! for they have taken away from men the ancient rites and customs, and how the new ones are to be observed nobody knows." At this challenge Cuthbert instantly knelt down, and betook himself to what Bede elsewhere calls "his usual weapon of prayer." His prayer was heard; the wind became less, and soon the ships were safely brought to land.

With the exception of one short interval spent at Ripon, Melrose had been Cuthbert's home ever since he was fifteen; but not very long after his appointment as prior, he was transferred to the island monastery of Lindisfarne, where the next twelve years of his life were passed. The new surroundings cannot have been congenial to him; the narrow limits of the island must have seemed cramping after the liberty of the mountains; he was in great measure cut off from the evangelistic work which formed his chief delight; and, above all, there were constantly recurring difficulties within the walls of the monastery itself. Some of the Lindisfarne monks clung to the proscribed Celtic ritual; in his heart Cuthbert may have sympathized with them, but the Conference of Whitby had decided unmistakably in favour of the Roman ritual, and he loyally accepted the authoritative decision. With his usual patience and sweetness he tried to win over the supporters of the old rites, but their obduracy must have made the meetings of the chapter a daily penance to the prior. "In his discussions with the brethren, when he was fatigued by the bitter taunts of those who opposed him, he would rise from his seat with a placid look, and dismiss the meeting until the following day, when, as if he had suffered no repulse, he would use the same exhortations as before, until he converted them to his own views." In the end such patience, as might have been expected, triumphed over all opposition. His further care was to amend the discipline of the monastery, for it is clear that the brethren were somewhat negligent as well as unorthodox, and to show them in his own person the golden mean between an undue care for externals on the one hand, and slovenliness on the other.

It is not hard to understand that twelve years of such a life should have inclined Cuthbert to look upon solitude as the ideal state, and great was his joy when he was at length permitted to leave Lindisfarne and take up his lonely abode on the rocky islet of Farne. "Christ's soldier," says Bede, quaintly, "having become the lawful monarch of the land, built a city fit for his empire, and houses therein suitable to his city." The first house, intended solely for his own use, was of the roughest description possible, and in order to shut out all worldly distractions, he encompassed it with a mound so high that he could "see nothing but Heaven, to which he so earnestly aspired." But close to the landing-place, near to a convenient fountain of water, he built a large house, in which whoever visited him might be rested and entertained.

Eight years of solitude left their mark for good and bad upon Cuthbert's character; but they in no way changed his strong instincts of hospitality. He might be severely ascetic towards himself; he could not renounce the pleasure of ministering to the bodily comforts of others, as many a story shows. At the same time, though Cuthbert could not resist giving pleasure to others when he was brought into contact with them, he now increasingly shrank from all society beyond that of his birds. His biographer notes with pride that his personal habits were becoming like those of the most typical anchorite, and that "as his zeal after perfection grew, he shut himself up in his cell away from the sight of men, and spent his time alone in fasting, watching and prayer." He adds, moreover, that his window, "which was at first left open that he might see and be seen," was afterwards shut, and opened only that he might give his blessing, "or for any other purpose of absolute necessity."

It cannot be denied that our great S. Cuthbert was suffering from the natural consequences of his unnatural manner of life and becoming thoroughly morbid.* Fortunately, he was forced back to active life, and the self-destruction of his noble mind was arrested by the new claims that were now made upon his large-hearted wisdom. He was drawn forth from his island hermitage to be Bishop of Lindisfarne; and, remembering his old master's prophecy, spoken more than twenty years before, he dared not refuse. His diocese, though taking its name from Holy Island, extended far over the mainland; and Cuthbert was far too conscientious a worker not to devote his whole powers to the work he had undertaken. He fell back very readily into his old missionary methods, visiting one by one the villages under his care. Montalembert justly says that "his whole episcopate seems to bear the character of a mission indefinitely prolonged."

A striking scene occurred at one of his confirmations. He came to a place among the mountains where the inhabitants of all the surrounding villages were gathered together to receive his ministrations. But there was no fit church or building of any sort, and therefore the people pitched tents on the roadside for the bishop and his attendants, while for themselves—like the Israelites of old—they cut down branches from the neighbouring wood and made themselves tabernacles as best they could. The services were held in the open air; and here Cuthbert remained for two days, preaching to the assembled crowds, and ministering the rite of confirmation.

The various miracles wrought by Cuthbert at this time are the same in kind as those of earlier date, but all the striking stories of what may be called his second-sight belong to the two years of his episcopate. The first of them relates to the ill-fated battle of Nectansmere in Fifeshire, in which the Northumbrian army was defeated by the Picts, and the king slain. The queen had come to Carlisle, there to await the result of the war; and Cuthbert had also come to the same place, and was being

* See Bright's "Church History."

lionized over the city and shown the Roman walls and the well. Suddenly he paused, his countenance became sorrowful, and he said in a low voice: "Perhaps at this very hour the contest is decided." The bystanders pressed him to say more, but putting aside their questions, he went straight to the queen and prepared her for the worst, bidding her fly for refuge to the royal city of Bamburgh. The next day was Sunday, and Cuthbert in his sermon dwelt much on the need for watchfulness lest sudden trouble should find them unprepared. On the Monday a messenger arrived from Scotland bringing news of the defeat of the army and of the death of the king, "on the very day and hour in which it was revealed to the man of God as he was standing near the well."

It was at Carlisle also that Cuthbert had his farewell interview with Herebert,* the hermit of Derwentwater, his intimate friend of many years' standing. He warned him of his own approaching death, and promised to pray that Herebert's earnest desire might be granted, and that "as they had served God together on earth, so they might at the same time pass to Heaven to see His light." The thought of death was now filling Cuthbert's mind, and he was bent on spending his remaining days in peaceful preparation for the end. He therefore made one final visitation of his diocese, and then resigning his charge, returned to his much-loved solitude at Farne. It was just after Christmas that he re-entered his island dwelling; and two months later he was seized with the illness from which he never rallied, and began "through pain and temporal affliction to prepare for the joy of everlasting happiness." At first he refused the urgent entreaties of the abbot and monks of Lindisfarne to let them stay and nurse him; they should return to him when necessary, but for the present he would be alone. Reluctantly they left him, purposing to return shortly; but for five days they were prevented by the weather. When next they visited him they found him, not in his own cell, but in the guest-house. He was worn out with pain and want of food, but when he was somewhat revived, he explained to the abbot (it was from him that Bede learned all the history of these last weeks) that he had thought to spare his next visitors trouble by coming down to the guest-house, but that on reaching it he had been overcome with weakness. For five days and nights he had sat there unable to move, and with no food within his reach but a handful of onions, and he implied that the physical distress had been far the least part of his sufferings. But now the worst was over, and he would not grieve the brethren by again asking to be left alone. In these last days Cuthbert was fast learning new lessons of self-renunciation. His own wish was to be buried in his lonely cell at Farne—"here, where I have fought my humble battle for the Lord"—but he yielded to the entreaties of the monks that he should be laid to rest at Lindisfarne. From time to time, as his weakness permitted him, he spoke

* There is no existing church or chapel dedicated to S. Herebert. The oratory that stood for centuries on the island in Derwentwater is in ruins, but the island itself keeps alive the name of the friend of Cuthbert, for it is still called "S. Herbert's Island."

a few broken sentences of exhortation. For the most part they breathed a tender spirit of peace and charity; but for those who, by their obstinate adherence to the old ritual, were maintaining a schism in the Church, Cuthbert knew no tenderness. To him they were on a level with evil-doers, and he charged his flock to have no communion with those "who err from the unity of the Catholic faith, either by keeping Easter at an improper time, or by their perverse life." Rather than associate with such schismatics he bade them take up his bones and leave their home, to dwell wherever God might send them—a charge which was remembered and acted upon nearly two centuries later. Little more remained to be said, and after having once more received the Holy Sacrament, the great hermit-bishop sank peacefully to rest, March 20, 687.

About ninety churches bearing his name—seventy of them ancient, and the rest belonging to this century—remain to witness to the undying admiration of his countrymen for S. Cuthbert. These dedications have a very special interest and value of their own, because their historic connexion with the saint can be traced with such unusual distinctness. Out of the seventy ancient dedications in this name forty at least can be directly accounted for, while fifteen more occur in those Northern counties where we should most naturally expect to find them.

In all probability the earliest of the series was Crayke, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which had its origin from a monastery founded by Cuthbert himself,* and which doubtless took an early opportunity of substituting for its original dedication-name that of its illustrious founder. The dedication at Carlisle, too, is probably very old. Carlisle was not merely in Cuthbert's diocese, but the whole city formed part of the princely gift made over to him by Egfrid, King of Northumbria, shortly before the battle of Nectansmere. Norham is another of S. Cuthbert's churches, and in this case the dedication is definitely known to have taken place in 840.

But it is certain that by far the greater number of S. Cuthbert's churches belong to a later period than this. For almost two hundred years (687–875) the body of the saint reposed in peace in S. Peter's church at Lindisfarne, and then the safety of the monastery was endangered—not by the Celtic schismatics whom Cuthbert had feared, but by an incursion of the rough heathen Danes. Eardulf, the bishop, bethought him of Cuthbert's dying commandment concerning his bones, and reverently he and his monks took up the coffin and went forth from Lindisfarne, not knowing whither they went, only seeking a safe refuge for their precious burden. For seven long years their wanderings lasted: from east to west, from south to north, they journeyed—all through the Northern counties from Lancashire to Northumberland, and then across the border into the Lowlands of Scotland—their painful track marked out for all time by the churches dedicated to the saint that were afterwards built on each spot honoured as the resting-place of the sacred freight. Such at least was the tradition handed down by a certain fifteenth-century

* Raine's "S. Cuthbert."

prior, Wessington; and in support of its likelihood, it is to be observed that all the churches he specifies as having this origin are in places that agree very well with the monks' known course. Some of the churches enumerated in Prior Wessington's list have unfortunately changed their original dedication. Middleton, near Manchester, for example, which is noted as the most southerly point of the monks' wanderings, is now known only as S. Leonard, the French hermit having dispossessed the English one. Millom in Cumberland, and Hawkshead in the immediate neighbourhood of Lake Windermere, have become Holy Trinity and S. Michael respectively. Burnsall-in-Craven has in like manner forgotten its local traditions, and has adopted in place of Cuthbert, Cuthbert's brilliant but less lovable contemporary, S. Wilfrid. All such omissions notwithstanding, the list of S. Cuthbert's churches north of the Humber is still a goodly one, and in some instances his name is embedded in the very name of the parish beyond the power of any subsequent caprice to alter it. Thus the *church* of Cowton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, may now hesitate between its alternative dedications to S. Cuthbert and the Blessed Virgin; but the very name of the little village is merely a corruption of "Cuthbert's town," and proclaims clearly its earlier connexion with the wandering saint. A much more unmistakable example of the same thing is to be found over the border at Kirkcudbright,* which, with its "Kirk of Cuthbert," is a standing memorial of the extreme northerly point of the seven years' journey. At the end of that time the monks found a resting-place to their minds in Chester-le-Street in the county of Durham. Here they built themselves a church, and here the precious coffin remained for a hundred and thirteen years, from A.D. 883 to 996.

Chester-le-Street had none of Durham's advantages of situation, but it might have had all the sanctity that Durham afterwards possessed in such rich abundance had not a fresh incursion of the Danes caused the faithful guardians of S. Cuthbert's body to begin their wanderings anew. Chester-le-Street, therefore, was deserted, and was left with only the memories of its past glories, and with a church dedicated to SS. Mary and Cuthbert, a church which in 1883 celebrated its thousandth anniversary,† dating its foundation from the year 883, when it received Cuthbert's remains. The wanderings of this second time were not of long duration, for the monks, acting, as they declared, under the guidance of their dead patron, soon made choice of the stately hill above the river Wear, which now is fitly crowned by Durham Cathedral.

The story of the faithful monks patiently bearing from one refuge to another the remains of their honoured master is in itself touching and poetical; but it has been so overlaid with ridiculous stories of unworthy miracles as to turn its beauty into absurdity; and it was clearly fresh from a perusal of these lengthy mediæval fables that Sir Walter Scott wrote so

* Venables in "Transactions of Cumberland Antiq. Soc.," 1884.

† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

scornfully concerning these peregrinations: "S. Cuthbert was in the choice of his sepulchre one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. . . . The saint was, moreover, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. . . . It was in return to Chester-le-Street that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardlaw or Wardilaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it." *

Those who wish to go more fully into the subject of S. Cuthbert's wanderings will find all the traditions and legends bearing upon it collected in Canon Raine's learned work; † but perhaps most readers will content themselves with the poetical summary given in the second canto of "Marmion."

"Nor did S. Cuthbert's daughters fail,
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear;
And after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear."

Durham Cathedral is so intimately bound up with memories of S. Cuthbert that when we stand beside the plain stone slab that marks his last resting-place, we find it hard to remember that this grave is his only real link with Durham, and that it was not until three centuries after his

* Notes to "Marmion," canto ii. † "S. Cuthbert."

death that he may be said to have *founded* the city which can now never be separated from the thought of him. The cathedral was originally dedicated to "Blessed Mary the Virgin and S. Cuthbert the Bishop," * but Henry VIII. changed the dedication to its present style, "Christ and Blessed Mary the Virgin." Cuthbert's name, therefore, dropped out of use in Durham for three centuries. It is now happily revived, for about thirty years ago the Dean and Chapter built a new church in the city, which they very properly named S. Cuthbert. One-sixth of all the churches dedicated to S. Cuthbert are in the gift of either the Bishop of Durham or of the Dean and Chapter; † and there is good ground for supposing that a still larger number had the same origin, although the frequent changes in Church patronage may make it impossible to trace it.

The immense revenues and rapidly increasing state of the Bishops Palatine of Durham is matter of history. "The successors of S. Cuthbert" had amongst other privileges the right of coining their own money, and when the spire of S. Cuthbert's church, Carlisle, was being rebuilt, a large parcel of the silver coins, popularly called "S. Cuthbert's pence," was discovered in it—doubtless placed there at some former rebuilding, to mark that the successors of S. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne still held jurisdiction over Carlisle. Darlington again was in the Palatinate, the so-called "patrimony of S. Cuthbert," and its fine twelfth-century church of S. Cuthbert still witnesses to the bond between Durham and Darlington. The eleventh and twelfth centuries were probably the period when the glory of S. Cuthbert was at its height—the sanctity of the hermit-bishop supported by the splendour of his princely successors. The first half of the twelfth century witnessed the founding of the famous "Priory church of SS. Mary and Cuthbert at Bolton"—better known as Bolton Abbey ‡—and the church of "SS. Mary and Cuthbert" at Worksop in Nottinghamshire is of the same date.

It might have been supposed that a saint so celebrated in one part of England would have become famous throughout the whole country; but his fame is, as Precentor Venables remarks,§ in speaking of S. Cuthbert's one existing Lincolnshire church at Brattleby, "purely local." Shropshire is the only county in the southern province that can show as many as two dedications to S. Cuthbert, and Shropshire is further proved to be faithful to northern associations by its two dedications to Cuthbert's great countryman, King Oswald of Northumbria.

The three supposed dedications to S. Cuthbert in Cornwall, Devon, and Dorset, may, indeed, as is elsewhere shown (CH. XXXII., S. Kebi), be unhesitatingly assigned to the Celtic Cuby or Kebi, though they have frequently been credited to the better-known Cuthbert. The seven

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

† Some of these churches have since been transferred to the new diocese of Newcastle, but all belonged to Durham at the time of their dedication.

‡ In the year 1320 we find this entry in the abbey accounts: "For a picture of the Blessed Cuthbert at York x shillings"—evidently for such a portrait of their patron saint as the Canon Law required to be hung in the chancel of each several church.—Whitaker's "Craven."

§ *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

remaining dedications in this name are curiously sporadic, being distributed over seven different counties as far distant from one another as Somerset and Suffolk, Derbyshire and Bedfordshire. It is not easy to account for them by any common law of dedications, but we suspect that all seven are genuinely intended for the famous hermit of Farne; and in the case of S. Cuthbert's church at Wells in Somersetshire we have a faint clue which enables us to guess at the reason for the choice, even though we cannot positively prove it. In the history of Alfred the Great * we are told how, when the king was lurking in the Somersetshire marshes, S. Cuthbert appeared to him in a dream, and encouraged him with promises of final victory over the Danes. "I am Cuthbert, if ever you heard of me," such was the saint's modest introduction of himself. "God hath sent me to announce good fortune to you;" and then, after having foretold his glorious restoration to his throne, he concluded with the words: "But when your fortune shall succeed to your wishes, you will act as becomes a king, if you conciliate God your helper, and me his messenger, with suitable devotion." It has been objected that it was S. Neot, and not S. Cuthbert, who manifested himself at this juncture; but there is no apparent reason why Alfred should not have seen both saints in his dreams. At any rate, he considered himself indebted to both, and in the time of his prosperity he did not forget "to act as becomes a king," for when peace was restored he journeyed to Chester-le-Street for the purpose of making a thank-offering at the shrine of S. Cuthbert. We can hardly doubt that in the church at Wells we have another thank-offering for the same intervention, and possibly other of the South-country dedications to S. Cuthbert may have the same origin.

In S. Cuthbert's at Holme Lacy near Hereford we seem to trace the private influence of the De Lacy family. In the beginning of the eleventh century there was a collegiate church in Hereford dedicated to S. Cuthbert. In the reign of William the Conqueror a certain Walter de Lacy built a new church dedicated to S. Peter, and transferred to it the prebendaries.† S. Cuthbert's, Hereford, thenceforth disappears, but it is not an improbable surmise that the De Lacys may have thought it advisable to put their own village church under the patronage of the dispossessed saint in order to avoid offending him.

We turn now to the later honours paid to S. Cuthbert. Probably one of the last of the pre-Reformation dedications in his name is at Milbourne in Westmoreland, in 1355. After that there is a long silence, and S. Cuthbert's name was unheard till the nineteenth century, when it was re-introduced, and already we see promise that it will one day rise to all its old popularity. A chapel at Pateley Bridge ‡ in Yorkshire has even, it would seem, changed its old dedication of S. Mary to S. Cuthbert; but this may be set against a change of the reverse order at Bilborough in the

* William of Malmesbury.

† "Eng. Illus."

‡ Possibly at some rebuilding, or perhaps in 1827, when it was made parochial.

same county, where S. Cuthbert has become S. James. In the twenty modern churches dedicated to S. Cuthbert historical fitness has been well observed, except in the case of two churches in London and one at Birmingham. Birmingham, in its desire to secure a variety of nomenclature, has never stopped to bestow much consideration on the historic fitness of the saints it introduced into its midst. The rest of the Cuthbert churches are all of them, as becomes so distinctively and pre-eminently local a saint as S. Cuthbert, in counties which he passed through either in life or death —Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. His own special counties of Northumberland and Durham are well represented by eleven churches out of the total twenty, and of these eleven no less than nine are in the patronage of either the Bishop or the Dean and Chapter of Durham, who, it will be acknowledged, have shown themselves very loyal to the memory of their great patron.

S. Eadnor. See CH. LI.

S. Ethelwald, or Adelwold.* March 23, 699.

Cuthbert's successor in the desolate hermitage at Farne was a monk of Ripon named Ethelwald, or Athelwold, whose name is still preserved in the dedication of the church of Alvingham in Lincolnshire. Bede tells us† that when, after Cuthbert's death, Ethelwald took possession of the little oratory, he found it in the most dilapidated condition. "The walls being composed of planks somewhat carelessly put together, had become loose and tottering by age, and as the planks separated from one another, an opening was afforded to the weather." The saintly Cuthbert, whose mind ever dwelt more upon "the splendour of the heavenly than of an earthly mansion," had been content to make shift as best he could, filling up the crevices with hay or clay, or whatever came first to hand, caring only that "the earnestness of his prayers might not be hindered by the daily violence of the winds and storms." Ethelwald was not much more luxurious than his distinguished predecessor; yet he did somewhat to increase the comfort of the place, for "when he entered and saw these contrivances, he begged the brethren who came thither to bring him a calf-skin, and he nailed it up in the corner where both himself and Cuthbert were wont to pray, as a protection against the storm."

Ethelwald, so we learn from another writing of Bede's,‡ was singularly reserved in his disposition. In his humility he shrank from speaking of those heavenly comforts wherewith he was blessed; and indeed to speak of himself at all was painful to him. In this, says Bede, he differed from Cuthbert, who often referred to his own experiences by way of illustration or teaching. "And thus," comments Bede, "the One Spirit adorned the two men with distinct gifts, and led them on by a different path to one kingdom."

Of Ethelwald's twelve years' sojourn on the sea-bound rock only a single incident has come down to us. It was related to Bede § by one of

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.
† "Life of Cuthbert."
‡ "Metrical Life of Cuthbert," quoted in "The English Saints."
§ E. H.

those concerned in it, a monk from the neighbouring island of Lindisfarne. "I came," says he, "to Farne, with two of the brethren, to speak with the most reverend father Ethelwald. Having been refreshed with his discourse and received his blessing, as we were returning home, when we were in the midst of the sea, the fair weather which was wafting us over was suddenly checked, and there ensued so great and dismal a tempest, that neither the sails nor oars were of any use to us, nor had we anything to expect but death. After long struggling with the winds and waves, we looked behind us to see whether it was practicable at least to recover the island from whence we came, but we found ourselves on all sides so enveloped in the storm, that there was no hope of escaping. But looking out as far as we could see, we observed, on the island of Farne, Father Ethelwald, beloved of God, come out of his cavern to watch our course (for hearing the noise of the storm and raging sea, he was come out to see what would become of us). When he beheld us in distress and despair, he bowed his knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in prayer for our life and safety; upon which the sea was calmed, so that the storm ceased on all sides, and a fair wind attended us to the very shore. When we had landed, the storm which had ceased for a short time for our sake, immediately returned, and raged during the whole day, and so," concludes the monk, "it plainly appeared that the brief cessation of the storm had been granted from Heaven at the request of the man of God, in order that we might escape."

Father Ethelwald's lifelong vigil ended in the closing years of the seventh century. He was laid to rest at Lindisfarne by the side of Cuthbert; and when the monks were driven from Lindisfarne, among the treasures that they carried with them were the bodies both of Cuthbert and of his lowly successor, Ethelwald the monk. Possibly in the course of the long wanderings some portion of S. Ethelwald's relics may have found their way into Lincolnshire. In the reign of Henry II. a priory was founded at Alvingham * in that county and dedicated to "SS. Mary and Ethelwold," † and of that vanished priory S. Ethelwald's church at Alvingham is the living representative. There is no other known dedication in this name. In his own kingdom of Northumbria S. Ethelwald has no church; but it need not surprise us to find him honoured in the neighbouring kingdom of Mercia, for three other Northumbrian saints are also commemorated in Lincolnshire—S. Cuthbert himself, S. Oswald, and S. Wilfrid.

S. Bartholomew of Farne. June 24, 1193.

Five centuries later we find yet another hermit of Farne following in the traces of S. Cuthbert and S. Ethelwald. S. Bartholomew of Farne requires a short notice in this place because it seems probable that some of the numerous North-country dedications to S. Bartholomew take their origin, not from the Apostle, but from the English hermit.

* Lewis.

† It is probable, however, that the twelfth-century priory only renewed an earlier dedication.

Our saint was born at Whitby * in the beginning of the twelfth century. His real name was Tosti, but the unfamiliar Saxon sounds moved the ridicule of his boy companions, and his parents called him William. In later years, when he became a monk, he adopted the name of Bartholomew in honour of the Apostle. He appears to have been of a lively, emotional disposition. Now and then in his careless youth he believed that he had heard heavenly voices and seen glorious visions, but they made no lasting impression upon his life. When he was come to manhood he went for three years to Norway. There he fell under good influences, and in time the bishop of the place where he was ordained him priest. A jesting speech of one of his Norwegian comrades did more to sober Brother Bartholomew than all his visions. The young man boasted that he saw an evil spirit, and told the Englishman that if he would but stand close to him, he too should see it, "not only now but always." Tosti's better self shrank from such a jest, and he managed to avoid doing what was proposed, though from sheer cowardice he laughed loudly at the suggestion. But he used to say afterwards that in that moment he realized what the danger to his faith would be if he, "a Christian priest, had an evil spirit ever before his eyes."

Celibacy was not compulsory among the Norwegian clergy, and our Englishman was much inclined to take to himself a Norwegian wife. All was going prosperously, when for some unknown cause he changed all his plans and returned to England. After a short experience of parochial work, we find him established as a monk at Durham. The whole atmosphere of the monastery was imbued with traditions of S. Cuthbert, and it was natural enough that the central figure of the monk's new dreams should be S. Cuthbert, who came to him and bade him go and live as a hermit on Farne.

Henceforth imitation of Cuthbert became the ruling motive of Brother Bartholomew's life. It was in Advent, A.D. 1151, that he took up his abode on the island, and there he remained until his death in 1193.† S. Cuthbert had spent in all ten years at Farne, Ethelwald twelve; Bartholomew was there for two and forty years. Happily, he had no lack of occupation. It was not at Farne as in the Thebaïd, where a few handfuls of easily raised grain are sufficient to sustain life; here, in order to provide for the daily needs, it was necessary carefully to till the scanty soil, and to keep the fishing-nets in good repair. All this took up much time, and every leisure moment was diligently husbanded for purposes of devotion. Nor did he spend all these years in entire solitude, but such companionship as he had added little to his comfort. Brother Bartholomew had to learn that it is easier for a man to be quite alone than to live in perfect fellowship with a single companion not of his own choosing. When first he

* The account of Bartholomew of Farne is based on Father Dalgairns's narrative in Newman's "English Saints." The original authority is a life by a contemporary monk belonging to Durham.

† The date usually given is 1182, but Father Dalgairns brings very strong arguments in favour of the later date. In either case it is agreed that he spent forty-two years on the island.

came to Farne he found the island in the possession of a certain hermit named Ebwin, who heartily resented having his solitude disturbed, and did all in his power to drive the new-comer away. Bartholomew is reported to have borne his various annoyances with Christian endurance; but the endurance does not appear to have been softened by love; and at last Ebwin thought it better to depart, leaving Bartholomew sole master of the island. At the end of five years a certain Prior Thomas, who had had difficulties with the brethren at Durham, made his appearance. Perhaps now Brother Bartholomew may have learnt to sympathize with Ebwin, for the intrusion was not at all to his liking. He did indeed make some sacrifices for the new-comer, and for his sake took to cleanlier and more civilized habits; but Prior Thomas regarded Bartholomew's long fasts as "hypocrisy," and Bartholomew looked upon the prior's leisurely meals as "self-indulgence," and the quarrel ended in Bartholomew's fleeing for refuge to Durham, with the avowed determination of never returning to Farne. Bishop and prior and monks all used their influence to urge him to return. Possibly the monks felt that his years of solitude had unfitted him for a common life, and were anxious to be quit of him. Brother Bartholomew yielded, and as the monastery undertook to increase the hermits' slender stock of comforts by supplying them annually with provisions and a fresh suit of clothing apiece, Prior Thomas was likewise pacified, and the two managed to live together in harmony till the death of Thomas released Bartholomew from all the restraints of companionship.

Our solitary got on well enough with chance visitors—with the sailors, for example, who touched at Farne in order to get water from the island springs. To these he delighted to show hospitality; and once, having nothing else to set before them, he killed his only cow that he might make a proper feast for his guests. Among the ships that came were some from Norway, and we can fancy how many associations would rush into the hermit's mind when he heard Norse spoken once more.

As years went on Brother Bartholomew's celebrity increased, and like other famous hermits he attracted to himself penitents of every rank and calling in life. He was growing an old man now, and he felt within himself that the end was at hand. The brethren from Durham asked where he desired to be buried, and in his answer we catch an echo of Cuthbert's dying words: "Here, where I have fought during a very little time for the Lord." He died, as he had lived, alone, and when the monks returned to the island, they found him lying dead beside the stone coffin which he had prepared for himself. He is believed to have died on S. John the Baptist's Day (June 24), which is, therefore, regarded as his feast. The then Prior of Durham ordered his life to be written, and he was thenceforth held in great honour in the North of England. A writer in the *Archæological Journal*,* speaking of the eight churches dedicated to S. Bartholomew in Northumberland, observes: "It is probable that the name was in some cases adopted from S. Bartholomew of Farne. He died about 1182, about

* Vol. 42.

which time many Northumbrian churches were founded."* If any of the North-country churches dedicated to S. Bartholomew keep their parish feasts on or near June 24, or July 7 (S. John Baptist's Day, O.S.), we may safely conclude that the original patron was the English-born rather than the scriptural saint. Much light may yet be thrown upon this point by local knowledge.

Section IV.—The Hermits of the Fens.

The hermits of Farne in their island solitude were not more secluded from the world than the solitaries who made their home in "the desolate fen-country on the eastern border of the kingdom which stretched from the 'Holland,' the sunk, hollow land of Lincolnshire, to the channel of the Ouse, a wilderness of shallow waters and reedy islets, wrapt in its own dark mist-veil, and tenanted only by flocks of screaming wild-fowl."† Of some of these dwellers in the Fens we have now to speak.

S. Botolph. See CH. XXVIII.

S. Guthlac. April 11, 714.

Unless it be the great hermit-bishop, S. Cuthbert, there is among the entire series of hermit-saints no figure at once more living and more lovable than that of S. Guthlac of the Fens. The supernatural element abounds in his life, but Guthlac is not the mere hero of a fantastic and miraculous story; he is an impetuous, loving-hearted man, with a very strongly marked personality that makes itself manifest through all the strange stories told concerning him.

We owe our knowledge of S. Guthlac to an Anglo-Saxon life of him written by a certain East Anglian monk,‡ Felix by name, probably a monk of Crowland. He had never seen Guthlac, but he was a most devoted hero-worshipper, and made it his business to bring together all that he could learn from those "who were with the blessed man and saw his life with their own eyes."

Guthlac was born of a rich and noble family in Mercia. We read of the strange portent in the sky on the day of his birth, and of the mingled awe and wonderment of the beholders, until they were satisfied by the words of the old nurse: "Be firm and of a good heart, for a man of future glory is born here on this earth." His bright innocent childhood seemed to fulfil the promise of his birth; but "when his strength waxed and he grew up to manhood, and thought on the strong deeds of the men of yore, it was as though he had woke from sleep. His disposition," continues his biographer, "was changed, and he collected a great host of his companions, and himself took weapons. Then wreaked he his grudges on his enemies, and burned their city, and ravaged their towns, and widely through the land he made much slaughter."

For nine years Guthlac led the life of a robber chieftain. One sign

* Even if we accept the later date, 1193, rather than 1182, the observation will still hold good.

† Green's "Making of England."

‡ The account of S. Guthlac is taken from a translation of the above-mentioned life.

alone there was that conscience was still working within him; he insisted that his followers should in every case restore a third of their plunder to the lawful owners. At last the reaction came. As he lay at night resting after one of his wild raids, and thinking over many things, his nobler self awoke. He saw clearly before him his whole life; what it was, and to what it was tending. "Suddenly," says Felix, "he was inspired with divine awe, and his heart filled with spiritual love, and he vowed to God, if He would spare him till the morrow, he would be His servant." It was no passing impulse. "When the darkness of night was gone he arose and signed himself with the mark of Christ's rood. Then bade he his companions that they should find them another captain, and he confessed to them that he would be Christ's servant." No entreaties could shake his newly formed intention of leaving home and friends and wealth, and retiring into the monastery of Repton. At first his fellow-monks looked with jealousy upon the tall handsome neophyte of four and twenty, whose standard of duty was so uncomfortably high; but gradually his cheerfulness and modesty broke down all prejudice. Under the teaching of "God the great Master," he set himself to learn all that might best help him in his Christian warfare, and specially he stored his memory with psalms and hymns and prayers—a knowledge of which in the solitary years that lay before him he was abundantly to find the blessing.

In the quiet monastery the heroes of whom Guthlac heard were no longer mighty warriors, but the men who had chosen the lonely life of the anchorite. Once more his imagination was fired, and after two years he craved leave to depart into "the wilderness." The spot he chose was an island in the very heart of the Lincolnshire fens. Kingsley has described to us something of the horrors of winter-time in the fens. "Ugly enough," says he,* "must those winters have been, what with snow and darkness, flood and ice, ague and rheumatism; while through the dreary winter's night the whistle of the wind and the wild cries of the water-fowl were translated into the howls of witches and dæmons; and (as in S. Guthlac's case) the delirious fancies of marsh fever made those fiends take hideous shape before the inner eye." The pen of the old monkish chronicler paints Crowland in sufficiently gloomy colours. He tells of the "immense marshes, now a black pool of water, now foul running streams," and of the many islands covered with "fenny thickets." One island in especial there was which "ofttimes many men had attempted to inhabit, but no man could do it on account of manifold horrors and fears and the loneliness of the wide wilderness, so that no man could endure it." This very loneliness was the charm of the place in Guthlac's eyes, and he vowed that "he would serve God on that island all the days of his life."

It was in August—on S. Bartholomew's Day—that Guthlac took possession of Crowland, and thenceforth S. Bartholomew was his chosen patron, whose intercession he sought in his hour of sorest temptation, and the sight of whose presence he believed to have been vouchsafed to him

* "The Hermits."

for his consolation and encouragement. "Right glad was he of the heavenly visitor; his heart and mind was soon all enlightened and he quickly let go the bad and desperate thoughts and strengthened and fixed his faith firmly upon God Himself." But again and again the conflicts were renewed. One temptation against which he had to struggle was the desire to wear himself out with impossible fasts. He gave himself to prayer, and decided that moderation was more pleasing to his Maker than self-destruction, and he took the barley loaf, and ate it and supported life. Most weird are the histories of the strange and horrible fiends who for a time made Guthlac's life one long hard conflict; but in the end victory was granted, and after one of his most suffering nights "there came towards him a troop of holy spirits, and they all sang thus: 'Holy men shall go from strength to strength.'"

The latter years of Guthlac's hermit life were far happier and more peaceful than the earlier ones—partly perhaps because they were less solitary, the fame of his sanctity attracting many visitors to Crowland. He had indeed had with him from the first one or two attendants, and connected with one of these attendants is one of the most striking incidents of Guthlac's history. This man Beccel, or Bertoline,* came to Guthlac entreating to be taken into his service, and as he waited upon him, the thought stole into his mind how easily he might kill his master and then make a gain out of showing the place where he had lived. And when he came to shave him, he was about to do the wicked deed, but Guthlac read his mind, and charged him with his intended crime. The startled Beccel with tears acknowledged his sin, and "thereupon the holy man Guthlac not only forgave him but also promised to be his helper in all his trials." It was this very Beccel who long afterwards watched by Guthlac's death-bed, and recounted to Felix the monk the last deeds and words of his beloved master. We can hardly doubt that it was from himself that Felix learnt the story of the intended assassination.

In more trivial matters also Guthlac's quickness of apprehension was sometimes displayed to the confusion of his visitors. Two monks who came to hear his edifying words had provided themselves with bottles of ale to drink on their homeward way, and fearful lest the holy man should condemn such an indulgence, they hid them by the roadside. After his serious talk was ended, Guthlac, with "merry countenance and laughing words," asked them outright why they had hidden the bottles instead of bringing them with them. The monks evaded the inconvenient inquiry by a humble entreaty for his blessing, and the subject was allowed to drop.

"It came to pass at that same time," says his biographer, "that men of divers conditions sought him, as well nobles as bishops and abbots and men of every condition, poor and rich. And of none of those whom they brought to him were the hopes thwarted; for there was no sick person that went from him unhealed; no possessed person that did not come to his right wits again." Ethelbald, the exiled king of Mercia, looked to

* See p. 99.

him for counsel, and was encouraged first by the knowledge that Guthlac's prayers were never wanting to his cause, and then by the wise and hopeful words, which stirred him up to fresh efforts.

Guthlac's visitors used to wonder at his familiarity with the wild creatures around him. There is a pretty description of him standing in grave discourse with two swallows seated fearlessly on his shoulders, and "lifting up their song rejoicing." Daily it was his wont to feed the fishes and the birds and the wild beasts, and when one wondered at his power over the creatures, he made answer: "Hast thou never learnt, brother, that he who hath led his life after God's will, the wild beasts and wild birds have become the more intimate with him?" The ravens were the most troublesome; they stole the manuscript of one visitor and the glove of another; they did not even respect Guthlac's own property; but the manuscript was found hanging, even as Guthlac had foretold, in a bed of reeds, and the glove was dropped at his bidding.

At the end of fifteen years "God was pleased," writes Felix, "to lead his dear servant to the eternal rest of the heavenly kingdom." While he was kneeling in church he was suddenly taken ill, and he felt within himself that the illness was mortal, and began to make preparations for his departure. He comforted the weeping Beccel, bidding him not grieve—"for to me," said he, "it is no sorrow that I am going to the Lord my God." His last earthly thoughts were for his sister Pega—that Pega who is herself counted among the saints (CH. XLVII.), but whose uneventful life was centred in her more famous brother. His illness lasted but a few days, and in Easter week he passed joyfully away. "The blessed man Guthlac," says Felix, in his loving review of his character, "was steadfast in his duties as also he was earnestly intent on Christ's service; nor did any man ever see him angry or slothful in Christ's service; and evermore was sweetness in his temper and wisdom in his breast, and there was so much cheerfulness in him, that he always appeared alike to acquaintances and to strangers."

The nine churches that bear S. Guthlac's name are all of them situated within the limits of the ancient kingdom of Mercia—four of them in Lincolnshire, two in Leicestershire, two in Northamptonshire, and one in Bedfordshire. The most famous of the nine is Crowland Abbey, which bears a triple dedication to SS. Mary, Bartholomew, and Guthlac. This abbey is the successor of the humble little church founded by Guthlac himself. It was first formally dedicated to S. Guthlac by that very King Ethelbald whom the hermit had befriended in his day of adversity. The linking of the name of Guthlac with that of his chosen patron, S. Bartholomew, was natural and appropriate; the introduction of the Virgin's name may, in all probability, be assigned to a later period.

As regards two other of S. Guthlac's Lincolnshire churches, Fishtoft and Market Deeping, Precentor Venables * writes as follows: "Fishtoft was given to Crowland in 1114 and then exchanged its original dedication

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

('a church' is mentioned in Domesday Book) for the patron of the Abbey to which it had become attached. The manor of Market Deeping also belonged to Crowland." It is much to be wished that we could account with equal certainty for the six remaining churches in this name.

S. Bertoline, or Bertram. Sept. 9, eighth cent.

The hermit next upon our list, S. Bertoline, raises a host of perplexing and intricate questions. Some writers * have sought to identify him with Guthlac's follower, the Beccel of the foregoing narrative, and to show that the crime for which his life was one long repentance was the intended assassination of his master. The suggestion is full of interest, and has much to recommend it. Both men were hermits; both were connected with Mercia; both had a clouded past, and although no exact date is given for the death of S. Bertoline, there is, as we shall see, indirect evidence linking him with the eighth century, the century of Guthlac and Beccel. Against all this, however, it must be considered that our saint is asserted to have died and been buried at Ilam in Staffordshire, where his shrine is shown to this day; while we have it on the authority of Abbot Ingulph of Crowland that Beccel ended his days at Crowland in the haunts of his master, Guthlac, and was buried in S. Guthlac's church.

It appears, therefore, impossible to establish with certainty the identification of the two hermits; neither can it be with certainty disproved. Either theory is tenable; but there is a third theory which seems to have nothing to recommend it—namely, that our Bertoline was indeed the friend of Guthlac, the trustee of his dying wishes, but that he was distinct from the attendant who sought to murder him. The Bishop of Bristol,† who supports this theory, agrees with the writers of the "Lives of the English Saints" in supposing that after the death of Guthlac, Bertoline left Crowland and retired to the neighbourhood of Stafford. As regards the other point, he observes: "Our . . . saint has had the indignity of being identified with Beccel or Beccellin, an attendant of Guthlac at Crowland . . . who has come down to us chiefly because of his insane desire to cut his master's throat as he shaved him." We can only say that if the bishop is right in his theory, and the tempted servant and the devoted friend be not one and the same, then we must give up one of the most beautiful episodes in the life of S. Guthlac.

And now to return to our Staffordshire saint. We have spoken of him as "S. Bertoline"—the name under which he is known in the church which is dedicated to him at Barthomley in Staffordshire; but the name appears in many different forms, as Bertram, Barthelm, Bettelin (which bears, it may be observed, a strong resemblance to the Beccellin of Guthlac's story), and, most frequently of all, Bertellin.

The brief outline of S. Bertoline's legend is as follows. He was a Mercian prince who fled to Ireland in order to avoid the temptations that beset him at his father's court. There he himself fell into sin. The

* "English Saints," S. Bettelin.

† "An Account of S. Bertram's Shrine at Ilam."

Irish princess who left her home for his sake in the midst of their flight gave birth to a child. Bertoline went to seek help, leaving the princess in the woods. When he returned he found that both mother and child had been devoured by wolves. A broken-hearted penitent, Bertoline made his way back to his native land, and there lived the life of an anchorite of the strictest type. And in the time of his direst hunger, the devil came to him and offered him loaves, but the hermit commanded that they should rather be turned into stones, which was done forthwith; and, says Bertoline's fourteenth-century biographer, the stones are still to be seen at this place, which was named from him who did the miracle "Bertelmesley."

If our saint did ever join the little company at Crowland, it was probably at this time; and it must have been after the death of Guthlac that he returned home, and that we find him coming in disguise to his royal father and asking for the gift of a little island in the river Sow whereon to found a hermitage. Upon this island the town of Stafford now stands, concerning which Camden writes: "Stafford, heretofore called Statford and before that Bethney" (*i.e.* Bethn Island), "where Bertelin lived, an Hermit with the reputation of great sanctity." But in course of time a new king arose (the legend is prudently vague in the matter of names), who disputed the hermit's claim to the island, and challenged him to maintain it in single combat against the king's chosen champion. Thanks to the miraculous intervention of an angelic defender, Bertoline came off victorious, but, from whatever reason, he determined not to press his rights, and "leaving Bethnei to others, who afterwards built it and called it Stafford, there being a shallow place in the river hereabout, that could easily be passed with the help of a staff only, he removed into some desert mountainous places where he ended his life." *

Now, our only written authority for the life of *S. Bertoline* (as distinguished from the Crowland saint) is a fourteenth-century composition of an Augustinian prior, who—after certain miracles wrought at Stafford had caused Bertoline's name to become famous—set himself to collect the various floating legends concerning him. The details of his story are obviously untrustworthy, whatever the groundwork of fact; and if other proof of the late date of the life were wanting, it would be amply supplied by the thoroughly mediæval ring of the "tourney" at Bethney.

But there are older witnesses to S. Bertoline than the prior's memoir of him, and these witnesses are to be found in the names of parish and church and township, and in curious carved stones of centuries standing. And, first of all, we have a church—and one only church in all England—dedicated to S. Bertoline, in the village of Barthomley, on the confines of Cheshire and Staffordshire. In Barthomley we no doubt have the *Bertelmesley* of the legend. The name of the parish has undergone as many changes as the name of the saint, and we can trace it back through Bertumley, Bertelmesley, Bertumlegh, to the Bertemeleu of Domesday Book.

The Bishop of Bristol observes that the natural port in Bertoline's

* Plot's "Staffordshire," quoted in Newman's "Lives."

time for any one crossing from Ireland to England would be Chester ; and further, that if our prince travelled from Chester into Staffordshire, he would naturally pass through Barthomley. Two local names in the neighbourhood of Barthomley—the township of Barterley and the parish of Bettley—are sufficiently like Barthomley to suggest a common origin.

We know from the life of S. Bertoline that his bones were removed from the place where he died and carried to Stafford, and that he was at one time regarded as the patron of that town. We should, therefore, expect to find traces of him at Stafford, but here we are disappointed. That he had a church there once we know, for in a postscript attached to the prior's life of him, we are told how, in the year 1386, one Willmott, a cook by trade, was attacked by blindness, and how he was brought into "S. Bertellin's church" at Stafford, and there, at the intercession of the priest, restored to sight. There is no church of this name now in Stafford, and it is only in the villages that the saint's memory still lingers.

It will be remembered that when S. Bertoline left his hermitage at Bethney, he withdrew into "the mountains." The locality is not specified, but the Bishop of Bristol says: "There can be little doubt that if a Staffordshire man were at Stafford in these days and desired to go to the nearest recesses of the mountains, not leaving his county, he would go to Ilam." Now, at Ilam we find various traces of a saint named *Bertram*—S. Bertram's chapel and shrine within the church, and S. Bertram's well and ash without. Our saint's name has already appeared in so many disguises that this new form of it presents no serious difficulty. Moreover, if S. Bertram be not one with S. Bertellin, he is a new and wholly unaccountable saint. The elaborately wrought shrine is not very early in its workmanship, and may perhaps be referred to the period of the Stafford miracle ; but there are in and near the churchyard three curiously carved stone pillars of far higher antiquity than the shrine. From comparison with other stones of the same class, the Ilam stones have been assigned to the ninth century. They are carved on all sides with an elaborate basket-work pattern of great beauty. The local name by which these stones were known was "the Battle stones"—a name which had lingered on among the inhabitants, but of which the meaning was unknown. These Ilam stones possess certain characteristic features * which are not exactly shared by any other churchyard stones, except those in the parish of Checkley, a village eight miles distant from Ilam on the road to Stafford. At Checkley, also, the stones are known as "the Battle stones," † and it seems no unreasonable explanation of the strange term to suppose that it is a corruption of

* The characteristic feature common to Ilam, Checkley, and to some rougher stones at Sandbach (the next parish to Barthomley), is the representation in the basket-work of certain human figures. The Bishop of Bristol says: "With all these places we shall have to associate a hermit; and it is tempting to suggest that the single figure with two long staves in his hands . . . is a hermit, perhaps the original hermit of Ilam."

† There is a tradition at Checkley, however, that the stones commemorate some *battle* that was supposed to have taken place in the neighbourhood, and that the figures were three *bishops*—or, another version says, three kings—who were there slain.

"Bertellin-stones," and that they were raised as memorials of the holy man's journey.

One other possible link between Ilam and S. Bertoline must not be omitted. Among the exceedingly rude sculptures on the old font at Ilam are the figures of a man and woman hand in hand, surrounded by strange and fearful-looking wild animals, which are in the act of devouring one human head and trampling upon another. It is impossible not to be reminded of the tragical fate of Bertoline's Irish princess and her infant; but at the same time it is not the part of the saint's story which we should have expected his admirers to perpetuate.

It is just possible—though there is no proof of this—that Ilam church as a whole may once have been dedicated to S. Bertoline. The present dedication is "Holy Cross," and Holy Cross Day is on September 14, less than a week from S. Bertoline's Day, on September 9. It not unfrequently happens that the day of a local saint, falling about the same time as some better-known festival, is lost sight of in the celebration of the greater feast, and in this manner Holy Cross Day may have come to be looked upon as the patronal festival of Ilam.

We have thus gathered together the scattered notices relating to the obscure patron saint of Barthomley. They are unfortunately very fragmentary, but at least we may feel assured that some such man, some penitent hermit, lived and died in Staffordshire a thousand years ago. "And this," to use the words of J. H. Newman, "is all that is known and more than all . . . of the life of a servant of God who sinned and repented, and did penance and washed out his sins, and became a Saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven."

Section V.—Two Royal English Hermits.

S. Neot.
July 31, 877.

S. Neot the hermit forms a connecting-link between two English counties that have otherwise very little in common—Huntingdonshire and Cornwall. In both these counties we find parishes bearing the name of the Saxon recluse; but while Huntingdonshire can boast only the possession—most dishonestly come by—of the saint's dead body, Cornwall may justly claim to have been the chosen scene of his life's labours. There is a peculiar romance, moreover, attaching to the story of this saint, a sense of undiscovered mystery. That the quiet Cornish hermit was a man of high birth and standing, that he was even of royal blood, is clearly established; but his exact identity has never been proved.

S. Neot would in any case be interesting, but he derives a double interest from his close association with King Alfred. The lives of the two men are inextricably bound up together; the earliest extant account of S. Neot occurs in Asser's "Life of Alfred,"* and the first version of the

* Our earliest extant life of S. Neot is the "Anglo-Saxon Homily," generally assigned to about A.D. 1040–1050; but Asser alludes to a life of him which must have been written in the reign of King Alfred, but which is unfortunately lost.

immortal story of Alfred and the cakes is found in an Anglo-Saxon homily in honour of S. Neot. That he was the king's kinsman, and at one time his spiritual director, is clear; but it has been hinted that there was a yet closer bond between them. One of the later lives of S. Neot calls him Alfred's *brother*. Now, it is well known that Alfred's eldest brother, Prince Athelstan of Kent, never came to the throne at all. He is last heard of fighting against the Danes at the battle of Sandwich in 851, and then he suddenly vanishes from the page of authentic history. In that same year, however, we find a certain "Earl Athelstan" making grants to the Abbey of Glastonbury, the very abbey in which, a few years later, we meet with our S. Neot. The father both of Alfred and of this Prince Athelstan was Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons; the father of S. Neot, according to several of the old lives, was also a King Ethelwulf, who is variously described as reigning over East Anglia, Kent, and West Anglia (probably Wessex). The earliest extant life of S. Neot does not contradict the later ones on this point, but is silent as to the question of his parentage. A metrical life of him states that he was brought up as a soldier, which would agree well with Prince Athelstan's upbringing. Putting everything together, it seems difficult to resist the tempting conclusion that in Athelstan, Prince of Kent, and S. Neot the hermit we have one and the same person. But obvious though the conjecture appears, it was never put forward till the beginning of this century, when Dr. Whitaker first broached it in his life of S. Neot. Nor has it been favourably received by scholars. Froude, indeed, adopted it, and those who would see this theory maintained in its most romantic form should read the so-called "Legend of St. Neot," attributed to his pen, in Newman's "English Saints." Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian,* on the other hand, writes very cautiously: "Dr. Whitaker's theory is a very spirited conjecture, and not wholly improbable, . . . but on the whole, we cannot identify the king with the saint as a historical certainty." Dr. Pauli, the learned German biographer of King Alfred, whose wrath had been raised by the romantic life of S. Neot put forth by the Oxford School, says severely that "a conjecture like this which selects the highest and best individuals, and blends them one with another at its own discretion, cannot be of much value," and that it is "very easy to refute such arbitrary decisions by a somewhat more profound comparison of the legend of St. Neot with general history."† Dr. Pauli refers in particular to Gorham's "History of S. Neot's in Huntingdonshire," as an example of more scholarly handling of the subject. Turning to Mr. Gorham, we find him briefly asserting that Dr. Whitaker's theory may be dismissed "as untenable upon any principles of sober criticism;" but the sole argument on which he rests his own destructive criticism is the silence of the monks of Glastonbury and the early historians concerning "so splendid a triumph of the Faith," as the withdrawal of the next heir to the throne into a monastery. We are frequently told that the argument

* "Anglo-Saxons." † "Life of Alfred the Great."

from silence is not a very safe one; and, moreover, is it perfectly certain that the brotherhood in general knew the secret of the new-comer's birth? To have as far as possible concealed it would have been considered a meritorious act of humility, and one which might well accord with S. Neot's known lowliness of disposition. Still, the question is one which is not likely now ever to be decided, and thus the dispute remains pretty much where it was.

Something must be said as to our saint's name of *Neot*. On all sides it is agreed that it is an assumed name taken from the Greek νέος, or νεότης, and it has been variously interpreted to mean "the Little One," or "the Younger," or "the Neophyte," * or "the Renewed One." † This adoption of a Greek word in a Saxon monastery need not surprise us. What the Bishop of Oxford ‡ says of the smattering of Greek and Latin words common in the writings of the tenth century may be applied also to the ninth. "This," he writes, "is no peculiarity of English writers; it is a common feature of the period. The superficial use of glossaries without any knowledge of grammar will account for some part of the vocabulary which so curiously diversifies the Latin of a Saxon priest. The use of Greek hymns and versicles in the services of the church may account for a phrase here and there. The occasional visit of a Greek pilgrim or exile awoke from time to time the desire to know a few Greek words or the forms of the Greek letters."

Our knowledge of the history of S. Neot, as distinguished from that of Prince Athelstan, virtually begins with his novitiate in Glastonbury Abbey. The date is variously given, but Mr. Gorham declares that it is "perfectly clear" that he must have entered "about the year 850." It is perhaps worth noticing how nearly this date coincides with 851, the year in which the unknown "Earl Athelstan," with the expressed assent of King Ethelwulf, gave certain lands to Glastonbury.

The neophyte soon distinguished himself by his burning zeal and intense reverence. No brother was so forward in fulfilling the daily duties of his office, and it was said of him that from the day of his entrance he sought out and strove to imitate the special excellence of each one of his companions. After a time he was ordained deacon, but his diaconate was a brief one, for his virtues were so apparent to the bishop and to all men, that long before the canonical period of probation was over he was made priest, almost in spite of himself. Miracles began to be wrought by his hand, and Neot, mistrusting his own humility, determined to flee to some more secluded spot. One only of his Glastonbury miracles has been handed down to us, and a very quaint one it is. It was during the noon-day hour of rest and silence that Neot was roused from his slumbers by impatient knocking at the gate. It was his duty as sacristan to open, but he was "small as another Zaccheus," and could not reach the lock. He looked round for the iron stool on which he used to stand to chant Mass (that

* So Gorham, supposing it to be from Νεόφυτος.

† "English Saints."

‡ "Memorials of S. Dunstan."

stool which Glastonbury treasured in memory of him for eight centuries), but it was missing from its place, and he dared not infringe the rule of silence by asking help. And now in his distress a strange thing happened, for the lock slid down of itself to the level of his girdle, and there it remained for a permanent witness to the truth of the miracle!

Leaving Glastonbury with one faithful companion—Barius by name—Neot travelled on and on till he came into East Cornwall. He avoided Liskeard, where there dwelt a fierce and ungodly chief who was an enemy to the Saxons, but a little farther on he found just such a haven as he sought. Deep-hollowed among the hills were two clear bubbling springs, and close beside them was a tiny chapel dedicated to the Celtic saint, Gueryr. The village nearest to this quiet spot was then known as Ham-Stoke, but after the hermit's death it was changed to *Neot-Stoke*, and at a late date to "St. Neot's."

The miracles said to have been performed by S. Neot are all of them connected with the animal creation. The first that is said to have recommended him to the notice of his Cornish neighbours was his success in impounding the crows who ravaged the cornfields.* "S. Neot's pound" is shown to this day † close to the village—and is "a square earthen fort" open at the top!

Another memorial of the saint, more certainly connected with him than the pound, is the spring, now arched over in granite. Here he was wont—following a practice more common among the Celtic than the Saxon recluses—daily to stand up to his waist in the water while he recited the entire psalter. The spring served him too for a fishpond. Three fishes were always to be seen swimming in the clear waters, and though Neot each day drew out one for his sustenance the number was never diminished. But one day it befell that the hermit was ill, and his servant Barius, thinking to tempt his appetite, took two of the fishes and dressed them in different ways. But when his master found what he had done he was filled with dismay, and bade him instantly restore both fishes; and soon the pool was seen to contain its rightful number. Another day it chanced that as the holy man was performing his devotions in the spring he was startled by the approach of horsemen, and, not willing that his austerities should be known to any man, but only to the One "Who ruleth over all," he fled in haste to his oratory. In his flight he dropped one of his shoes, and when his devotions were ended he sent his servant to look for it. The rest must be told in the words of the old Anglo-Saxon homily for S. Neot's Day. "And there by the way a wonderful circumstance he met with; that is, that a fox, which is the most crafty of all beasts, running over hills and dales, with eyes wondrously sharp looking hither and thither, chanced to come suddenly to the place where the Holy Man had bathed his feet; and he lighted upon the shoe; and thought to run away with it. Then the Lord of righteousness looked thereupon, and would not that his servant should be molested even in so small a thing. And he

* Cf. S. Samson, CH. XXXII. † Murray's "Cornwall."

sent a sleep on the fox, so that he gave up his life, having the thongs of the shoe in his ugly mouth. The servant then approached thereto, and took the shoe, and brought it to the Holy Man, and told him all that had happened. Then the Holy Man greatly wondered at this; and charged the servant that he should tell this to no one till his life's end."

Space must be found for one more of these stories. It belongs to a somewhat later date, when Neot was ruling as abbot over the college of priests which he founded. Some thieves had stolen the oxen of the monastery, and consequently the ploughs stood idle. Neot bade the brethren be of good cheer. Then there happened a strange thing, for the stags out of the forest came of their own free will and offered their necks to the yoke. And nightly, when the day's work was done, they returned to the forest; but each morning they were again at their post. And when the thieves beheld this they were filled with wonder, and they came to the monastery, and not only restored the oxen, but gave their own selves to God's service. Then were the stags set free from their voluntary servitude; "but concerning them," concludes the story, "we have a marvellous report that the whole progeny retains the signs of their having thus laboured; there is a white ring, like a yoke, about their necks, on that part which was pressed by the collar."

This miracle of the stags, together with many other incidents in the life of S. Neot, is commemorated in one of the stained windows of the parish church of the Cornish St. Neot's—a window which was put up "at the expense of the young men of the parish," * presumably about the year 1530. The only scene depicted in this window which is not to be found in any of the lives of the saint, is Neot placing a crown upon the head of King Ethelbald. The Latin inscription beneath it runs thus: "He handed on the crown to his younger brother." Those who are inclined to hold with Dr. Whitaker that S. Neot was no other than Athelstan, Prince of Kent, the rightful heir to Ethelwulf's throne, may here find some support for their belief; for Ethelbald, it will be remembered, stood next to his brother Athelstan in the succession. What could give Ethelbald a surer title to his crown than to receive it from the hands of that saintly brother who had renounced his own kingly claims that he might become the servant of the heavenly King?

And this brings us to the most interesting part of S. Neot's history—his connexion with Ethelbald's youngest brother, Alfred. We know from Asser that Alfred, while he was yet young, before he came to the throne, visited the chapel of S. Gueryr, and there prayed for relief from the grievous bodily affliction from which he suffered. There is no positive proof that Neot had at this time taken up his residence in the hermitage, but it is almost certain that he had done so, for Alfred's visit occurred in 867, and it seems clear that Neot did not pass sixteen years of his life at Glastonbury. Still, it is not until ten years later that we have any direct

* Gorham. For further particulars as to the St. Neot's windows, see S. Mabena, CH. XXXIV.

account of their meeting, and therefore the picture in the "Lives of the English Saints" of the brothers uniting their intercessions can only be regarded, as probably the writer intended it should be regarded, as a graceful and not improbable imagination. But in later days the two men met frequently, for Alfred "often," says the Anglo-Saxon homily, "came to the Holy Man about his soul's need. And he also reproved him with many words."

Those who are determined to see in Alfred not merely a good and brave man, but an absolutely faultless hero, have been inclined to resent the less favourable picture drawn of him in the various lives of S. Neot. We might argue that it was not the least sign of Alfred's real greatness that he should have continued to seek the counsel of one who dealt with him so plainly and sternly as did the hermit Neot; but let us call the historian Asser as an independent witness to the truth of the charges said to have been made by S. Neot. Asser, speaking of the bodily suffering of his royal master, says: "We believe this adversity happened to the king *not undeservedly;*" and again, in a later passage (believed, however, by some authorities to be interpolated *): "S. Neot, his relation who was then living, deeply lamented this" (*i.e.* his haughtiness, and his carelessness of the popular grievances), "and foretold that the greatest adversity would befall him. But Alfred paid no attention to his admonitions, and treated the prediction with disdain." In their final interview S. Neot set before Alfred all the miseries that he should suffer at the hands of the Danes, and the years of exile that were before him; but to the words of rebuke he added also words of encouragement, promising that even after death his support should not be wanting to the king.

Shortly after this Neot died, even as he had foretold, but his dying words had stirred up Alfred's courage. He threw off his lethargy, rallied his scattered followers, and gave battle to the Danish chief at Ethendune. Twice before this decisive engagement S. Neot visited Alfred in his dreams, and encouraged him with assurances of victory; he declared that he should drive all his adversaries before him; and more than this, he promised that the heathen should be turned to the faith of Christ. The day of battle came, and in the midst of the fierce strife there appeared —so it was afterwards said—a majestic shining figure, whose very look struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. They knew him not, but Alfred knew him, for in such wondrous guise had the blessed Neot revealed himself to him in his dream.

Eight centuries after the death of both king and hermit there was found in the Somersetshire marshes a richly enamelled jewel,† which bore upon it the Saxon inscription, "Alfred had me wrought." Protected by a crystal case is the miniature of a man. In all probability it represents Alfred's venerated counsellor, S. Neot. The jewel is in the form of a

* See this point discussed in Gorham's "S. Neot's."

† Now in the Taylor Buildings at Oxford.

battledore, and the handle of it appears to have been once fitted with some sort of a rivet to enable it to be fastened on to a wooden stem. From this it has been conjectured that it was mounted as a standard and carried into battle; and Mr. Gorham ingeniously suggests that the expressions used in the accounts of the battle—"S. Neot led the troops," "he fought in splendour before the army," and the like—may have applied originally to this pictured representation of him.

One last link still remains between Alfred and S. Neot. It was an article of the treaty of peace between the English and the Danes that the Danish chief should receive baptism. Alfred was his godfather, and the new name which he chose for his godson was Athelstan.* Is it fanciful to see in this choice a reference to that beloved eldest brother, Athelstan of Kent, to whom Alfred himself owed so much?

In order to give connectedly the story of Neot's intercourse with King Alfred we have been obliged somewhat to anticipate, and have passed over the chief incident of the saint's uneventful life—his pilgrimage to Rome. At this time Neot was suffering much from spiritual temptations; the then Pope wisely exhorted him to give himself to more active life, and bade him not "cease from preaching the word of God to all men, even to his life's end." In consequence of this advice our hermit, on his return to Cornwall, founded at Neot-stoke a college of priests, over which he himself presided. No mention is to be found of these "Clerks of S. Neot" after the reign of Edward the Confessor, and the institution is supposed to have been suppressed at the Conquest.†

It is highly probable that S. Neot had, as his biographers claim for him, some share in inducing King Alfred to restore the so-called "English School" at Rome; but the pretension that has been advanced by Camden and other sixteenth-century antiquarians that he was "the first Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford" rests upon no authority, and may at once be dismissed, together with the theory that the name of New College is to be derived from S. Neot.‡ It is ill-grounded claims of this sort that have provoked Dr. Pauli into speaking of S. Neot as "so purely mythical a personage."

S. Neot's last illness was a very gentle one; he received the Communion with the brethren, and made them a brief exhortation; then as they stood praying and chanting around him he passed quietly away. He was buried in the little church which he himself had built on the site of S. Gueryr's chapel; but about seven years later a grander church was built close to the same place, and thither his remains were transferred. There they remained for some sixty years, and then they were again disturbed.

The scene now changes to Huntingdonshire. In the little village of Eynesbury on the Ouse a certain nobleman had founded a priory,§ and wanted nothing to complete it but a set of relics. He took counsel with the ever-busy Bishop Ethelwold, who had obtained a special charter from

* "English Saints."
† Gorham.
‡ Ibid.
§ Ibid.

King Edgar, authorizing him to "remove" the bodies of saints which lay neglected in ruined places to monasteries in which he was interested. The Abbot of Ely was also called in, and the favour of the king secured, and it was decided to "remove" ("*convey*, the wise it call") S. Neot. There is no slightest evidence to show that his body "lay neglected;" quite the contrary; but no doubt some way was found of explaining away the terms of the charter. "Such a powerful saint-stealing combination," says Mr. Gorham, "found no difficulty in removing from Neot-stoke the sacred deposit." The official warden of the shrine was bribed, and in a week's time the journey had been accomplished, and the bones were safely housed at Eynesbury, which assumed the name of Neot-stoke in honour of the new-comer. In time a second village grew up around S. Neot's shrine, and about the year 1179 the monks of Eynesbury built a new parish church to meet the needs of the increasing population. Strictly speaking, the church was and still is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but the real patron of the entire parish was the Cornish S. Neot, whose name it bears even to this day.

The Cornishmen were naturally furious when they discovered the wrong that had been done them. A body of them marched into Huntingdonshire to demand back their patron; but neither bribes nor threats availed them anything, and they were warned that the king had sent down an armed force with instructions to withstand them if they should unduly press their claim. They were forced, therefore, to return into Cornwall empty-handed.

It is rather singular that a national saint, having so very much to recommend him as S. Neot, should never have taken much hold in England. It is possible that a confused belief that a saint who came from Cornwall must be a Celt prevented his ever becoming popular in Saxon England. If we would find churches bearing S. Neot's name we must go to his own chosen county of Cornwall; and even here, curiously enough, his supposed Celtic extraction has told against him. The church of Menheniot was anciently dedicated to him—indeed, Mr. Borlase * ingeniously suggests that possibly "the name Neot may enter into the word Menheniot," since *Niot* is a known spelling of the saint's name. But at a later date, when the passion for Catholic as opposed to Celtic saints had set in, the name was changed to that of a far more celebrated hermit, S. Antony. Mr. Borlase remarks that this is "a curious example of a Saxon saint having a re-dedication imposed upon him."

The Cornish churches of S. Neot are all of them in East Cornwall, and form a sort of chain across the county from north to south. They are three in number—Menheniot, Poundstock, and St. Neot's itself, the original *Ham-stoke* and *Neot-stoke* of the legend.

S. Edwould, Nov. 28, tenth cent.

Another royal hermit meets us in the West of England in the person of S. Edwould, brother of the hapless Edmund, King of East Anglia. In at least one life of S. Edmund

* "Age of the Saints."

mention is made of this hermit-brother, but the notice is of late date and very meagre, and it in no way connects the history of the two.

William of Malmesbury * is our chief authority concerning S. Edwould, and the accounts found elsewhere are all taken from him; but whence he derived his information does not appear. He tells us nothing of the early life of the Saxon prince, but takes up his fortunes after the defeat and death of King Edmund, when Edwould, "hating the liking of the world, because hard fortune took him and his brother," betook himself to Cerne in Dorsetshire, and there "lived the life of a hermit, with bread and water for his only food." Cerne was not the unexplored spot in the depths of some great forest that a Celtic anchorite would have chosen for his abode. It was a place hallowed already by three centuries of Christian influences; here stood the little church dedicated to the memory of S. Peter, and here hard by was the clear spring of water that, according to tradition, had burst forth at the prayers of Augustine of Canterbury, when he was about to baptize those of his hearers whose hearts were open to his preaching.

"Full often it happens," says the old chronicler,† "that a noble soul, admonished by temporal adversities, turns itself more attentively to God, Who can neither deceive nor be deceived." Thus was it with Prince Edwould, who, "after passing a life of piety," died in his quiet West-country retreat, and was buried there, "in great reputation of holiness." The exact date of his death is nowhere stated.

It was probably soon after this that Cerne was given over into the hands of the Benedictines. The abbey which they built here retained the dedication of the original church to S. Peter, but the monks further added the names of the Blessed Virgin, and their own special patron, S. Benedict, together with the local saint, S. Edwould.‡ Unfortunately, "Cerne Abbas," as it is called—to distinguish it from the other Dorsetshire parishes of the same name—has shared the fate so common to churches placed under a triple or fourfold invocation, and has kept but one patron saint out of the four—namely, the Blessed Virgin. S. Edwould's memory, however, is still preserved by the dedication-name of the little village church of Stockwood, at no very great distance from Cerne Abbas, a church which we may reasonably conjecture to have been dependent upon the great Benedictine Abbey.

Section VI.—The French Hermits.

S. Leonard. Nov. 6, cir. 559.

There are but very few counties in England that have not a greater or less number of churches dedicated to S. Leonard the Hermit. There is no doubt whatever as to the fact of S. Leonard's popularity in this country; no one of the hermit-saints—not Antony, not Botolph, not our own Cuthbert—have anything like the number of churches that are ascribed to this Norman saint; and the reason for

* "Gesta Pontificum."
† Higden, vol. 6.
‡ "Eng. Illus."

such widespread veneration is not at first sight obvious, though a closer investigation suggests several explanations of it.

His life is singularly devoid of incident, and may be told very briefly as it is set forth in the anonymous account of him which is our only authority.* Like so many of the French saints of his age, Leonard grew up with every advantage temporal and spiritual. His father held some office at the court of Clovis, and the king himself stood godfather for the child, while his religious training was in the hands of no less a teacher than the great Bishop Remigius himself (CH. XXIV.). As he grew to manhood he increased in favour with all who knew him, and the highest ecclesiastical dignities would have been open to him, but it is doubtful whether he ever advanced even to the diaconate, for he shrank from the promising career that was marked out for him, and leaving the court, he retired as a simple monk into the Abbey of Miscy † near Orleans.

The monastery just at this time seems to have been passing through a sort of religious revival, which resulted in not a few of the more ardent spirits leaving the ordered peace of their community life for the severer discipline of an anchorite's cell. Such an onward step towards the ideal of perfection appealed forcibly to the young Leonard, and he made his solitary way south towards Limoges, and took up his abode in the heart of a forest. It was there that the incident befell him which has largely contributed to his fame. The king of those parts—who is generally supposed to have been the Austrasian Theodebert—held a great hunting-party in the forest, at which his queen and all the royal train were present. Suddenly the queen was taken alarmingly ill and her life was despaired of. S. Leonard came hastily to the spot and poured forth earnest prayers for the sick woman, which were speedily answered by the safe birth of a healthy child. The king, in token of his gratitude, bestowed upon the hermit a considerable portion of forest land surrounding his cell. This gift gave a new direction to S. Leonard's plans; he no longer lived solitary, but called around him a small band of monks, who helped him first to build his church and monastery, then to till the land appertaining. The profits of this little estate were held as a sacred trust for the poor and needy.

But the form of charity which S. Leonard made peculiarly his own was the ransoming of captives. He gave money for their release, but while he set himself to give them bodily freedom, he was yet more bent on giving them spiritual freedom; and to this end he would gather round him those whom he had ransomed, and instruct them in sacred things before dismissing them.‡ S. Leonard's compassion for all prisoners was so great that Mrs. Jameson designates him not inaptly, "the Howard of his day;" and it is as the protector of all deprived of liberty, whether captives or prisoners, that he was so gratefully remembered throughout the Middle Ages. The

* Baillet, November 6. The anonymous life is unfortunately not contemporary.

† More generally known as Mesmin, from the name of its most distinguished abbot, S. Mesmin, who probably ruled it at the time of S. Leonard's sojourn therein.

‡ Baillet.

Benedictines adopted him as belonging to their Order, and it is doubtless to their widespread influence that we owe many of the churches that bear his name. In one of the windows of the Yorkshire church of Thribergh (CH. XLIV.) he was portrayed—as in so many foreign pictures and sculptures—with his proper attribute of the fetters. In days when captivity among Moors or Saracens was so common a fate that a special Monastic Order was founded for the purpose of ransoming such captives, it is easy to imagine how many devout prayers would be offered to the saint who was believed to be beyond all others the champion of such sufferers. To him prayers were offered alike by the captives and by their friends at home, and when the prayers were granted and the captives released, it became the custom to hang up the chains and fetters in churches dedicated to this saint, in token of gratitude for his intercessions. Mrs. Jameson says that in mercantile Venice, where "imprisonment for debt at home, and slavery abroad, became not rarely the destiny of their most distinguished men, S. Leonard was particularly honoured;" but England, with her crusaders and her travellers, shared the same risks as Venice, and shows a corresponding affection for the friend of captives.

We find churches dedicated to S. Leonard in thirty-three out of the forty English counties. There seems little to be said as to their geographical distribution. Yorkshire takes the lead with fifteen churches; Warwickshire and Somerset follow with nine; while Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Sussex press hard upon them with eight each. Sussex, indeed, seems to have had a quite special devotion to S. Leonard; we find not only the well-known parish of St. Leonard's-on-Sea, but there is a "St. Leonard's Forest," and the lilies of the valley which grow wild in parts of this county are known as "S. Leonard's lilies." *

There are other examples of the name of S. Leonard being extended from the church to the whole parish, as at Burton-Leonard in Yorkshire, Stanley St. Leonard in Gloucestershire, and Bromley St. Leonard in Middlesex; but, oddly enough, in all these instances the parish church is now under the invocation of some other patron, as S. Helen, S. Swithun, S. Mary. It is but natural that in dealing with more than a hundred and fifty churches we should meet with a considerable proportion of alternative dedications. Where these are to the Trinity, or to All Saints, or to one of the Apostles, there is a reasonable presumption that S. Leonard is the original dedication, superseded at some time, perhaps from fear of "superstition;" but when we find him in competition with such national saints as S. Helen,† S. Swithun,‡ and S. Oswald,§ we are inclined to regard S. Leonard as a successful intruder.

There is little doubt that S. Leonard was introduced into England by

* Lower.

† Burton-Leonard, Yorkshire; West Leake, Nottinghamshire. From her connexion with Britain S. Helen is fairly entitled to be ranked among our national saints.

‡ Stanley St. Leonard, Gloucestershire.

§ Ragnall, Nottinghamshire; Rockhampton, Gloucestershire.

the Normans. Bromley St. Leonards, founded soon after the Conquest by "William the Norman"—not the king, but the Bishop of London, to whom the Church in London owed much—marks the beginning of a period in which the French saint was destined to become increasingly popular. The choice of the name was most likely due to the Benedictine monks for whose benefit the church was founded, and who, as we have already said, considered S. Leonard as belonging to their Order.

S. Leonard's festival is on November 6, the day on which his fair is held at Badlesmere in Kent, and no doubt in many other places. If, however, there should be any churches of S. Leonard which keep their feasts in mid-October, it will be a clear proof that they are dedicated, not to our S. Leonard of Limoges, but to his contemporary and fellow-countryman, S. Leonard of Vendœuvre (commemorated October 18). His uneventful life, first as a hermit and afterwards as an abbot, very much resembles that of his namesake, in everything excepting that one special feature of compassion for captives, which has so endeared the memory of S. Leonard of Limoges. He is highly reverenced round about Le Mans, but his fame seems to have been almost wholly local, and his day is not to be found in the ordinary Kalendars of the Roman Church.

Of Thribergh in Yorkshire, with its interesting associations with yet another Leonard, we shall speak elsewhere (CH. XLIV.).

As a rule churches and chapelries dedicated to S. Leonard are of pre-Reformation date; but there are a few exceptions, most if not all of which can give a very good account of themselves. If the church at Dordon in Warwickshire be, as it appears, of modern foundation, the reason for the choice is not apparent; but at least it can be said that Warwickshire is a county where this saint is known to have been largely venerated. The modern church of S. Leonard's at Malins Lee in Shropshire is in the gift of the vicar of the neighbouring church of *S. Leonard's*, Dawley Magna; the church of Aston Clinton in Buckinghamshire seems to be modern, but the hamlet in which it stands was anciently known as "St. Leonard's;" while a fourth modern church at Newark-on-Trent revives very felicitously the memory of a S. Leonard's Hospital or College founded at this place more than seven hundred years ago (1125) by the then Bishop of Lincoln.

S. Theobald, P.* June 30, 1066.

Divided by five centuries from his fellow-countryman, the celebrated S. Leonard, is the hermit Theobald, a much-travelled saint, who, though he did not extend his travels into England, is still dimly remembered amongst us.

The contemporary life of him informs us that he was well born and wealthy, and might have lived at ease in his parental home near Sens; but the love of adventure was strong upon him, and with a chosen companion and a retinue of horsemen he set forth on his travels, or, as we should more properly say, his pilgrimage. The famous Spanish shrine of S. James at Compostella was his first point; afterwards he made his

* Baillet, July 1; Baring-Gould, June 30.

way to Rome. The pomp with which he had begun his wanderings was speedily discarded. Horses and baggage were soon got rid of, and the two young men made the rest of their way on foot, earning their livelihood as best they might—working sometimes in the harvest field, sometimes as hod-men for masons—and everywhere winning the liking of those for whom they worked.

In the course of his wanderings, at Treves, Theobald came across his father, searching for his lost son. The pilgrim's heart was stirred within him, but he durst not trust himself to renew the power of the old home ties. The hardships of travel had changed him almost beyond recognition, and he kept silence and went his way. In his later years we may believe that Theobald learned to estimate aright the treasure of love that he then threw aside so lightly, for when at last his wanderings were over and he had settled down—a solitary man now, for his dear friend had died—to end his days in a lonely hermitage near Vicenza, and those tender parents travelled all the way from Sens to see him once more, he welcomed them gladly, and built for his mother a little cell near to his own, where she spent her few remaining years. Of the father nothing more is told us, but it is possible that he outlived both wife and son, and that it was through his influence that the body of S. Theobald was translated to France.

His extraordinary austerities, rivalling those of a Simeon Stylites, won for him the admiring reverence of the whole country-side, and the bishop of the diocese, unasked, admitted the saintly anchorite to Holy Orders. Ultimately his health gave way under the rigour of his self-inflicted discipline, and for the last two years of his life he suffered the most grievous bodily pain, which reduced him to a state of complete helplessness. No bodily suffering, however, could shake his steadfast faith or wear out his patience, and the long hours of sleeplessness were welcome to him as precious opportunities for prayer. He died on the last day of June, 1066, in the little cell at Vicenza which had been his home for nine years past, and at Vicenza he was buried; but it appears that after no long interval his remains were carried back to his native France. Some of his relics are to this day exhibited in the church of his birthplace, Provins; and Metz, Langres, Sens, and many another French town, boast a like distinction. His fame spread yet farther afield, to Bâle—nay, even to Vienna; but it is clearly through French influences that we in England have learnt to honour this pilgrim-saint; and this is demonstrated the more plainly by our popular contractions of the name—"Tibbaud," or "Tebbie," or "Tebbauld"—all of them obviously derived from the French "Thibaut;" while farther south (at Venice, for example), he figures under the last half of his name only, as "S. Boldo."*

Curiously enough, though there are three churches in widely differing parts of England that have some association with the French hermit, there seems to be but one of the three that can rightly claim him for its

* Baillet.

patron. The one undisputed dedication to S. Theobald is at Great Musgrave in Westmoreland. Prior to 1248 the church of Great Musgrave was one of the many possessions of S. Mary's Abbey at York,* and it was probably the Benedictine monks of that great house, rather than its subsequent owner, the Bishop of Carlisle, who placed the church under the patronage of S. Theobald. The first known mention of the church by the name of S. Theobald is in a deed dated 1505, but local tradition speaks of a Norman baron of the name of Thibaut, who at some period—not too exactly specified—rebuilt the already existing church at Great Musgrave. If there was any such Count Thibaut, it is reasonable to suppose that he should have placed the church of his rebuilding under the patronage of his saintly namesake; but then, unfortunately, the grounds for believing in this convenient count are but very slender. Great Musgrave is one of the five North-country churches that still observe the ancient custom of "rush bearing" (vol. i. p. 98). The date of the festival, July 6, looks as though it may have been originally determined by S. Theobald's Day, June 30, and possibly at some time or other have been put a week later to avoid clashing with the feast of SS. Peter and Paul on June 29.

Great Hautbois in Norfolk is sometimes ascribed to S. Theobald, but erroneously. Strictly speaking, the church was under the invocation of "the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin," but the mistake arose from the fact that it contained a famous image of S. Theobald which attracted many pilgrims. In the last year of the twelfth century both church and parish appear by their proper names in some deed, which speaks of the advowson of the church of "the Assumption of the Virgin" being given by "Peter de Alto Boses or Hautbois" to such-and-such a priory. But in the course of centuries foreign-sounding names are apt to get corrupted, and in 1507 we find a certain Agnes Parker of Keswick in the county of Norfolk recording in her will the following obligations: "Item, I owe a pilgrimage to Canterbury, another to S. Tebbald of Hobbies," etc.;† while in the same year we find one Thomas Wood of Cowteshall giving legacies "to the guild of the Virgin Mary in the church of the Assumption at Hobbies and to paint the new tabernacle of S. Theobald there."‡

Colaton-Raleigh in Devonshire seems at one time to have possessed a chapel in honour of S. Theobald, but this has disappeared, and the parish church is ascribed to S. John the Baptist.

Caldecote in Warwickshire seems in doubt to what saint to give its allegiance. According to some lists the church is dedicated to SS. David and Chad, but elsewhere the names that are linked together are Theobald and Chad.§ S. Chad is unquestionably in his right place here in Warwickshire, where he has two other ancient churches, and it is quite possible that S. David may have passed from Monmouthshire and Herefordshire into Warwickshire; but S. Theobald's presence demands explanation. His

* Bulmer's "Westmoreland."
† Blomefield's "Norfolk."
‡ Ibid.
§ Clergy List, 1896.

name may well have been added by some religious house with foreign connexions, or by some Norman proprietor; at least, it is obvious that it must have been a later introduction than the Saxon Chad.

Theobald is a more or less familiar name in the home counties from the historic mansion of *Theobalds*, near Waltham, once the residence of the Cecils, and given over by them to James II. in exchange for Hatfield House. The site was known as *Thebaudes*, *Tibbaud*, or *Theobalds*, long before the manor house was built upon it. How it came by that name does not appear—not, at any rate, by any direct connexion with the saint, for there is no church or well of his name in the neighbourhood—but possibly there may be an indirect connexion through the important Anglo-Norman family of the Theobalds, who owned a good deal of land in these parts in the fourteenth century—a family whose most conspicuous member was Simon Theobald, or Tebauld, better known as Simon of Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury beheaded in Wat Tyler's insurrection. Londoners will recall the street in Bloomsbury, "Theobald's Road," popularly shortened into "Tibbald's Road." The mention of this street suggests the curiously named Hertfordshire hamlet of "Theobald's Street." For centuries this hamlet was known as Titeberst, or Tideberste,* and it appears to have taken its appellation of "Theobald's Street" only in the seventeenth century, when it passed into the hands of the Cecils as part of the compensation for the loss of their manor of Theobalds. Possibly they may have changed the name to "Theobalds" for the sake of old associations.

Section VII.—The Hermit of Knaresborough.

S. Robert of Knaresborough. Sept. 24, 1218.

It is a far cry from the Egyptian Desert in the third century to the West Riding of Yorkshire in the thirteenth, and yet it is not difficult to find some points of likeness between S. Antony and his English imitator, S. Robert. And first, they both of them belonged to families of good position; S. Robert's father was Lord Mayor of York, and his brother subsequently held the same office. Both men were born to wealth, and both renounced ease and riches for what seemed to them a more excellent way of life. Again, S. Antony and S. Robert had this in common, that they neither of them belonged, like S. Bertoline or S. Leonard, to the wandering class of hermits: they seldom passed beyond the narrow limits that they had chosen for themselves. If S. Antony clung to his desert, S. Robert haunted one little corner of West Yorkshire: if emperors courted the friendship of the one saint, a king—no other than the notorious King John—came out of his way to visit the other.

But if there are points of likeness, the points of difference are perhaps more numerous and more striking. S. Antony was a great man, S. Robert was at best only a small one: S. Antony was a pioneer, forming

* Clutterbuck's "Hertfordshire."

a system of his own to meet the needs of his time and circumstances, and modifying it freely according as he saw good; while S. Robert was but a belated imitator, reproducing outward rules of life that had lost their suitability to their surroundings.

S. Robert of Knaresborough can lay no claim to originality, but he lived conscientiously, austerely, and devoutly, in accordance with his lights, and he showed himself a good friend to his poor neighbours, insomuch that his memory has been gratefully cherished in his own district, and the honour of sainthood conferred upon him by the popular voice, although he was never formally canonized.

Robert Flower—to give him his full name—early displayed his bent for the solitary life. He twice made trial of the community life—once at the outset of his career, and once again a year later. Both attempts failed; the companionship of a fellow-recluse was not more successful, and Robert was thankful when he found himself sole master of his little rock-hewn cell overhanging the banks of the Nidd. No spot is so closely associated with both the earlier and later history of our hermit as this humble cell, upon which he bestowed the name of "S. Giles's Chapel;" but for a time he deserted it, and established himself on land given him by some lady patroness, where he lived in more luxury than in his riverside cave. At this time he kept four servants—"two to attend to husbandry, one to collect alms for the poor, and one his personal attendant."* Suitable buildings were erected for his use, by the same lady who had provided the site, but the nucleus of the whole settlement was there already in an ancient chapel dedicated to S. Hilda. This chapel was destroyed, as we shall see, in the hermit's lifetime, but its site is plainly pointed out by the names of "Chapel field" and "Hile's Nook," close to the Starbeck brook, some two miles from Knaresborough; and fifty years ago (1843) excavations were made in this "Chapel field," and the foundations that were there discovered were removed and built into the fabric of the new Roman Catholic church.†

S. Robert turned his prosperity to good account for the surrounding poor. Says the rhyming life—

> "When he was comen to his chapelle
> In deep devotion for to dwelle
> Poor men that were penniless
> He sent them food of fish and flesh,"

and, like his predecessor, S. Leonard, he gave special care to the claims of prisoners and captives. But these tranquil days were not to last long. The sight of Robert's comfortable buildings roused the envy of the powerful William de Stuteville—

> "Lord of that land both east and west,
> Of Frith and field and of forest."

---

* Grainge's "Forest of Knaresborough," which follows the mediæval rhyming life of the saint.

† Grainge and Baring-Gould.

In vain did Robert's servants plead their master's peaceable disposition—

> "Robert that is no rebellour,
> A servant of our Savioure."

The angry baron—thinking perhaps of the crowds who were attracted to the place by the hermit's charities—declared him an entertainer of thieves, and bade his followers in true North-country speech to "ding down his biggings." Such a command was hateful to them, and for the moment they evaded it; but a few days later the baron returned, and so violently repeated his orders that the men durst no longer disobey, and the buildings were destroyed. They

> "Dang them down both less and mair,
> Nathing left they standand there."

After this the hapless hermit returned to his old haunt, S. Giles's chapel; but here, too, he was pursued by the malice of his feudal lord, and things would have fared ill with him had not the conscience of the persecutor been awakened by a dream of future punishment, which henceforth effectually changed his whole attitude towards the holy man, upon whom he now bestowed many privileges.

Years of absence from home and long solitude had not weakened the ties between Robert and his kindred. One day in May, when the hermit was still living at S. Hilda's Nook, he chanced to fall asleep in a "flowery mead;" in his dream his dead mother appeared to him, "pale and wan," and told him that she was suffering torments for her past sins. For a whole year her son made earnest intercessions for her, and at the end of that time she appeared to him in peace, "and blessed her bairn that made her blithe." At a later period, after the destruction of S. Hilda's chapel, Robert received a visit from his brother—then Lord Mayor of York—who, considering S. Giles's chapel a not sufficiently dignified abode, raised the old question of his joining some established religious community. The hermit without arguing the point expressed his determination plainly enough by the quotation: "Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." The brother was shrewd enough to take the hint, and matters were satisfactorily compromised by Robert's consenting to let his city brother enlarge the mean cell and add to it a separate chapel, which was dedicated to the Holy Cross.

From this time forth the fame of the Hermit of Knaresborough rapidly increased, and many visitors flocked to him; some to seek some boon of him, some only to do him honour. King John himself, stirred by the enthusiasm of one of his courtiers, came with a great train to visit him. Whether from a just appreciation of the king's character, or whether from an overweening sense of his own importance, Robert received his royal guest with a marked coldness, which dismayed some of the retinue; but the king seems not to have resented his unusual reception, for he bade the hermit ask what he would of him. Robert made answer that he needed nothing earthly, and so they parted; but afterwards,

at the solicitation of a friend, he followed the king and begged of him a certain portion of forest-land for the use of his many poor clients.

There are plenty of anecdotes belonging to this period of the saint's history, but in truth they are little worth relating. Some are trivial in the extreme, while others bear a suspicious likeness to similar incidents in the lives of earlier hermits, and look as if they had been borrowed wholesale for the purpose of demonstrating S. Robert's claims to saintship.

So great already, even at the time of his death, was the belief in his sanctity, that a contention arose between the Cistercian monks of Fountains Abbey and the natives of Knaresborough as to the possession of his corpse; but in the end S. Robert's known wishes were respected, and he was allowed to rest in his own chapel of the Holy Cross, in a coffin hewn out of the rock. For centuries "S. Robert's Cave," as it was called, was a much venerated spot; and though after the Reformation it was suffered to fall into grievous neglect, the association with the hermit still clung to it until the mysterious tragedy of Eugene Aram caused it to be known as "Eugene Aram's Cave," and invested it with a new set of associations. It was this cave that for so many years concealed the evidence of the murderer's guilt; it was here that in 1759 the remains of his victim were discovered. Seventy years later the publication of Lord Lytton's famous novel served to awake new interest in everything connected with the historic cave. Careful investigations were made, and the removal of vast accumulations of rubbish and sand brought to light traces of the first innocent occupant of the cave, and revealed the foundations of S. Robert's chapel of the Holy Cross. At the east end was a raised platform for the altar; at the west end was a stone coffin,* long since despoiled of its contents, but carved out of the rock—as S. Robert's coffin was known to have been. It has been remarked that "had Eugene Aram known of the existence of this coffin he might have used it for the effectual concealment of his guilt."†

Up to the time of Henry VIII. the special custodians of S. Robert's chapel were the monks of Knaresborough Priory—the so-called "Brethren of the Holy Trinity"—an Order founded by a brother of Henry III. with a special view to the care and remission of captives. Though not instituted until after S. Robert's death, the brethren regarded him as their founder, and were even in popular phrase called after him "the Robertines." Certainly there was a peculiar appropriateness in connecting the hermit of Knaresborough with "the Brethren of captives"—to quote a portion of the official title of the Order—for S. Robert resembled S. Leonard in his zeal for all who were in bondage, and knew no greater joy than to release men from "bale," whether of body or soul. The emblem of these Brethren of the Holy Trinity may still be seen above the altar of S. Robert's chapel, in three carved heads, "designed as is supposed for an emblem of the Holy Trinity."‡

* Murray's "Yorkshire."
† Ibid.
‡ "Eng. Illus."

It is to this same Order that we owe our one existing dedication to S. Robert in the little church of Pannall, some five miles or so distant from Knaresborough. In the reign of Edward III. (1348) Pannall church was appropriated to Knaresborough Priory,* and the monks, with a fine national independence of the formal canonization of Rome, bestowed upon their new possession the name of their uncanonized but highly revered founder.

So closes our thousand-year roll of hermits. They are not among the most interesting, nor among the most directly influential of our saints. For the most part they laid aside the natural duties of their sphere and fashioned out fresh duties for themselves amid hardships of their own choosing. And yet they are worthy of their place among our famous men, for in evil days they helped, each man according to his measure, to keep up the standard of holiness, and by their voluntary retirement from the world they emphasized the need of a close intercourse with God as the spring of all true work for man.

* Lawton.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE APOSTLES OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
121	S. Patrick, B.	March 17	cir. 493	9	*See also dd.*
135	S. Columba, A.	June 9	597	12	*See also dd.*

S. Patrick, B. March 17, cir. 493.

"ONE of the rays and of the flames which the Sun of Righteousness, Jesus Christ, sent into the world is S. Patrick the bishop, the father of the belief of the men of Ireland;"—such are the opening words of one of the old lives of this famous saint.

S. Patrick, like many another saint, has suffered from a large admixture of the miraculous which has crept into his history, and has had the effect of discrediting the whole; but now careful distinctions are being drawn between the authentic and the spurious documents, with the happy result that the Apostle of Ireland stands forth before us a more real but not less striking personality than he is represented in the mythical legends.

The most popular of the many lives of S. Patrick are of late date—compiled some five centuries after his death—and in many respects they are untrustworthy, being written throughout with strong prepossessions on certain points—such as a desire to prove the saint's connexion with the See of Rome, or to establish the Primacy of Armagh—but it has never been doubted that these lives were compiled from earlier ones; nor that they contain much valuable tradition. The outline of all the later lives is to be found in the collection of documents relating to S. Patrick contained in the Irish manuscript known as "The Book of Armagh."* This manuscript is itself ascribed to the opening years of the ninth century (about A.D. 808), but it contains two more or less detailed accounts of S. Patrick, which appear to belong to the seventh century, and, what is most valuable of all, two writings ascribed on good grounds to S. Patrick himself. One of these is an epistle to the persecuted subjects of a certain heathen king; the other is the so-called "Confession," or *Apology*, which the saint wrote in his old age with the object of defending himself against "some

* Both the "Book of Armagh" and the later "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick" are to be found, together with other documents relating to the saint, in Dr. Whitley Stokes's annotated edition of "The Tripartite Life" [Rolls Series]. The following sketch is indebted chiefly to the above collection, but use has also been made of Todd's "Life of S. Patrick," and of the article by Professor G. T. Stokes in the D. C. B.

undefined and not very clearly stated charges of presumption in undertaking his mission, and of incompetency for the work." * This "Apology" constitutes, in fact, a fragmentary autobiography.

The following account of S. Patrick is drawn chiefly from the early documents collected in the "Book of Armagh," though a few touches have been added from the many sayings and doings of the saint preserved in the popular eleventh-century history of him known as "The Tripartite Life." One other important source of evidence, and one that has been increasingly turned to account in our own day, is derived from the topography of Ireland. Irish historians living on the spot, who have made it their business to investigate every inch of ground traditionally connected with the saint, have found, in the names of districts and woods and towns, many an unlooked-for confirmation of some statement as to his line of route, the places where he sojourned, and so forth. These Celtic names often have reference to the saint himself, or to some incident on his journey, and thus for fourteen hundred years they have been bearing their silent witness to Patrick's presence in the land.

It must be freely allowed that the chronology of S. Patrick's life presents insuperable difficulties: there are whole years of his existence which can be accounted for only by conjectures. Homer's birthplace has hardly been more fought over than S. Patrick's: according to one theory he is Breton by birth, according to another he was a native of Boulogne, but modern criticism is on the whole inclined to return to the old traditional opinion which claims him as a Scotchman, and fixes his birthplace near what is now Dumbarton, on the Clyde.†

There is less doubt as to his family, for we know on his own authority that he came of a stock which had been Christian for several generations—his father, grandfather, and possibly his great-grandfather also, having been in Holy Orders. They were settled at "Bannavem Taberniæ," a town no longer known to us, where Patrick's father, Calpurnius, combined the duties of a Roman civil officer, a *decurio municipalis*, with the office of a deacon. That under these circumstances the boy was brought up as a Christian cannot reasonably be doubted, and we need not lay too much stress, as some have done, upon an expression of Patrick's concerning his youth: "I knew not the true God." The words have been taken to imply that he had no knowledge of Christianity, but they do not seem to mean more than that in the days of his safe and uneventful boyhood he had been indifferent to the heavenly Father, who, nevertheless, had "protected and comforted me, as a father would a son;" and, indeed, he himself makes this clear by adding in condemnation of himself and his fellow-captives, that their punishment when it came was "according to our deserts, because we had gone back from God, and had not kept His commandments, and were not obedient to our priests who used to warn us for our salvation." We know little more of his childhood; only he tells us that his father had a farm in the neighbourhood of the town before mentioned,

* Todd. † D. C. B.

and we may reasonably assume that his own time was more devoted to agriculture than to study, for his repeated statements as to his ignorance of letters and want of culture are amply borne out by the rusticity of his Latin. We shall afterwards see that the saint's want of Latin is an important factor in helping us to determine the probable circumstances of his later life.

When Patrick was nearly sixteen the peaceful home life was for ever ended, and there took place that memorable incident of his captivity, which has had its closest counterpart in our own times in the history of the African slave-boy who lived to return as a missionary bishop to the scene of his captivity. "He was carried captive into Antrim in one of those raids which were so common in the second half of the fourth century," * and there for six years he remained, a swineherd in the service of a certain chieftain, or king, named Milchu. The tradition of the nineteenth century is at one with the tradition of the seventh in pointing out the very spot where the slave-boy lived and worked, a spot which is still known as *Ballyligpatrick*, or "the town of the hollow of Patrick."

Patrick himself tells us little of the externals of his life in these years. He dwells rather on the inward growth of belief within him; on his awakening to penitence for his past negligence; on the steady formation of habits of earnest prayer; on the rise of a zeal that was, as he afterwards perceived, "the Spirit burning within him." But of the special circumstances of his escape he speaks more at length, because he felt himself to be acting under direct heavenly guidance in every step of his flight. "I went," says he, "in the power of the Lord who directed my way for good, and I feared nothing until I arrived at that ship." The master of the ship roughly refused him a passage, and the fugitive turned sadly away and betook himself to prayer. While he was still praying, one of the sailors came to him and called him back with the words: "Come, for we take thee in faith; make friends with us how thou wilt." Patrick gave to the words an interpretation which the heathen sailors, friendly though they might be, had certainly never intended them to bear; he seems to have welcomed their use of the word "faith," and taken it as an omen that they would the more readily be won over to the faith of Christ. We must not linger over the many adventures of his homeward voyage, nor yet on his return to his parents, and their entreaties that he would not expose himself to further dangers, but remain peaceably at home with them.

At this point the chronology of Patrick's life is most perplexing: between the time of his escape from captivity and the time of his greatest successes in Ireland there is an interval of thirty-six years, which has been variously accounted for. One theory is that in these years he visited Rome and received his commission immediately from the Pope, a theory which has little to support it; another theory is that he spent the greater part of this time in study in the schools of Gaul, and more especially under the direction of S. Germanus of Auxerre. Yet a third theory suggests that

* D. C. B.

he went back almost at once to Ireland, and there laboured as a layman without making much way; that at length he passed into France, and received episcopal ordination from the Gaulish bishop, together with such assistance as the Gaulish Church could give him, and that under these altered conditions he set to work anew and with greater success.*

None of these conjectures are wholly satisfactory, but the last seems to have more to recommend it than the other two. There are these two points in its favour: first, if Patrick had been absent from Ireland nearly forty years, would he not have lost his youthful familiarity with the Irish language? and, again, if the time had been spent in the monastery schools of France and the Island of Lerins, or in Rome itself, could the saint's Latin have remained as utterly barbarous as it is pronounced to be? To this we may add that an early return to Ireland best agrees with his own account of his state of mind in the days after his escape from captivity, when in his dreams, not once nor twice, he deemed himself called by "the voice of the Irish." He, too, had his "man of Macedonia" calling upon him for help, but in his vision the speakers were children of Connaught who dwelt "near the Wood of Foehlat,† near the Western Sea," and their cry was: "We pray thee to come and henceforth walk amongst us."

But if S. Patrick did indeed, as an old hymn-writer of the eighth century has said of him, "preach for threescore years Christ's cross to the folk of Ireland," we know nothing of these earlier labours on behalf of the gospel; it is only when we come to the great campaign on which he entered after he was sixty years of age that we are able to follow him step by step. Here, too, the dates may be hopelessly at fault, but there is an air of truthfulness and probability about many of the narratives which argues strongly for their genuineness.

"With true missionary spirit, Patrick was compelled," says Professor G. T. Stokes,‡ "to seek first of all that locality where he had spent seven years of his youth, and had learned the language and customs of the Irish." Touching at an island off the coast of Leinster, still known as "Inis Patrick," or "Patrick's Island," he made his way north, sailed by Strangford Lough, and there leaving his boat, went ashore with his companions. The first man they met fled at their approach, supposing them to be a band of pirates, and called the chieftain of the district, who came out armed to receive them. But quickly perceiving that the strangers were messengers of peace, he listened to their tidings, and soon declared himself ready to accept the new faith. As a token of his goodwill, he gave Patrick one of his barns to serve as a temporary church, and in the existing quaintly named village of *Saul* in the County Down, we have a remembrance of this primitive Irish church—"Sabhall," or "*Barn*," of Patrick.

Leaving his first convert, Patrick pressed on to the dominions of his former master, King Milchu, in what is now Antrim. And here there

* Dr. Whitley Stokes's Preface.

† The "Wood of Foehlat" is said by the old commentators on S. Patrick to have been near Killala, in the County of Mayo.

‡ D. C. B.

occurred one of the most curious episodes in the whole history. The pagan chief being warned by his attendant Druids that his old servant was marching against him, and was destined to overcome him, gathered together his household goods, set fire to them, and himself perished in the flames just as Patrick and his companions came in sight. This strange story has been regarded as obviously apocryphal, but Dr. Whitley Stokes points out that its central act bears a curious resemblance to a practice not unknown among the Brahmins of India, when they set fire to a prepared pile and offer up a human victim as a protest against "the approach of any person to serve them with a process, or to exercise coercion over them on the part of the government." Such an act is there known by the name of "dharna," and Dr. Stokes sums up: "The event commonly called a legend seems to be an instance either of *dharna* or of propitiatory self-sacrifice." * If this be so, our Irish chieftain showed a nobler spirit than the Brahmins, for he was himself the victim of his dark deed of sacrifice.

His old master was beyond the reach of Patrick's appeals: he resolved now to make an attack upon the stronghold of a far mightier chief, Leoghaire (pronounced "Leary"), the over-king of all Ireland; and nothing in all Patrick's history is more striking and dramatic than the story of his meeting with this king at the Feast of Tara. It has been often told, and, it is true, as often called in question. The form in which it appears in the "Book of Armagh" is, no doubt, calculated to awake suspicion, for the phraseology is as far as possible modelled upon that of the Book of Daniel, and there is an evident effort to bring Patrick's actions into line with those, now of Daniel, now of Moses. This tendency is repeatedly to be met with in all the lives of S. Patrick, and a very troublesome one it is: because Moses lived a hundred and twenty years, a like age is claimed for our saint; because Moses did miracles in the presence of the pagan wizards, so must S. Patrick. Instances of this tendency might easily be multiplied; it is the besetting temptation of half our hagiologists; but we need not make too much of it, or suppose that therefore the narrative has no foundation in fact. Let us admit that the story has been improved upon and polished according to the chronicler's estimate of the poetic fitness of things; let us even assume that the great missionary's challenge to the heathen world around him was not delivered on so marked a day in the Christian year as Easter Eve;—let us admit all this, and yet we need not doubt the daring deed that is the central feature of the story; while as to the scene where it is laid, we are told by Professor Stokes that "the ancient life in the Book of Armagh is marked by touches of geographical exactness which guarantee its truth. They can indeed be fully grasped only by those acquainted with the locality." † With so much of explanation, the history of that memorable night shall now be given in the very words of one of the mediæval lives of S. Patrick.‡

"Now when the high tide of Easter drew nigh, Patrick thought that

* Introduction to "Tripartite Life."

† D. C. B.

‡ "Tripartite Life."

there was no place fitter for celebrating Easter than in the place wherein was the chief abode of the idolatry and wizardry of Ireland, to wit, in Tara. They left their vessel in the estuary, and went along the land till they came to the graves of Fiacc's Men, and Patrick's tent was pitched in that place, and he struck the Paschal fire. It happened then, that that was the time at which was celebrated the high tide of the heathen, to wit the feast of Tara. On that night then, the fire of every hearth in Ireland was quenched, and it was proclaimed by the king that no fire should be kindled in Ireland before the fire of Tara, and that neither gold nor silver should be taken * from him who should kindle it, but that he should go to death for his crime. Patrick knew not that, and even though he had known it, this would not have hindered him. As the folk of Tara were abiding there, they saw at some distance from them the Paschal consecrated fire which Patrick had kindled. It lighted up the whole of Tara. Then said the king: 'That is a breach of a ban and law of mine; go and find out who hath done so.'"

Then the wizards warned the king that unless the fire were quenched on the night on which it was made it would not be quenched till Domesday, and that he who kindled it should vanquish the kings of Ireland. Then the king was mightily disturbed, and said: "This shall not be. But we will go and slay the man who kindled the fire." So the chariots were yoked, and the king and his chief followers went to Patrick's tent: but they durst not enter in lest it should be taken as a mark of reverence to the stranger; so Patrick was called out to defend himself before the king, and when he came forth and saw the chariots and horses, the old words rose to his lips: "Some trust in chariots and some in horses: but we in the name of the Lord our mighty God."

From this point the real interest of the story flags, and the commonplace legendary element is introduced in the description of S. Patrick's contention with the heathen wizards. The "Tripartite Life" (but not the more ancient "Book of Armagh") mentions that they argued together concerning the Trinity, and Mr. Baring-Gould observes that it was probably on this occasion that S. Patrick "stooped and plucked the shamrock and exhibited it as a symbol of the Catholic doctrine of the Triune God." † S. Patrick and Ireland and the shamrock are all so indissolubly associated together in our minds that it is painful to have to throw any doubt upon the beautiful incident, and, of course, it is likely enough that the saint may have made use of so natural and suggestive an illustration; still, if he did make use of it, it is certainly strange that there is no mention of the shamrock in any of the lives of S. Patrick previous to the twelfth century.

The outcome of this strange night conference seems to have been that Leoghaire, if not convinced, was at least impressed and awestruck by the bold and authoritative bearing of the stranger; and at the bidding of his queen, he "knelt to Patrick and gave him a false peace." But not long

* *i.e.* as compensation.

† March 17.

after this the treacherous king set an ambush and sought to slay Patrick and his companions as they passed along the narrow mountain tracks. "But God permitted not this to him. A cloud of darkness went over them so that not a man of them appeared. Howbeit the heathen who were abiding in the snares saw eight deer going past them under the mountain, and behind them a fawn with a bundle on its shoulder." This was all that they saw; but afterwards the saying ran from mouth to mouth that what had seemed to those who lay in wait to be but wild deer, was in truth Patrick and his seven monks, while the fawn was the boy Benén—Benén, the faithful gillie, the sweet singer in the holy services, the darling of Patrick's band.

It was on this march, according to ancient Irish tradition, that Patrick composed the fine hymn which is known from the attendant circumstances as "The Deer's Cry." "Patrick chanted this," says the old commentator before quoted, "when the ambushes were set against him by Leoghaire. Whosoever shall sing it every day, with pious meditation on God, devils shall not stay before him." Be this as it may, the hymn is acknowledged to be of very great antiquity, and scholars are of opinion that so far as internal evidence goes there is no reason why it should not have been written by S. Patrick himself. The original is in Irish, with the two concluding lines in Latin. For more than a thousand years this hymn has held its place in Ireland, and a writer of the last generation * was able to say that "portions of this hymn are still remembered by the peasantry, and repeated at bedtime, as a protection from evil." And in truth "The Deer's Cry" is well worthy to have survived as it has done, for though there is much in it that is but of antiquarian interest—as when it pleads for protection

> "Against black laws of heathenry,
> Against spells of women and smiths and wizards,"

—yet in such stanzas as the following there is a permanent value and beauty.

> "Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me,
> Christ in me, Christ below me, Christ above me,
> Christ at my right, Christ at my left;
> Christ in the heart of every one who thinks of me,
> Christ in the mouth of every one who speaks to me,
> Christ in the eye of every one that sees me,
> Christ in the ear of every one that hears me!"

It is one of the great charms of the life of S. Patrick that it is so overflowing with poetry. His spirit seemed naturally to express itself in song, and many a fragment of these outpourings is to be found embedded in the various lives of the saint. Take, for example, his "Song of the Well," concerning the spring of Uaran Gar, which he loved greatly, even as David loved the spring that was by the gate at Bethlehem.

* Dr. Petrie, quoted in Todd.

"Uaran Gar!
Uaran which I have loved, which loved me!
Sad is my cry, O dear God,
Without my drink out of Uaran Gar!
Were it not my King's command
I would not wend from it."

Or again, take his "Song of Weariness," which he made when he had come to the spot where he was fain to abide and to take his rest—

"I would choose
To remain here on a little land,
After faring around churches and waters,
Since I am weary, I would not go."

But his angel made answer to him—

"Thou shalt have everything round which thou shalt go,
Every land,
Both mountains and churches,
Both glens and woods,
After faring around churches and waters,
Though thou art weary (to which), thou shalt go."

It is no matter for wonder that Patrick should at times have been "weary" and ready to lose hope. The opposition which he met with from King Leoghaire was but a sample of the opposition that he was to encounter elsewhere in Ireland, and many were the plots that were formed against him. Doubtless many a pagan chieftain felt towards him like the Ulster chief who said to his people: "This is the shaven-head and the falsifier who is deceiving every one. Let us go and make an attack upon him to see whether his God will help him." That particular plot failed, as did others of the same nature; but once his charioteer was killed by mistake for himself, when they had temporarily changed seats; and when the saint towards the close of his career wrote his "Apology," * he could, indeed, speak with thankfulness of the grace bestowed on him by God, that "by my means many people should be born again unto God; and that clergy should be ordained everywhere for them," yet as for himself he was daily expecting to die a violent death or to be brought back to slavery.

If Patrick had many enemies, never was there a man who had more devoted friends. They treasured up the remembrance of his sayings and doings; they noted his habit of always turning aside out of his course to worship at any cross that lay within his reach; they recalled his saying—notable enough in the mouth of one who was regarded by his contemporaries as working by miracles rather than by natural means—"God heals by the physician's hand;" they marked his often use of the phrase: "I know not: God knoweth;"—"That was a proverb which he had," said they. Fain were they to surround their master with all that was fair and beautiful. "Then came Benén into his service, and Patrick slept among

* See p. 121.

his household, and all the fragrant flowers which the gillie (Benén) found he would put into the cleric's bosom. Patrick's household said to Benén: 'Do not that, lest Patrick should awake.' Said Patrick: 'He will inherit my kingdom.'" * It was that Benén who was loved by the daughter of a great chieftain: "Sweet to her seemed his voice at the chanting." When the maiden lay dying Benén carried to her consecrated water, "and straightway that holy virgin rose up alive, and afterwards she loved him spiritually." †

Nowhere does the poetry of Patrick's story rise to a higher level than in the account of the conversion of the daughters of King Leoghaire, which is found in the same form both in the earlier and the later lives. It belongs to the history of the evangelization of Connaught, for we are expressly told that the king's daughters were not with their father, but had been sent away to one of the royal palaces in what we now call Mayo, to be under the care of the Druids. The rest shall be told in the words of the old story-tellers, for they give us a clearer idea of Patrick and his methods of teaching than pages of dissertation concerning him. We may add that here as elsewhere the scene of the meeting can be identified.

"Thereafter Patrick went at sunrise to the well, namely Cliabach on the sides of Cruachan. The clerics sat down by the well. Two daughters of Leoghaire, son of Niall, went early to the well to wash their hands as was a custom of theirs, namely Ethne the Fair, and Fedelm the Ruddy. The maidens found beside the well the assembly of the clerics in white garments with their books before them. And they wondered at the shape of the clerics and thought that they were men of the elves or apparitions. They asked tidings of Patrick: 'Whence are ye, and whence have ye come? Are ye of the elves or of the gods?' And Patrick said to them: 'It were better for you to believe in God than to enquire of our race.' Said the girl who was elder: 'Who is your God? and where is He? Is He in heaven or in earth, or under earth or on earth? Is He in seas or streams, or in mountains or in glens? Hath He sons and daughters? Is there gold and silver, is there abundance of every good thing in His kingdom? Tell us about Him, how He is seen, how He is loved, how He is found? If He is in youth, if He is in age? If He is ever-living? If He is beautiful?'"

So the maiden poured out her eager questions, and Patrick, "filled with the Holy Spirit," answered after this manner: "'Our God is the God of all things; the God of heaven and earth and sea and river, the God of sun and moon and all the stars, the God of high mountains and lowly valleys; the God over heaven, and in heaven, and under heaven. He inspires all things, He quickens all things, He surpasses all things, He sustains all things. He kindles the light of the sun and the light of the moon, and stars He appointed to minister to the greater lights. He hath a Son co-eternal with Himself, and like unto Him. But the Son is not younger than the Father, nor is the Father older than the Son. And the Holy

* "Tripartite Life." † Ibid.

Spirit breathes in Them. Father and Son and Holy Spirit are not divided. Howbeit, I desire to unite you to the Son of the Heavenly King, for ye are daughters of an earthly king.' And the maidens said as it were with one mouth and one heart: 'How shall we be able to believe in that King? Teach us most diligently that we may see the Lord face to face. Teach us the way and we will do whatsoever thou shalt say unto us.' And Patrick said: 'Believe ye that through baptism your mother's sin and your father's is put away from you?' They answered: 'We believe.' 'Believe ye in repentance after sin?' 'We believe.'* 'Believe ye in life after death? Believe ye the Resurrection at the Day of Judgment?' 'We believe.' 'Believe ye the unity of the Church?' 'We believe.' And they were baptized; and a white garment put upon their heads. And they asked to see Christ face to face. And Patrick said to them: 'Ye cannot see Christ unless ye receive Christ's body and His blood.' And the girls answered: 'Give us the sacrifice, that we may be able to see the Spouse.' Then they received the sacrifice, and fell asleep in death; and Patrick put them under one mantle in one bed; and their friends bewailed them greatly." †

So in the supreme moment of their lives the sisters passed from the seen to the unseen; and there an old Greek legend would have ended,‡ but the Irish chronicler turns away from Ethne the Fair and Fedelm the Ruddy, and goes on to tell of the wrath that was directed against Patrick, "because the girls had received the faith and had gone to heaven."

S. Patrick is said to have remained seven years in Connaught, and to have been the founder in that part of Ireland of churches, "many of which can still be identified." § We are told in the "Tripartite Life" that our saint cursed one of the rivers of Connaught because of the refusal which the fishermen gave him. No reader of the mediæval lives can fail to be painfully struck by the freedom with which S. Patrick appears to have lavished curses on all persons and things that in any way displeased him, and it is a positive satisfaction to find that by far the larger proportion of these maledictions are wanting in all the earlier and more authentic accounts of the saint, and that even in the "Tripartite Life" the blessings recorded are twice as many in number as the curses.

S. Patrick suffered much at the hands of horse-stealers, and it must be acknowledged that on both occasions he dealt very leniently with the offenders. Two brothers, Ulstermen, stole both his horses at once, but one of the thieves felt pricks of conscience. "I will not take what belongs to the shaven-head," quoth he. "Truly I will take what befalls me," said the other. Then the first one came and confessed. "Not good is thy fellow's course," said Patrick; and it happened that the offender had a fall, of which he died; but the honest brother studied and took Holy Orders. "Here in Armagh will be thy resurrection," was the master's word to him.

* These concluding questions are given in the "Book of Armagh," but are omitted in the later versions of the narrative.

† "Tripartite Life."

‡ Cf. the story in Herodotus of Cleobis and Bito.

§ D. C. B.

And what better resting-place could S. Patrick promise to his followers than his own beloved Armagh? This is not the place to discuss the question that has exercised and divided so many minds, as to how far S. Patrick foresaw or intended the ecclesiastical supremacy of Armagh. Armagh's own pretensions in the matter seem to have increased century by century; but, nevertheless, we need not doubt the tradition that S. Patrick had a very peculiar tenderness for this church, and the fragments of the "Song of Armagh" that are preserved for us in the "Tripartite Life," may well be of the saint's own composition. "Patrick said—

> 'I have chosen a place of resurrection,
> Armagh my church. . . .
> It is Armagh that I love,
> A dear thorpe, a dear hill,
> A fortress which my soul haunteth.'"

More interesting than speculations as to the dignity of this famous church is the quaint story of its foundation.* There was a certain rich man, by name Daire, of whom Patrick desired a piece of land whereon to build a church. There was considerable difficulty about the site, for Patrick desired a piece of high-lying ground known as the "Hill of the Willow-tree," and this the owner would not agree to, but offered him instead another piece on lower land. Fresh annoyances arose. Daire turned in his horses to graze in the sacred enclosure; Patrick was angry, and it was openly said that he had killed the horses, while Daire on his side declared that he would kill the cleric. Relations were evidently very much strained, in spite of the peace-making endeavours of Daire's wife, and things might have gone badly had not Daire at this juncture been seized with a dangerous illness. S. Patrick's hostility was forthwith laid aside, and the two became friends once more. After Daire's recovery he determined to mark the reconciliation between them by presenting Patrick with a "wonderful brazen cauldron" brought from beyond seas, "which held three firkins." He brought the gift in person, with the announcement: "This cauldron is thine." Patrick was not effusive; he merely expressed his thanks in the Latin words, "Gratias agamus." To his unlearned visitor the words sounded the merest gibberish, and he returned angrily to his house and bid his servants go and fetch back the precious cauldron, saying to them: "The man is a fool, for he said nothing good for a wonderful cauldron of three firkins except *Gratzacham*." So the messengers went to Patrick to tell him that they must take away the cauldron. "*Gratzacham*, take it," was the quiet answer. "What said the Christian?" was Daire's first question; and his people answered: "He said *Gratzacham* again." The chief was fairly captivated by the use of this mystic word. "*Gratzacham* when I gave, *Gratzacham* when I take away. His saying is so good with those *Gratzachams* his cauldron shall be brought back to him." And this time Daire again carried it himself, and said to Patrick: "Thy cauldron shall remain with thee; for thou art a

* "Book of Armagh."

steady and imperturbable man; moreover also that portion of land which thou didst desire before I now give thee as fully as I have it, and dwell thou there." "And this," winds up the chronicler, "is the city which is now named Ardd-Machae," that is to say, Armagh.

No missionary of modern times could be more indefatigable in his labours than was S. Patrick. It is told of him that on one occasion he was "three days and three nights preaching," and to his hearers it seemed "not longer than one hour." Perhaps this may have been because, like the celebrated S. Bridget (CH. XXXI.), who was one of the company, they had "fallen asleep at the preaching." Patrick had his critics as much as a modern preacher, and on one occasion it came round to him that his disciple and nephew Secundinus had been saying of him: "Patrick is a good man, were it not for one thing, that is if he did not preach charity so very little." His uncle turned upon him with an anger in which charity was perhaps lacking, and then, after the first burst of temper, he defended himself with all the readiness of a true Irishman. "My little son," he explained, "it is for charity's sake that I do not preach charity. For if I preached it, I should not leave a yoke of two chariot horses for any one of the saints in this island, present or future; but unto me would be given all that is mine or theirs." The younger man apologized, saying rather awkwardly: "I did not know that it was not from sluggishness thou didst so," and by way of a peace-offering he composed a poetical eulogy on S. Patrick, which is still extant.

As soon as Patrick had made converts, his next care was to build churches, and to fit them out with all suitable requirements; nothing, however, seems to have occupied him more than the supply of a duly instructed order of clergy. We hear, not once nor twice, of his taking the sons of chieftains to be his companions, and of his instructing them himself in the elements. "Patrick wrote an alphabet" for such an one is a not uncommon phrase, which clearly implies that, like another Bishop Patteson, he took upon himself the labour of imparting the very rudiments of teaching.

But the time was drawing near for the great missionary to enter into his rest. The circumstances of his death have been much disputed, and to this day the exact date of it remains undecided. It had been his wish to die in his beloved Armagh, but this was not to be; and it was at Saul, the humble *Sabhall*, or barn, where he had founded his first church, that he breathed his last. All accounts are agreed in giving the day of his death as March 17, the day on which he has thenceforward been commemorated; and on the whole the evidence from a variety of sources points to A.D. 493 as the most probable year of his death, though a more commonly received date is 465.* His burial was celebrated with the utmost solemnity, and "for the space of twelve nights the elders of Ireland were watching him with hymns and psalms and canticles." †

* See this whole question carefully argued in Todd.

† "Tripartite Life."

The national veneration for S. Patrick, which, as we have seen, had already begun during his lifetime, was only to increase in strength for many a century to come; but when we turn from Ireland to our own country, we do not find the great apostle of Ireland very extensively honoured. There are but nine churches in all which bear his name, and two of these belong to the nineteenth century. The history of one of these two modern churches of S. Patrick—the one at Brighton—is rather curious. It was originally licensed as "S. James," in compliment, it is said, to the then incumbent, the late Rev. James O'Brien, D.D.; but when the church "became notorious for the Purchas ritual, Dr. O'Brien being an Irishman, got the Bishop of Chichester to add S. Patrick's name," * and it became "SS. Patrick and James." Gradually the latter name was dropped, and it is now known as S. Patrick only. It is in the highest degree probable that as the real historical Patrick emerges from the cloud of fable that has for long overshadowed him, we shall see more and more churches dedicated in his honour, but the number of ancient churches so named is hardly likely to be much increased, though a careful study of old Wills may perhaps bring to light a few forgotten dedications in this name, and it is the old churches which in this connexion are the most interesting.

The ancient Devonshire church of South Brent is sometimes assigned to S. Patrick, but far more probably belongs to "S. Petrock," and we find that of the six remaining churches dedicated to S. Patrick, every one is north of the Trent. The county of Nottingham gives us one, Nuthall; Yorkshire has two, Patrington and Patrick-Brompton; the rest are all to be found in Westmoreland—at Patterdale, Bampton, and Preston-Patrick respectively. The number strikes us as very small, but it is to be borne in mind that S. Patrick was comparatively little known in Saxon England. Our great English historian, Bede, makes no mention of him whatever. It is more difficult to understand why he should have been so completely ignored in Celtic Cornwall than to understand why he is not more honoured in the rest of England; but the explanation of this would seem to lie in the fact that the Cornish practice was to give to each church the name of its actual founder rather than of some more distinguished saint of a former generation.

As to the Nottinghamshire dedication at Nuthall near Nottingham, we have no clue whatsoever. With regard to the two dedications in Yorkshire, two points are worthy of notice. In both cases the name of the saint is incorporated in that of the parish, as *Patrick*-Brompton and *Patrington*—this last a corruption of "Patrick's Town"—and we have often had occasion to notice such incorporation as a proof of the high antiquity of any given dedication. Then again, both these churches were connected with the metropolitan city of York, the first being in the gift of S. Mary's Abbey in that place, and the second being in the hands of the archbishops. The question suggests itself: Can this somewhat rare devotion to S. Patrick

* Venables.

have had its rise at York, and have come to both these far apart rural parishes from the same source? The sea-board parish of Patrington near Hull has a peculiar interest from the exceeding beauty of its church, supposed to have been built at the same time, and very probably by the very same builders, as the nave of York Minster. It is one of the twin glories of the district of Holderness in which it stands. Its rival is the fine old neighbouring church of S. Augustine's at Hedon, locally known as "the King of Holderness," while S. Patrick's glories in the companion designation of "the Queen of Holderness." The chance juxtaposition of these two noble churches, the one of them commemorating the apostle of England, the other the apostle of the sister isle, is not without poetical significance.

Half the entire number of ancient English dedications to S. Patrick are to be found in Westmoreland, which looks at first sight as if it implied some specially close sympathy between that county and Ireland: but this pleasant theory is a good deal destroyed by a careful investigation of the local history. It will be observed that in all the three Westmoreland parishes that claim S. Patrick for their patron, some form of the name of Patrick is to be found in the name of the parish, as *Patterdale*, Preston-*Patrick*, and Bampton-*Patrick*. At the first glance this sounds promising for our saint, but the probability seems to be that we must look elsewhere than to Ireland for the Patrick in question, and shall find him in the famous feudal lord, "Cospatrick," whose name survives in yet another form in the Cumberland village of "Aspatria." From this Cospatrick, who lived not long after the Norman Conquest, descended a long line of Patricks and Patricias, and the name is to this day kept up among their descendants, the Curwens of Workington. One of these many Patricks, about the year 1119, largely endowed the abbey at Preston, and it may not improbably have been from his interest in it that it assumed the appellation of Preston-*Patrick*, to distinguish it from the innumerable other Prestons. Towards the end of the twelfth century, both the abbey of Preston-Patrick and the parish church of Bampton-Patrick were appropriated to the abbey of Shap. The appropriation took place just at the period when the most legendary of the many lives of S. Patrick was coming into vogue, and the monks doubtless took it for granted that their new possessions were properly dedicated to the distinguished Irish evangelist. Two hundred years later we have the Vicar of Bampton bequeathing his body to be buried in "the quire of S. Patric of Bampton;" * and so the two dedications have come to be established; but if the monks had searched a little more closely, they would have found, in the one case at least, evidence that might have made them hesitate as to the original patron, for at Preston-Patrick there is a well about two hundred yards east of the church, known as "S. Gregory's Well," † and there is no surer guide to the true dedication of a church than these old churchyard wells.

Patterdale, or "Patrickdale," as it is called in the Bishop of Carlisle's

* Nicolson and Burn. † Ibid.

register for 1581,* makes more pretensions to derive its name direct from the saint, and in support of this claim can point to a churchyard well known as "S. Patrick's Well." One county history says: "In this well according to popular tradition S. Patrick baptized many of the inhabitants of the dale. Though this visit rests only on tradition, it is an historical fact that S. Patrick was wrecked on Duddon Sands on his way to Dublin in 540, and he may have wandered to Ullswater." As our saint must, according to every possible reckoning, have been dead forty years at least at the date named, one is inclined to hope that the "tradition" is more trustworthy than the "historical fact," for which, by the way, the author gives no reference.

But whether or no these six churches—all or some of them—originally derived their name from the great teacher of the Irish, there can be no doubt at all that they are now indissolubly associated with him, and that the honoured S. Patrick of our Yorkshire and Westmoreland churches is likewise the honoured S. Patrick of Ireland.

S. Columba, A. June 9, 597.†

Ireland has always loved to link together her three best loved saints—S. Patrick, S. Bridget, and S. Columba—and the "Tripartite Life of S. Patrick" records a prophecy made to one of Columba's ancestors concerning the greatness of the yet unborn saint. The aged Patrick laid his hands upon the head of the awestruck chieftain, and declared to him that one should be born of his tribe who should be—

> "A sage, a prophet, a poet;
> A beloved light, pure, clear,
> Who will not utter falsehood."

A wondrously apt description this of the poet-founder of Iona, whose clear light has burned so steadily through the centuries!

It is not a little interesting to note that S. Columba, the evangelist of Scotland, was of Irish birth, while S. Patrick was, as we believe, a native of Scotland. It furnishes one illustration the more of the blessed give and take, the mutual interchange of good, that is for ever helping forward and widening the work of the Catholic Church.

If there is much of similarity between the two lives there is also much of difference. The external circumstances of S. Patrick's life are so stirring and varied that they can hardly fail to interest us even apart from our interest in the man himself; but in the case of S. Columba, the outward circumstances are comparatively uneventful, and it is above all the personality of the man that enchains us—that vehement fiery nature with its depths of passionate tenderness, moulded by heavenly grace and by long years of rigorous self-discipline to such rare beauty.

Then, again, in the very circumstances of their birth we find a striking difference. Patrick the slave owes his ascendency over the minds of his

* Nicolson and Burn.

† This account of S. Columba is based chiefly upon Montalembert's "Moines d'Occident." The direct quotations are from Adamnan's "Life of the Saint," and follow Dr. Fowler's translation (Clarendon Press).

hearers wholly to his own force of character: Columba begins life with all the privileges accorded so freely in Ireland to the descendant of an illustrious race. Yet once more: mark the immense difference between the Ireland into which S. Patrick came, and the Ireland in which a hundred years later S. Columba was born. There are no more conflicts with heathenism; everywhere Christianity is established, recognized in name, if too often ignored in deed. The monastery schools with all their elaborate system of education are in full work; and, strange though it sounds, the very strife which was to colour S. Columba's whole life arose from what can only be described as a dispute about copyright!

S. Columba has been fortunate in his biographers, both ancient and modern. By far the most valuable life of him is one written by a certain Abbot of Iona, named Adamnan, who in writing of Iona was writing of all that was most familiar to him. Adamnan had not the happiness of having known his hero; he was not born till a quarter of a century after Columba's death; but he made it the business of his life to gather up all that was known of the honoured founder of the community. He had the advantage of some earlier memoir (now lost to us), and he had talked with men who had known the saint. In peaceful isolated communities such as Iona memory is very faithful, and the deeds, the words, the very gestures of their founder, were tenderly treasured by generation after generation of monks. Of all that concerns the Scottish portion of S. Columba's history the Iona chronicler has much to tell; the earlier history is less interesting to him. But fortunately there is much to be gleaned from other sources, and in our own time the complete story of Columba has been most skilfully retold, by the late Comte de Montalembert, in a spirit that is not the less sympathetic because it is also carefully discriminating.

If everything had gone smoothly with Columba, it seems probable enough that his career would have been much the same as that of many of the royal Welsh founders of religious houses, whose names are still gratefully remembered in their own districts, but are little known elsewhere. He might have been a S. Dubricius,* or a S. Deiniol,* or a poet-philosopher such as S. Cadoc.* Like these men, he was of noble birth, a prince among his own people; and his clansmen, perceiving that he had chosen to give up the sceptre for the cowl, would have followed him by hundreds to the monastery as freely as they would have followed him to battle. His influence would have been powerful, and it would have been used in behalf of order and civilization; but it would have been an influence less far-reaching, far less lofty in aim, than it eventually became.

From childhood the routine of a monastery was familiar to the young prince, and he was a born organizer, so that very early he gave himself to the task of founding branch monasteries in various districts of Ulster. More than thirty Irish monasteries claim him as their founder, the most famous among them, and the one best loved by Columba himself, being that of Derry, the origin of the modern Londonderry.

* Ch. xxxii.

There was in Columba a striking union of the contemplative together with the active nature. Keenly alive as he was to all practical matters, he had a great delight in books and study, and there was in him a well of poetical feeling which only needed the touch of some strong emotion to make it flow forth deep and true. In the days of his sorrow he often found relief in verse ; but never perhaps did he sound a sweeter note than when he sang of his beloved native land and of his beautiful, his peaceful Derry, where "Heaven's angels come and go under every leaf of the oaks."

More than one anecdote recalls Columba's scholarly joy in finding himself within reach of books that were new to him, and his fierce anger against the selfish owners who grudged to others a share in their literary treasures. In his eagerness to possess a certain psalter which he met with at a neighbouring monastery, he sat up all the night transcribing it, and great was his indignation when his host claimed the copy as his own property. Columba appealed to the powerful King Diarmid, the over-king of all Ireland ; but, to his bitter chagrin, Diarmid gave judgment against him in the oracular but homely phrase, "To every cow her calf," by which he implied that the copy belonged to the possessor of the original book. "It is an unjust sentence, and I will revenge myself," Columba openly declared. The occasion which he desired came speedily enough. Diarmid pursued and slew a young prince who, having committed man-slaughter, had sought refuge in the territory of Columba ; and Columba was not slow to resent the insult to his authority. He gathered his clansmen together, entered into alliance with the King of Connaught, the father of the young prince who had been slain, and at the head of a large force marched forth to give battle to King Diarmid. The slaughter was great, but in the end Diarmid was utterly routed, and forced to fly for refuge to his palace at Tara. For the moment Columba and his party were triumphant—triumphant at every point—even, as it would seem, to the recovery of the famous manuscript, for after his death it became one of the most precious relics of his clansmen, the O'Donnells, and for more than a thousand years it was carried with them to battle enshrined in a sort of portable altar. This manuscript, distinguished by the highly appropriate Celtic name which means "the fighter," has escaped "as by miracle," says Montalembert, "from the ravages of which Ireland has been the victim, and exists still,* to the great joy of all learned Irish patriots."

The Ireland of those days was well accustomed to civil war and bloodshed, but the conscience of the Church was sufficiently awake to condemn the hasty and revengeful temper which had caused all this misery for the satisfaction of a private wrong—for all men were conscious that while the ostensible cause of the war was the wrong done to the Prince of Connaught, the real cause lay in Columba's fierce resentment at

* This supposed relic is treasured in the Irish Academy at Dublin, but it must be allowed that there is some question "whether the MS. can be so old as the time of Columba."—D. C. B.

Diarmid's decision touching the manuscript. A synod of the Church was assembled, and sentence of excommunication passed upon Columba—in his absence. Thanks to the merciful disposition of one of those present, this sentence was afterwards withdrawn, and the offender was only bidden "to win as many men to Christ as he had caused to perish in battle." This exhortation, uttered in Columba's hearing, moved him more than the harsher judgment which had gone before, and stirred within him the first feelings of uneasiness. His was a nature readily susceptible to tenderness, but as quickly hardened by reproaches. In presence of those who condemned him he dwelt only on the injustice, the breach of faith, that had provoked him to revenge; but his soul was secretly troubled, and he went from one spiritual guide to another seeking to ease his conscience of its heavy burden of blood-guiltiness. These men dealt with him tenderly, and the time came when he openly acknowledged his sin and faithfully yet humbly acquiesced in the hard penance laid upon him by a certain God-fearing old hermit, who bade him leave Ireland for ever. He should no less "win souls for Christ" as it had been appointed him, but he was to leave his own dear land and seek some more distant field of labour.

To Columba more than to most men the sacrifice was a costly one, but he unflinchingly made known to his kinsmen the path that he felt himself called by the Divine Will to tread. "An angel," said he, "has taught me that I must leave Ireland and remain in exile as long as I live, because of all those whom you slew in the last battle, which you fought on my account, and also in others which you know of." Whither he was to go he himself knew not as yet; but the feudal feeling was strong as ever in the hearts of his disciples, and twelve of his monks declared their purpose of following their chief wherever he might go. So the pain of parting was in measure softened, and together the little band embarked in the rude coracle that was to bear them to their unknown home, and turned their faces eastward in the direction of the Scottish archipelago.

The story goes that, having no special goal in view, the exiles landed at haphazard upon one of the first islands they came to, but that having discovered that from the heights the shores of their native land could be descried, the leader felt that this was subjecting themselves to a needless trial, and decided to go deeper into exile. The tradition has been handed down for centuries by a heap of stones known by a Gaelic name signifying "the back turned on Ireland." Another Gaelic name in a not far distant island, signifying "the bay of the osier bark," marks the very spot where Columba is believed to have first set foot on the little barren island which was to be his home for the remaining thirty years of his life, and which through him was destined to become so famous.

Iona—more properly called, from its great abbot, *I-colm-kill*, that is to say, "the island of Columb of the cell"—is a tiny rocky isle lying off the western shore of the Isle of Mull. Sterile it has always been, but in the course of thirteen centuries it has lost the one redeeming feature it had in Columba's time, when it was to some extent wooded. At first sight no

possible resting-place could have seemed more impossible for the fulfilment of the charge with which the penitent had been sent forth. How should he win souls for Christ in this uninhabited island? He might indeed make a little settlement here: by severe manual labour he and his companions might provide themselves with the sheer necessaries of life: they might go further and build themselves such a rustic church of sticks and branches as satisfied the simple needs of these Irish Christians: they might devote an ample portion of time to prayer and praise and study of the Holy Scriptures, nor were the means lacking for Columba's favourite recreation of transcribing books. The opportunity was now presented to the saint as never before of leading the contemplative life of a hermit, and he thankfully embraced it. At times he felt the need of a solitude even greater than that of Iona, and would withdraw to pray in secret in a yet more lonely islet, and by these hours of communion with his God the whole spirit of the man was deepened and enriched.

But the fame of the new-comer's sanctity quickly attracted pilgrims from among the Christians of the neighbouring islands and the mainland. Some came to ask for temporal relief, for help in sickness; many came with burdened consciences seeking spiritual guidance; and Columba gladly welcomed all who came, for had he not a message for all his fellow-men, and most of all for those who knew themselves to be sinful and helpless? His fellow-men they were in a peculiar sense, for the people of Southern Scotland were originally an offshoot from Ireland—the very name of "Scots" belonging in the first instance to the parent stock, though it has now become entirely identified with the branch. The ruling family belonged to the powerful O'Donnell clan, and the king who held sway over the islands and over a great part of the mainland, was connected with Columba by fairly close ties of blood, and on that account was disposed to befriend him.

Again, there was no barrier of a strange speech to be mastered, and—greatest bond of all—these people of Southern Caledonia were, in name at least, Christians. The preaching of S. Ninian (CH. XXXIII.) a hundred years before had left its mark upon the country. His organization had been—as was too often the case with Celtic organization—imperfect, and so his work had been less permanent than it might otherwise have been: truth was overlaid with superstition, and practice had become all too corrupt. Yet the work of the devoted pioneer had not been in vain: the faith S. Ninian had taught was still regarded with reverence, and Columba and his companions found a ready laid basis on which to build. It was to these scattered members of the household of faith that Columba first addressed his efforts before he undertook the wider task of evangelizing the still heathen Picts in the northern parts of Scotland—the Highlanders, as we should call them—a people whose very tongue was strange to him, and whom at first he could reach only by means of an interpreter; but the equal importance of both the home and the foreign mission work was ever present to his mind.

Through all external cares, through all petty interruptions, Columba lived as one who was for ever looking "not on the things which are seen, but on the things which are not seen," and this spirit of his insensibly stamped itself upon the whole of his surroundings. His disciples went forth to their manifold labours on the mainland, but from time to time they returned to the seclusion of Iona to seek renewal and inspiration in that pure atmosphere of prayer and praise and rigorous self-discipline.

Recruits flowed in upon the abbot in such abundance that the narrow limits of Iona were quickly overflowed, and it became needful to send out colony after colony. Columba is credited with the foundation of three hundred of these branch communities in Scotland and the Hebrides; but without paying any attention to this favourite Celtic figure—which meets us again in the statement that he made with his own hand three hundred transcripts of portions of the Scriptures—we may accept it as a figurative way of declaring the undoubted fact that here, as formerly in Ireland, he was for ever extending the range of his activities. His faculty for organizing was as conspicuous now as in early days, and no practical detail that concerned the welfare of his communities escaped his painstaking attention. It was only by the most careful husbandry that the poor soil of Iona could be made to render any adequate return for the labour spent upon it, and the abbot did not satisfy himself with a theoretical knowledge of the subject, but extended to each several worker a degree of sympathetic interest that did much to lighten the monotony of the daily task. With a like zeal he threw himself into a branch of science that was comparatively new to him, that of navigation. Boats were now his only mode of locomotion, and he studied the winds and the waves and the capabilities of his basket-work boats till he became a past-master in the art of sailing in those stormy and dangerous seas. In life there was no more trusted steersman, and after his death he came to be looked upon by the fisher-folk of the Hebrides as their peculiar patron, a sort of Scottish S. Nicholas.

All this practical energy was, so to speak, a part of the natural man; but in the years of his exile a deepening of spiritual experience had been silently going on within him that gave him a power for good such as he could never have exercised in his more prosperous days. Though he fully believed that the great sin of his early manhood was forgiven, his repentance was lifelong; but to his stern self-condemnation was joined an unfailing tenderness for all who were troubled in conscience. Many a burdened soul could confess to him what they would have concealed from every other human being, and encouraged by his words of hope, submitted themselves thankfully to the tests, often severe enough, by which he would have them try the sincerity of their purpose. But some came whose sincerity was doubtful, who came chiefly because it was a sort of fashion to seek the abbot's guidance. Such unreality was of all things hateful to him, and he was quick to detect and expose it. He was a little impatient, too, it must be owned, of the many hero-worshippers who flocked to the island, and Adamnan has recorded the master's not unnatural annoyance

when one of these unbidden guests—a person wanting in "delicate perceptions," as Columba complained—"in eager haste to kiss the saint upset the horn of ink."

Adamnan's biography is rather a collection of anecdotes than a systematic history; but from the mass of separate anecdotes it is possible to gain a fairly complete idea of the main outlines of S. Columba's life; while his lovable character reveals itself in a hundred unconscious touches in his intercourse with his fellow-men of all degrees—be they friendly kings or hostile Druids, lawless poachers or discontented wives.

One secret of his immense influence may well have been that he was always ready to believe the best of people. Goodness in any form called forth his glad recognition. More than once he pointed his disciples to the example of some yet unbaptized Highlander, who, though a lifelong stranger to the truths of Christianity, was yet meet to receive the greatest blessings, because of his faithfulness in "keeping the natural law." He was ever careful not to let his immediate precepts go beyond the conscience of the hearer. The starving poacher was furnished with some practical assistance in the art of snaring game, but was enjoined to confine himself strictly to the then legitimate sphere of wild game.

Space must be found for one more story which illustrates strikingly Columba's power of drawing out the best side of unpromising dispositions. A certain pilot and his wife came to him each complaining of the other, the wife in particular vehemently declaring that she would go on pilgrimage, or enter a convent, or do anything, rather than live with her husband. S. Columba put aside all these protestations, and persuaded both husband and wife to spend the night, as he himself undertook to do, in prayer and fasting. Next morning the abbot said to the wife: "O woman, art thou prepared to-day, as thou wast saying yesterday, to go out to a monastery of women?" She says: "Now I know that thy prayer concerning me is heard by God, for during this last night, my heart, how I know not, has been changed in me from dislike to love." "Why," continues Adamnan, "make a long story? From that same day to the day of her death, the soul of this woman was indissolubly cemented in love of her husband."

But as Columba's compassion was stirred by distress of whatever kind, so surely was his burning indignation aroused by any act of injustice or oppression. He would fearlessly plead with the offender, be he who he might, and if his pleadings were of no avail, the old fiery spirit seemed to rise up within him once more, and he would denounce the wrong-doer with a force of conviction that struck terror into those who heard. The poor looked to him as to their rightful champion, and there were few indeed who dared to provoke those rare but terrible outbursts of righteous anger.

A conspicuous recognition of the closeness of the bond between Columba and his adopted country was shown in the eleventh year of his exile, when the new king of the Southern Picts, Aidan by name, desired the abbot to set the seal upon his coronation by the bestowal of his blessing. The

ceremony is noteworthy as being the first of the kind recorded in the history of these islands; but for us Englishmen it has a special interest as unexpectedly linking S. Columba with Westminster Abbey. The stone which served King Aidan for his throne when he received the crown from the saint of Iona has been always identified by Scottish tradition with the famous "Stone of Destiny," * the coronation seat of the Scottish kings, which, after having been treasured for centuries in Scone Abbey, has at last found an honourable resting-place in Westminster Abbey, beneath the coronation chair of the sovereigns of England.

But though Columba had thus loyally thrown in his lot with the people among whom he lived, Ireland was still his heart's home, and he longed after his own kindred with a passionate intensity. In the first years of his exile the pain of banishment seemed almost more than he could bear. On no penitent could he in his own judgment impose a harder test of sincerity than by forbidding him to return to his native land; and he counted among the happiest of living things all who were free to revisit his beloved Ireland; he could almost have envied a poor storm-beaten crane which, driven by fierce winds from the north of Ireland, fell exhausted upon the beach at Iona. He bade one of his monks tend it carefully for three days. "Then," added he, "unwilling to sojourn any longer with us, it will return with fully recovered strength to its former sweet home in Ireland; and I so earnestly commend it to thee, because it comes from our father-land." The strange gift of second sight which Columba shared in common with so many of our Northern saints, always showed itself most markedly in relation to events passing in Ireland. The needs of those he loved seemed ever to be made known to him in some mysterious manner, and forthwith, whatever might be his occupation, he would fall on his knees and give himself up to urgent prayer on their behalf.

But the time came when duty and inclination were merged in one, and he found himself called, in the interests of Scottish patriotism, to revisit Ireland. King Aidan desired to see his people released from the payment of a tribute to the supreme king of Ireland, which was felt to be a heavy burden, and there was no man so fit to undertake the mission as the Abbot of Iona. King Diarmid was long since dead, and it was certain Scotland could furnish no more acceptable ambassador than the voluntary exile who had once held so high a place in the affections of his countrymen. Nor did Columba himself feel that there was anything in the conditions of his penance which forbade him to return to Ireland for a definite purpose such as this, though he might never again look upon it as his home. His mission was entirely successful, and besides doing service to his adopted country, he was enabled to do considerable service to the corporation of bards in his native land, who were at that time fallen into great disfavour in high places. Columba the poet had a strong fellow-feeling for his brother bards, and he was happy in being able by his intercessions to secure them in the exercise of many of their threatened privileges.

* Stanley's "Westminster."

After this time he seems no longer to have denied himself the solace of an occasional visit to Ireland, and in the monasteries that he had founded, and indeed everywhere else, he was received with ever-increasing enthusiasm, as the old affection for the popular feudal chieftain deepened into a wondering reverence for the visible holiness of the saint.

Years passed on—more than thirty years since the time of his landing at Iona—and Columba was an old man of threescore and ten, unequal any longer to the fatigues of his rough missionary journeys, but still as ever the beloved father and guide of all the community. The outward man was fast perishing, but the inward man was being renewed day by day. His thoughts turned more and more to that unseen world for which he longed, and not seldom he let fall some word concerning the angelic visions that had been vouchsafed to him in his hours of solitary prayer. A monk, less scrupulous than the rest, one day secretly followed his master to his hillside oratory, and professed to have seen the aged saint surrounded by a company of angels, whence the spot gained its name of "the Angels' Hill."

The shadow of the master's coming death lay heavily upon the whole community. His disciples shrank from any word that spoke of parting, and Columba, in his tender consideration for their weakness, denied himself the comfort of giving utterance to the farewell thoughts that filled his own soul. Yet he craved for some token of sympathy, and took comfort even from the mute caress of the old white horse—"that faithful servant that used to carry the milk-pails between the cow-pasture and the monastery." This creature came and laid his head upon his master's shoulder. The attendant would have driven him away, but Columba said: "Let him alone! as he loves me so, let him alone." And so "he blessed his sorrowing servant the horse," and turned away. It was not till the last day of his life that he broke down the barrier of silence by saying secretly to one of his most trusted disciples, Diormit by name: "This day is in the sacred volumes called Sabbath, which is, being interpreted, Rest. And for me this day is a Sabbath indeed, because it is the last day of this my present laborious life, in which I take my rest after all the wearinesses of my labours. For even now my Lord Jesus Christ deigneth to invite me, to Whom, in the middle of this night, I shall depart." Diormit, "on hearing these sad words, began to weep bitterly, but the Saint endeavoured to console him as well as he could."

To the eyes that watched him so lovingly there was no change in his wonted habits to cause alarm. When he came indoors he turned to his favourite occupation of transcribing the psalter. The last words he copied were these: "They that seek the Lord shall not want any manner of thing that is good;" and there he broke off, saying: "I must cease." In the evening he entrusted to one of the brethren, who was alone with him in his cell, a brief message for the community, exhorting them as his last command to "charity and peace." After this he spoke no more, but at midnight the accustomed sound of the service bell roused him, and caused

him to hasten to his old place in the church and kneel down before the altar. The closing scene shall be described in the very words of Adamnan. "Diormit, following more slowly, at the same moment sees from a distance that the whole church is filled within with angelic light. But when he approaches the door, the light quickly disappeared. So Diormit, entering the church, keeps on asking, in a lamentable voice, 'Where art thou, Father?' And, feeling his way through the darkness, he finds the Saint prostrate before the altar; and, lifting him up a little and sitting beside him, he placed the holy head in his bosom. And meanwhile, the congregation of monks running up with the lights, and seeing their father dying, began to weep. And the Saint looked about on either hand with a wonderful cheerfulness and joy of countenance; doubtless seeing the holy angels coming to meet him. Then Diormit lifts up the holy right hand of the Saint that he may bless the monks. The venerable man himself, so far as he could, at the same time moved his hand, so that he might still be seen, while passing away, to bless the brethren by the motion of his hand, though he was not able to do so with his voice. And, after his holy benediction thus expressed, he immediately breathed out his spirit."

He was laid to rest in Iona, but in the ninth century his remains were translated, and, according to Irish tradition, they now lie at Down, together with those of his great compatriots, S. Patrick and S. Bridget.

Undoubtedly we in England owe an imperishable debt of gratitude to S. Columba. As a reminder of this we need only recall the work of such men as Aidan, Oswald, Chad, Cuthbert—all of them, in some sense, spiritual children of Iona. But in so far as the dedication of churches in his honour may be taken as a test, that debt has been but inadequately acknowledged. In Scotland, as might be expected, S. Columba has been widely honoured, and Dr. Reeves * has been able to trace no less than fifty of what he calls "Columbian foundations," though many of these exist no longer. When, however, we come across the border the case is very different. S. Columba has not taken root among us any more than S. Patrick, and, curiously enough, there is the same doubt attaching to several of the churches that bear the name of Columba that we have already had to notice in connexion with some of those supposed to be dedicated to S. Patrick—a doubt, that is to say, whether the name did really take its origin from the saint or from some other source.

The Westmoreland dedications in this name are especially noticeable owing to their number. If all the counties in England had a like share, S. Columba's churches would mount up to a hundred and twenty. As it is, there are but eight in all, and of these Westmoreland claims more than a third. There must surely be some reason for this marked preference for S. Columba, and very possibly the reason is to be found, not in Columba of Iona, but in a far less celebrated namesake of his of local fame, occasionally designated "S. Columba II." This Columba was the son of the regulus, or lord, of Appleby, evidently a considerable land-holder, in

* Preface to Adamnan's "Columba."

days not far removed from those of S. Columba. This youth was at one time at the point of death—believed, indeed, to be dead—when he was restored to life by S. Blane,* who afterwards baptized him and bestowed upon him the name, so dear to all Celtic missionaries, of "Columba." The father, in gratitude for this great mercy, gave to S. Blane the manor of Appleby, together with several other specified lands whose names can no longer be identified, but which were still, after S. Blane's death, in the possession of the church of Dunblane. The younger Columba was himself distinguished for his sanctity, and the remainder of his "wonderful life" was illuminated by the working of miracles.† He was, in fact, accounted a saint, and it is not difficult to understand how doubly dear the name of Columba must henceforth have become in this district of England.

Of the three ancient Westmoreland dedications referred to one is close to Appleby, at Warcop. In a Will of the fourteenth century the church is spoken of as "S. Columbe," but in 1526 we meet it in the abbreviated form of "S. Combe's."‡ Warcop is one of the five northern churches where the yearly festival of "the rushbearing"§ is still observed. It is now kept on June 29 (S. Peter's Day), but it may be doubted whether the festival was not originally held on S. Columba's Day, June 9. The change of style would bring the feast to June 20 or 21, a date conveying no meaning at all to the majority of the worshippers, and the festival may then not improbably have been altered to S. Peter's Day, according to the well-known tendency to merge the more obscure feast-days in the greater ones. This is taking for granted that the intended patron was S. Columba of Iona, and not the local Columba; but the probability is that while the name was chosen for the sake of its local associations, all the formal honours were paid to the recognized saint of the martyrologies. A like confusion of days may account for a similar doubt between S. Peter and S. Columba at the church of Askham in Furness. The "Liber Regis" (not always the most trustworthy of authorities) ascribes it to the Apostle, whereas a county history‖—on what ground we know not—gives it to S. Columba.

There is no doubt of this kind existing at Casterton near Kirkby Lonsdale, where "S. Coume's Well," close to the spot known as "Chapel-head-close,"¶ on which the ancient chapel formerly stood, testifies plainly enough to its now forgotten patron, S. Combe, or Columba; but, unfortunately, Casterton has not been at the pains of preserving old associations, and the new church that was erected in the place in 1838 was dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

If it were possible to identify all the different manors enumerated as having been appropriated to the church of Dunblane, we should be better able to judge of the extent of territory over which the lord of Appleby ruled, and we should know whether we might reasonably attribute to his

* The saint who has given his name to the Scottish see of Dunblane.

† Forbes.

‡ Nicolson and Burn.

§ See S. Anne (CH. X.), S. Theobald (CH. XXIX.), S. Oswald (CH. XXXIX.).

‖ Whelan's "Westmoreland."

¶ Nicolson and Burn.

influence a fourth church of S. Columba's, lying across the Yorkshire border—that of Topcliffe—a church which appears in Domesday Book. Be this as it may, S. Columba II. cannot have anything to do with the church of S. Columba * at Collingtree in Northamptonshire. The presence of the Abbot of Iona in the very heart of the Midlands is a matter of no small interest, and cannot be accounted for in the same way as the presence of the Celtic Modwenna (CH. XXXI.) at Burton-on-Trent, by supposing it to be an actual foundation of the saint whose name it bears. We do, however, from time to time come across sporadic instances of Celtic saints in the very middle of Saxon England (take, for example, the now lost dedication to the Cornish S. Budoc † in Oxford), and in the absence of fuller information, we may reasonably suppose that they were made familiar by some far-travelled North-country missionary.

In Celtic Cornwall we should greet S. Columba with less surprise, and the two adjacent parishes of St. Columb Major and St. Columb Minor seem of right to belong to the Abbot of Iona. That for many centuries they have been reckoned as belonging to him is proved by the date of the old fair ‡ at St. Columb Minor—June 9 or 10—which points back unmistakably to "the day or morrow of the feast of S. Columba;" yet even here there is a question whether the saint of Iona be the original patron, or whether the name does not come in the first instance from some long-forgotten Celtic virgin. It is a moot question, and we dare not speak with the comfortable decision of old Camden,§ who writes thus: "S. Columbs, a little market town, dedicated to Columba, an exceeding pious woman and a martyr, and not to Columbanus the Scot, as I am now fully satisfied by her life." ‖

But leaving aside all disputed points, we may allow without fear of contradiction that by this time S. Columba of Iona has a long-vested interest in all the ancient churches that bear his name.

Of the modern churches we may mention three. Two of these are situated without much regard to historic fitness, the one at Haggerston, the other at Liverpool: the third, at Southwick in Durham, has somewhat more justification for its existence as being in a part of the country where the influence of Columba and his successors was most powerful and lasting. But even where no sort of historic fitness can be pleaded, we may well be glad to have the lives and labours of such men as S. Patrick and S. Columba brought anew before our minds.

* The curious reading "S. Columbus" found in some lists must surely be a purely accidental corruption.

† CH. XXXVII.

‡ Truro Kalendar.

§ "Britannia."

‖ For yet a third theory as to the Cornish parishes of St. Columb, see S. Columba, the Virgin Martyr of Sens (CH. LI.).

CHAPTER XXXI.

S. BRIDGET AND HER COUNTRYWOMEN.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
147	S. Bridget, or Bride, V. Abs.	February 1 ...	cir. 523	21	
157	S. Modwen, or Modwenna, V. Abs.	July 6 ...	Seventh cent.	—	*See dd.*
159	S. Bees, or Bega, V. Abs. ...	Day doubtful	Seventh cent.	2	*See also triple deds.*
163	S. Pandiana, or Pandionia, V.	August 21 or 26	——	—	*See dd.*

S. Bridget, or Bride, V. Abs. Feb. 1, cir. 523.

S. PATRICK, S. Columba, S. Bridget, these three form the triple glory of Ireland. All three names are represented in England, but, curiously enough, the honours paid to S. Bridget on this side St. George's Channel, in the matter of pre-Reformation dedications, exceed those to S. Patrick and S. Columba combined. And not only are they more numerous, but they stand on firmer ground: the comparatively rare dedications to both S. Patrick and S. Columba are confused with alternative ascriptions to other saints, and those in the North country may very possibly have originated, as has been already shown (CH. XXX.), not with the saints themselves, but with some local celebrity who first caused the name to be familiar in the district. We would not for a moment deny that from a very early period the original signification of the name was already forgotten in the memory of the more famous bearer of it, only we are inclined to think that the first introduction into the North of England of the names of Patrick and Columba did depend on some such local associations, and not wholly upon the saints themselves. The more closely all dedications to S. Patrick and S. Columba are examined, the more prone they are to crumble away beneath our touch; but, fortunately, there is no such doubt overhanging the twenty churches that bear the name of "the Mary of Ireland," the tenderly loved Abbess of Kildare, whose churches run in an unbroken line up the West of England —from Devon to Cumberland—marking out as with a cord the limits of Celtic influence.

In point of time, S. Bridget stands midway between the two great saints with whom her countrymen love to associate her. In her childhood she had known S. Patrick, and had heard him preach—or, rather, had fallen asleep under his discourse—and so highly was she esteemed by him

that to her was entrusted the honour of working his shroud. Like S. Patrick himself, she is said to have foretold the birth of S. Columba and his future greatness.

There is abundant material for the history of S. Bridget in the way both of metrical and prose lives of her, but it is a matter of dispute whether even the earliest of them is, as it claims to be, written by a contemporary. No one of these early lives attempts to give a systematic history of the saint; rather, they are a storehouse of anecdotes thrown together at haphazard. But even granting that none of the extant lives are of earlier date than the seventh century—and even the severest critics are inclined to assign to the first metrical life a far earlier date than this—granting that the different accounts do in many details contradict one another; even granting all this, we still find ourselves in possession of a vast mass of details which do unquestionably "testify to a basis of fact."* Not only do they incidentally throw much valuable light upon the manners and customs of the time when the lives were compiled, but they do somehow contrive to set before us a very living portrait of the loving-hearted, impulsive woman, appropriately surnamed "the Fiery Dart."

Mr. Froude in his "Short Studies," speaking of the lives of the saints in general, and more particularly of the various lives of S. Bridget, says: "Whoever is curious to read the lives of the saints in their originals should . . . never read a late life when he can command an early one, for the genius in them is in the ratio of their antiquity. . . . Out of the unnumbered lives of *S. Bride* three are left. The earliest . . . are in verse. . . . The flow is easy, the style graceful and natural; but the step from poetry to prose is substantial as well as formal; the imagination is ossified, and we exchange the exuberance of legendary creativeness for the dogmatic record of fact without reality, and fiction without grace. The marvellous in the poetical lives is comparatively slight; the after-miracles being composed frequently out of a mistake of poets' metaphors for literal truth. There is often real, genial, human beauty in the old verse. The first two stanzas, for instance, of S. Bride's hymn are of high merit—

"'Bride the Queen, she loved not the world; she floated on the waves of the world As the sea-bird floats upon the billow. Such sleep she slept as the mother sleeps, In the far land of her captivity, Mourning for her child at home.'"

But in truth no transition "from poetry to prose" can wholly quench the spark of poetry that here shines through legend after legend, and makes the history of S. Bridget such strangely attractive reading after the bald legends of the Roman virgins. The impossibilities may be as glaring in the one case as in the other; but while we are wearied out by the commonplace monotony of the Latin legends, we are carried along by the quaintness and native grace of the Celtic stories. Here, indeed, "the natural magic," of which Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks, comes to our aid.

Lack of any sufficient thread of narrative makes it difficult to present

* Bishop Forbes in D. C. B.

the life of S. Bridget in any consecutive form. It is true that she is, to a certain extent, mixed up with the history of the times; but Irish history of the fifth century is—to all but those who have made a close study of it—like an endless labyrinth of brushwood. To ordinary readers it seems full of records of petty quarrels between rival kings and tribes, relating for the most part to the cows which formed so large a share of the wealth of those days. Of feuds such as these, which desolated many a homestead, and caused the land of Ireland to be what the old annalists expressively call "a trembling sod," * we hear more than enough in the history of S. Bridget; but from the terrors that encompassed her, she herself was always preserved; to her no evil happened; and if she owed something to the protection of the great ones of the earth, they believed themselves to owe yet more to the power of her intercessions. The names of S. Bridget's protectors convey little to English readers, but there is scarcely a name, either of person or place, mentioned in her history that has not been identified by Irish scholars. Foremost among her patrons at different periods of her life were the successive Kings of Leinster, and this is just as it should be, for though all the four kingdoms of Ireland claim some share in this favourite saint, it is to Leinster that she of right belongs. She was born in Ulster, say the early lives (most probably in the actual county of Louth †); she was educated in Connaught; her labours extended to Munster; but Leinster was the scene, not only of her death, but of her life's work.

By the father's side S. Bridget was of royal descent, of the same stock as the saintly Columba. Endless disputes have raged concerning her mother, who is stated by some to have belonged to the great family of O'Connor, but according to more generally received accounts is held to have been a beautiful slave-girl in the chieftain's service. Upon this theory are based the many stories of Bridget's unhappy girlhood, in which she is represented as meekly suffering all manner of hardships at the hands of her father's wife; but all such stories are wanting in the earliest lives of the saint, and should therefore be received with caution. Indeed, we may almost say with a very careful Irish writer on this subject, that "the least remarkable circumstances attending S. Bridget's life" seem upon examination to be "the most probable." ‡

Bridget's father is supposed to have been converted to Christianity by S. Patrick. Whether this event took place before or after the birth of his little daughter is not known, but that the child was brought up in a Christian atmosphere is plainly shown by the following reminiscence of her childish plays which she long afterwards told to one of her nuns. "When I was a little girl," said she, "I made an altar in honour of my God, yet with childlike intention. Then an angel of the Almighty, in my presence,

* A phrase quoted in O'Hanlon's "S. Bridget."

† Louth is at present of course reckoned as belonging to Leinster, but the particular village in which our saint is believed to have been born, Faughart by name, was "formerly within the Ulster province."—O'Hanlon.

‡ O'Hanlon.

perforated the stone at its four corners and placed therein four wooden feet."

The too impulsive generosity that was her abiding characteristic showed itself early. The charge of her mother's dairy was committed to her, and, with the free-handedness of her race, the little Bridget was in the habit of giving largely to all who seemed in want—be they human beings or dogs. More than once she was dismayed to find she had gone too far. The butter and milk were completely exhausted; the dog had beguiled her into parting with most of the bacon that was preparing for the day's dinner. Then S. Bridget, according to her unfailing habit, betook herself to prayer; the store of butter was miraculously replenished, and a sufficient supply of bacon was happily discovered. Such stories are of perpetual recurrence throughout S. Bridget's life, and it is plain that housekeeping was not her strong point, for we constantly hear of her cupboards being bare just when some great train of visitors was at hand. But no mischance of this kind ever discomposed our saint or discouraged her hospitable instincts, and the need was always supplied in time—either by supernatural means or by the opportune gifts of some kindly disposed neighbour. The purely natural and the supernatural are so simply and freely intermingled in all the stories of S. Bridget that one passes from one to the other almost insensibly.

According to one of the Irish lives, it was in the days of her early girlhood, before she had become a professed virgin, that S. Bridget first gained the title that has clung to her through fourteen centuries, of "the Mary of the Irish." A widowed friend had asked leave to take the girl to be present at the Synod that was then being held on the banks of the Liffey. Now, while they were journeying, one of the holy men assembled in council fell asleep, and dreamed that he beheld the blessed Virgin Mary, a vision which, on waking, he mentioned in the Synod. Shortly after Bridget arrived, and on beholding her, the man cried out: "This is the Mary whom I have seen, for I know with certainty her appearance." The fancy pleased the Synod, who saluted the maiden by the name of Mary, and henceforth she was always known as "the Mary of the Irish."

Her steady refusal to marry was for a time a cause of great annoyance to her family, more especially to her brothers. This crisis of her life is told with many different details. It is said that, seeing herself on the point of being forced into marriage, she prayed that she might keep her freedom even at the expense of her beauty, and her fair face became disfigured so that it was grievous to behold, nor was it until the moment when the bishop laid his hand upon her and set her apart as a consecrated virgin that her beauty was restored to her. The bishop of whom she sought consecration—a certain Macchile, living in what is known to us as West Meath—at first demurred on account of her tender years, but when he marked the column of fire that shone over her head as she knelt in church, he took it as a sure sign of the Divine favour, and hesitated no longer, but invested her with the white garments which then and for

long afterwards were the distinctive garb of all Irish nuns. It is perhaps this legend of the column of fire that has earned for S. Bridget her designation of "the Fiery Dart."

For some time after this ceremony, S. Bridget, according to the custom of the age, continued to live at home and to follow her ordinary avocations; but when other consecrated virgins gathered round her, looking upon her as their head, she was gradually led to form a small community of her own, under the nurturing guidance of her friend the bishop. This first foundation of S. Bridget's has never been satisfactorily identified, though there is ground for supposing it to be Ardagh, in the county of West Meath. It was, indeed, a day of small things, for the entire community numbered but eight. On one occasion the bishop invited them all to a banquet. As they sat down to table, S. Bridget entreated her host to speak a few words of exhortation before the meal began. Accordingly he delivered a short discourse on the Beatitudes. Bridget, struck with the correspondence in number between the eight beatitudes and the eight guests there present, proposed to her "sisters in Christ" that each one should make it her peculiar aim to merit one of these blessings. The suggestion pleased the sisterhood, but they begged S. Bridget to make the first choice, and she, "without a moment's hesitation selected mercy for her particular practice"—a choice strikingly characteristic of her whole life. From the time of this banquet S. Bridget made it a rule never to take bodily food without adding thereto spiritual food of some kind, in the form either of Bible reading or preaching; and it must be confessed that her insatiable love of sermons now and again led her into very awkward predicaments. In order always to have her preacher at hand, she combined in the same person the double offices of chaplain and charioteer. The excellent priest chosen for this purpose was accustomed not only to undertake the spiritual direction of the nuns and to read to them during meals times, but also to preach to S. Bridget when he drove her abroad in her chariot and pair. On one occasion she was on her way to address a large assembly on the banks of the Liffey, and the chaplain, in the attempt to make himself heard, kept turning his head. The abbess bade him throw down the reins and turn completely round. He obeyed, and the natural result followed; one of the horses slipped its neck from the collar, broke the traces, and ran away, and the chariot, leaning dangerously to one side, was dragged violently along by the edge of a precipice. The three travellers sat calmly unconscious of their peril, but it was all too plain to the eyes of the King of Leinster, who was watching the arrivals from the top of a hill. Happily the remaining horse turned into a field, and the too careless drivers escaped uninjured.

As years went on and the fame of S. Bridget increased, she attracted round her an immense number of disciples. The place where she dwelt became too small for her, and the white-cloaked sisters of S. Bridget began to send forth colonies into various parts of Ireland. They all wore the same garb and followed the same rule—a rule drawn up by S. Bridget

herself. From incidental notices in the different lives of the saint it is supposed that her nuns were not all congregated under one roof, but lived in separate cells round about the church. In the severity of their self-discipline S. Bridget and her sisters surpassed the most rigid ascetics of the Roman school; but in absence of conventionality, in greater elasticity of methods, S. Bridget resembled the high-born Northumbrian abbesses, such as S. Hilda and S. Ebba. Like these saints, she formed lasting friendships with the most remarkable men of her day: like them, she exercised a strong influence over the younger men: like them, she ruled over communities of men as well as of women: like them, she kept open house, and entertained with an almost regal magnificence.

The necessities of her many foundations obliged her to be a great traveller, and we hear of her now in Connaught, now in Munster, braving all the hardships of journeying—even to fording the Shannon! Of all these foundations by far the greatest and most celebrated was that of *Kildare*, in West Meath, which took its name of "the cell [or church] of the oak" from the mighty oak tree which was the glory of the place. The occupations of the nuns at Kildare were much the same as those of other nuns: in addition to the daily round of prayer and meditation, in addition to the more obvious duties of ministering to the poor and suffering, they devoted themselves to that art of illumination in which the Irish afterwards attained to such rare perfection. S. Bridget herself is said to have been something of an author, and sundry verses and tracts are attributed to her pen, though it is hard to see what time was left in her busy life for authorship. Music was a delight to her, and we have a pleasant picture of her among a group of amateur harpers, encouraging their untrained efforts.

The settlement at Kildare, the recognized headquarters of her work, grew with amazing rapidity. The number of S. Bridget's nuns is placed at thirteen thousand, in place of the stereotyped three thousand of the ordinary Celtic monasteries, a figure which may at least be interpreted to mean an unusually large number. The fame of the saint's prodigal charities attracted vast multitudes from all parts of the country. That S. Bridget was from time to time imposed upon is no matter of surprise; but she was one of those people who would rather run the risk of being defrauded than turn a deaf ear to real necessity. Suffering of whatever kind appealed to her tender nature: she loved to minister to the blind, the maimed, the lepers; but it was the aged and the insane who drew forth her most reverent sympathy. A dangerous madman once crossed her path: all shrank from him in terror, but the abbess fearlessly accosted him and bade him "declare to her the words of Christ Jesus." So strong was the influence of her calm spirit that for a brief interval it controlled him wholly. "O holy Bridget," said he, "I obey thee. Love God, and all will love thee; honour God, and all will honour thee; fear God, and all will fear thee." So he ended, and then the old paroxysms seized him, and he fled away with loud cries.

Nothing angered S. Bridget more than any selfish saving of trouble at the expense of the weak and helpless, and her righteous indignation was poured forth upon the heartless sick-nurse who proposed to strip a dying woman of some of her wraps in order to save the after trouble of washing them. Strange little touches of human nature these to have floated down to us through thirteen centuries!

It was not enough for S. Bridget to do good to people; she longed to make them happy, and to make them happy in their own way. Another poor madman seated at her board refused to touch his food unless he could gain possession of the spear of a certain king who had on the previous day been entertained in the convent. All efforts to pacify him were fruitless, and the abbess, perceiving this, secretly sent a messenger after the king to beg the spear of him. It was promptly sent back with the message that S. Bridget should have all his arms if she required them! No wonder that all were willing to serve one who was for ever serving others; one who missed no trifling opportunity of gratifying the known tastes of her friends—were it but in the matter of a jar of honey or a supply of watercress. While thus alive to the smallest wants of others, she was singularly absent-minded where her own comfort was concerned, and in illustration of this a pretty legend is told. One day when she had been playing shepherdess—a very favourite form of recreation with her—she came home wet through. By-and-by the rain ceased and a sunbeam stole into the chamber: S. Bridget mistook it for a clothes-line, and hung her wet cloak thereupon!

Sunbeams and this most joyous of saints seemed to have a natural affinity. To the end she preserved a buoyancy and enthusiasm of spirit which gave her a natural fellowship with the young. Once when she was out walking she marked a young scholar running eagerly in her direction, and bade her nuns call him to her. With some reluctance the youth drew near, and she asked whither he was running in such haste. He made answer: "It is my duty to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and towards that I run." Then Bridget, understanding what was in his heart, said to him: "Would that I were worthy to run with you this day towards God's kingdom; but pray for me, brother, that I may enter that realm of bliss." The warm-hearted response called forth the young scholar's lifelong devotion, and years afterwards it was his happy privilege to minister to the abbess on her death-bed.

The stories of S. Bridget, some grave, some gay, are sufficient to fill a volume, but we have space for only one more. It is interesting not only as illustrating the poetic beauty of the old lives, but from the unexpectedness of its ending, so unlike the ordinary run of legends. We give it in the words of Mr. Baring-Gould.*—"One evening, as the sun went down, she sat with Sister Dara, a holy nun, who was blind; and they talked of the love of Jesus Christ, and the joys of Paradise. Now their hearts were so full, that the night fled away whilst they spoke together, and

* February 1.

neither knew that so many hours had sped. Then the sun came up from behind Wicklow mountains, and the pure white light made the face of earth bright and gay. Then Bridget sighed, when she saw how lovely were earth and sky, and knew that Dara's eyes were closed to all this beauty. So she bowed her head and prayed, and extended her hand and signed the dark orbs of the gentle sister. Then the darkness passed away from them, and Dara saw the golden ball in the east, and all the trees and flowers glittering with dew in the morning light. She looked a little while, and then, turning to the abbess, said, 'Close my eyes again, dear mother, for when the world is so visible to the eyes, God is seen less clearly to the soul.' So Bridget prayed once more, and Dara's eyes grew dark again."

S. Bridget, like many of her race in all ages, possessed in a very high degree the mysterious gift known as second sight, and not a few instances of this appear in the lives. One of the most striking manifestations of it occurred when she was on her way into Munster in company with the celebrated S. Erc, Bishop of Slane. As they journeyed she asked her companion to point out to her the part of the country where his family dwelt. When he had done so she cried out: "At present there is a war waging between your tribe and another." The bishop made answer: "I believe what thou hast told me is true, for when I last left them they were in a state of discord." Then Bridget cried again: "O father, your people are now routed!" One of the bishop's disciples asked incredulously: "How can she see the battle at such a distance?" But the bishop rebuked him for doubting the reality of this strange gift, and in the event every melancholy detail that S. Bridget had declared was found to be true.

It is somewhat surprising that so little is known concerning the particulars of our saint's death. As far as can be gathered, she lived to a good old age, and ended her days in her best-loved convent of Kildare, about the year 523, but the exact date has been much disputed.

In memory of S. Bridget—"the Fiery Dart"—the nuns of Kildare kept ever burning a sacred fire called by her name. It was tended with such undying care that for close upon seven centuries "S. Bridget's fire" remained as a witness to her memory. At the end of that time (in 1220) it was extinguished by order of the then Archbishop of Dublin, lest its continuance should be considered a cause of superstition; it was subsequently rekindled, and only finally extinguished at the time of the Reformation.*

But though S. Bridget's fire burns no longer, there are abiding traces of her in her own land in the countless churches and chapels and wells dedicated to her, and still more in the many townlands and parishes that bear the name of "Kilbride." "The number of churches dedicated to her," says Bishop Forbes,† "exceeds the power of our enumeration, while the actual prevalence of the name she bore among the peasantry of Ireland

* Knight's "History of England." † "Scottish Saints."

shows how to this day the recollection of her work, and the faith in her intercessions abide in the minds of that most interesting people." In Ireland, as may be seen from the lengthy lists given in O'Hanlon's "Irish Saints"—lists which do not profess to be anything like exhaustive—her churches are "almost numberless." "In Scotland also," says Bishop Forbes,* "the cultus of this saint was very extensive, and as might be expected, her dedications are chiefly found in those parts which are nearest to Ireland and under Irish influence." Two, at any rate, of these Scottish dedications repeat the favourite Irish form of "Kilbride."

England, too, has her share of dedications to S. Bridget, but with the one exception of S. Bride's church in the City of London, of which we shall speak presently, they are all of them, like the Scottish dedications just alluded to, situated in "those parts which are nearest to Ireland," and the most open to Celtic influences.

It is worth noticing that in the case of S. Bridget the usual Celtic practice of naming a church after none but its real founder is abrogated. S. Bridget never crossed the Irish Channel, and yet England can show some twenty dedications in her honour. The probable explanation is that they were introduced at a date when Saxon influences had already in some measure affected Celtic usage; and if any but the actual founder was to be commemorated, who so worthy as this S. Bridget, whose praise was in all the churches?

In Cumberland she is highly popular, this single county contributing six churches in honour of S. Bridget, or almost one-third of the entire English total of ancient dedications in this name. When the Norman conquerors came up into Cumberland they found two villages which bore S. Bridget's name stamped upon them in very unmistakable language, the one called *Bridekirk*, the other *Kirkbride*.† It is curious, by the way, how large a proportion of this saint's English parishes do bear some such witness to their original dedication. There are Kirkbride and Bridekirk already mentioned; Brigham, also in Cumberland; the Monmouthshire parish of Llansaintffraid (*i.e.* "the church of S. Bride"); the Herefordshire Bridstow; and the Devonshire parishes of Bridestow and Bridge-Rule, not to reckon Virginstow in the same county. In addition to these, we have three more dedications to S. Bridget in Monmouthshire, two in Somerset, and two in Cheshire.

The two Somersetshire dedications are the only ones which admit of a possible doubt as to whether they were really intended in the first instance for S. Bridget of Kildare, though undoubtedly they have for centuries been identified with her. Both these churches, Breane and Chelvey, are within easy range of the famous Celtic monastery of Glastonbury. According to the statements made in more than one of the later lives of S. Bridget, our saint at one time visited Glastonbury; indeed, some writers go so far as to assert that she was buried there. There is no sort of reason to believe that the Abbess of Kildare ever left her

* D. C. B. † Nicolson and Burn.

native land, but the confusion is amply explained by the discovery that another S. Bridget, wholly unknown to fame, did live and die on a little island near Glastonbury, which took from her its name of *Brideshai*, or "Bride's Island."* This unknown S. Bridget was really buried at Glastonbury, and it is not impossible that the monks of Glastonbury may have chosen their own S. Bridget as the patroness of the two neighbouring churches of Breane and Chelvey. It must be allowed, however, that this is pure conjecture, and that before it can be accepted the preliminary point of a connexion between Glastonbury and the parishes in question would need to be established.

Churches dedicated to S. Bridget are very rarely troubled with alternative dedications. Bridge-Rule in Devonshire has indeed a second ascription to S. Michael, and in one standard list,† Bassenthwaite in Cumberland is attributed to S. Bridget's compatriot, S. Bega, or Bees. This, however, is an exceedingly rare dedication, and the county historians ‡ are more likely to be correct in ascribing it to S. Bridget. The perplexing "S. Brydock," who figures in the same County History as the patron of Kirkbride, is no separate saint, but merely a Cumberland corruption of S. Bride.

But the best known and by far the most interesting of all the dedications to S. Bridget is the famous church of S. Bride's in Fleet Street, whose white tapering spire, one of the glories of Sir Christopher Wren, is so familiar an object to Londoners. The City of London is very catholic in the saints to whom she gives admission. Here Angels and Apostles are commemorated side by side with the Egyptian Antony, the Roman Empress Helena, the Danish warrior Olave, the Anglo-Saxon King Edmund, the French martyr-maiden Faith, and others of divers times and nationalities too many to enumerate; but if it were not for S. Bridget, the great Celtic branch of the Church Universal would be wholly unrepresented. How and when came she there? We know not; but from the days of the early Plantagenet kings we find constant mention of the royal palace of Bridewell, so named from "the Well of S. Bride" hard by the church. It must have been for love of his tutelary saint that Edward III. bestowed upon one of his twelve children the name, little familiar in England, of Bridget.§ This Bridget very properly became a nun. In the time of Edward VI. the royal palace, while still retaining its old name, was converted into "a house of industry and correction,"‖ and thenceforth a new and painful association became attached to the name of Bridewell. But if the institution had but been wisely and humanely managed on the lines intended by Bishop Ridley, its new use would not have been alien to the spirit of S. Bridget, all of whose foundations were veritable "homes of industry," and who had also such a peculiar tenderness for the needs of prisoners.

* O'Hanlon.
† "Liber Regis."
‡ Nicolson and Burn.
§ O'Hanlon.
‖ Nightingale.

Two modern churches of S. Bride, both of them in Lancashire, complete the list—a list which we would gladly see lengthened, for no one can closely study the sayings and doings of S. Bridget of Kildare without feeling that they have made friends with a strong, original, tender-hearted woman.

S. Modwen, or Modwenna, V. Abs. July 6, seventh cent.

S. Modwenna is one of those perplexing composite saints whose legends plainly embrace the history of two or three distinct personages, and have the fundamental difficulty of requiring their subject to live through a period of at least five centuries. Granting that this is plainly impossible, it may do something to clear the ground for further inquiry if we arrive at who S. Modwenna is *not*. She is not the S. Morvenna who is commemorated, unfortunately on the same day of the month, at Morwenstow in Cornwall (who is supposed to have been one of the innumerable children of Brychan *) : she is not a sister of S. Patrick's in the fifth century : she is not the S. Moninna to whom he gave the veil ; and she is not the friend and companion of S. Bridget mentioned in lives of that saint. Again : to come to the later portion of her history, she is in no wise connected with Alfred the Great in the ninth century, or with S. Edith of Polesworth in the tenth (CH. XL.). There remains still the middle portion of S. Modwen's life, which presents a tolerably consecutive series of events, though even here we find ourselves involved in not a few anachronisms. The one point that stands unshaken in all the various versions is her Irish birth and extraction.

S. Modwenna first comes before us as the abbess of a community of a hundred and fifty nuns at Faughart in the County Louth, a place which is interesting as being the reputed birthplace of the foundress of their Order, S. Bridget. Afterwards she established herself at Killevy in Armagh, where a ruinous church bearing her name may still be seen. S. Bridget must have been dead for a hundred years or more, judging from the only trustworthy data we possess, namely, the friendship between S. Modwenna and Aldfrid, or Aldfrith, of Northumbria, a prince who is known to have succeeded his brother Egfrid in 685, and to have died in 705. There is no reasonable doubt that this is the "Aldfrid" of S. Modwen's story, for the circumstances of his life gave him a strong natural bias in favour of the Celtic Church. He had spent years of exile among the Irish monks at Iona, and, according to some authorities, in Ireland itself. There, as it would seem from S. Modwen's life, his friendship with our saint originated—a friendship so strong that when, after his return to Northumberland, the convent was pillaged by the lawless king of that district, S. Modwen determined forthwith to follow the Northumbrian prince across the seas, and to seek redress at his hands. She did not the less confide in his justice because the pretext for the robbery had been to provide a worthy offering from the Irish king to his departing guest ! †

Aldfrid received her kindly, and is said to have placed her in the

* CH. XXXIV. † Baring-Gould, July 6.

famous monastery of Whitby under the charge of S. Hilda, and to have entrusted to her his own young sister Elfleda, the future abbess. There is plainly an anachronism here. Aldfrid is said to have been by this time on the throne, but S. Hilda died several years before his accession, and was immediately succeeded by the Princess Elfleda. It is clear that the abbess of a great community like Whitby was not likely to have been placed under the instructions of a passing visitor such as S. Modwenna. Is it possible that the mention of *Whitby* is a mistake arising from the confusion between "Streaneshalc," the Saxon name for Whitby, and "Stramshall" in Staffordshire, an obscure hamlet to which local tradition gives this sole distinction, that "here S. Modwenna on her arrival from Ireland founded a nunnery?" * The passage which has suggested Whitby is found in the thirteenth-century Irish life of S. Modwenna, the basis of all the later accounts of her, and runs as follows: "A country-place called Streneshalc, near the forest which is called Arden." Mr. Baring-Gould says that the writer, not recognizing Whitby under its old name, "did not know where Streanshalc was, so put it in the forest of Arden, in Warwickshire." But is it not quite possible that the writer did know perfectly well what he was doing when he placed S. Modwenna's convent in the forest of Arden? The one spot in all England that is most unmistakably connected with this roving saint is Burton-on-Trent, where she is said to have founded a religious house, and where her name is remembered to this day. Now, both Burton-on-Trent and the more obscure Stramshall (some twelve or fourteen miles distant) are in the existing county of Staffordshire, and into this county some traces of the great Midland "forest of Arden" extend even to this day. The late Mr. J. R. Green,† in describing the tract of "dense woodland" that in the seventh century covered the very centre of England, says: "This was Arden forest into whose depths Shakspere could stray centuries later from his childhood's home at Stratford, and in whose glades his fancy placed the scene of one of his loveliest dreams. But in Shakspere's day its mass was broken everywhere by the clearings of the Warwickshire men; towns were planted in the very heart of its woodlands, and the miner had thinned its clumps with his forges." But nine hundred years before Shakspere's day, when S. Modwenna founded her two Staffordshire houses of Burton and Stramshall, the great forest still lay in its unbroken majesty, so that these foundations might most accurately be described as "near the forest of Arden." Tradition likewise attributes to S. Modwenna the foundation of the monastery of Polesworth in the adjacent county of Warwickshire; ‡ but here her fame has been eclipsed by that of her tenth-century successor, the famous S. Edith of Polesworth (CH. XL.).

Among S. Modwenna's pupils at this period of her life is said to have been S. Osyth the martyr (CH. XL.), but it seems probable that S. Osyth was martyred before our shadowy S. Modwenna ever came into England.

* Lewis.
† "Making of England."
‡ Camden.

S. Modwenna possessed a large share of the roving disposition characteristic of her countrywomen. Whether she ever returned to her native Ireland is doubtful—certainly she never settled there again—but she is credited with a pilgrimage, barefooted, to Rome. Finally, she was attracted northwards to Scotland by the neighbourhood of an episcopal brother of hers, S. Ronan. Scotland appears to have been the scene of her greatest activity, and not less than seven churches in that country are ascribed to her; but with these we have nothing to do, nor can we do more than note in passing the ingenious theory which gives to S. Modwenna, and not to the Northumbrian king, Edwin, the honour of naming the city of Edinburgh.* Of all these Scottish foundations S. Modwenna's favourite was Longfortin, a place which is identified with the modern Longforgan, near Dundee: here she is supposed to have died. The date of her death is uncertain, and may be referred either to the end of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century.

As regards her commemoration in England, there is nothing now remaining but the church that bears her name at Burton-on-Trent, where she is associated with the Blessed Virgin. Her other Staffordshire foundation, the chapelry of Stramshall (made parochial within the last half century), has been unfaithful to her memory, and the existing church there is dedicated to S. Michael, while Polesworth in Warwickshire is dedicated to S. Edith. The ascription to the Blessed Virgin at Burton was introduced in the year 1004, when the existing church was rebuilt and converted into a Benedictine Abbey, dedicated to "the Virgin Mary and S. Modwen,"† whose remains were said to have been translated to this place. The Latin inscription graven upon S. Modwenna's supposed tomb in the monastery church is quoted by Camden, and sums up with tolerable completeness all that can really be known about this saint, and illustrates her connexion with all the three kingdoms. We give it here in the antiquary's somewhat free paraphrase.‡

> "By Ireland life, by Scotland death was given,
> A tomb by England, endless joys by Heaven.
> One boasts her birth, one mourns her hopeless fate,
> And one does Earth to Earth again commit.
> *Lanfortin* § ravish'd what *Tirconnel* ‖ gave,
> And pious *Burton* keeps her sacred grave."

S. Bees, or Bega, V. Abs. Day doubtful, seventh cent.

A compatriot and a probable contemporary of S. Modwenna's was the saint who has given her name to the Cumberland parish of St. Bees. Infinite trouble has been expended on the attempt to provide her with a satisfactory history, and it is tantalizing at the end of all this labour to be obliged to

* Bishop Forbes, in an article on the Irish virgin "Medana" ("Scottish Saints"), says: "Mr. Skene thinks she is Modwena, who is called Edana, and that Edinburgh and the Maiden Castle may have taken their names from her."

† Lewis.
‡ "Britannia."
§ Longforgan in Perthshire.
‖ Tirconnel in the Co. Down.

yield an unwilling assent to Bishop Stubbs's discouraging summary of the whole matter:* "Bega: a Cumberland saint of whom nothing is clearly known, and whom the endeavours of the hagiographers have only succeeded in investing with a history which belongs to several other saints." This, at any rate, has been most successfully done, and by no one more skilfully than by the late Father Faber in Newman's "English Saints;" but it must be confessed that even he prefaces his fascinating romance with the warning that "the following pages can make no claim to historical accuracy." Father Faber, however, only fills in, in rather bold colours, outlines that have been drawn by many less imaginative writers, who from the twelfth century onwards have unhesitatingly identified the foundress of St. Bees with two distinct personages with distinct names, both mentioned by Bede in the same chapter of his "Ecclesiastical History." The first of these is S. Heiu, who enjoys the distinction of being the first nun ever seen in Northumbria; the other is S. Begu of Hackness, to whom was vouchsafed a supernatural intimation of S. Hilda's death. This version of our saint's history has the advantage of making her a very noteworthy personage, for not only does it represent her as the foundress of St. Bees, and the friend of S. Aidan and King Oswald, but it associates her with the east coast of England no less than with the west; brings her into intimate relation with S. Hilda, and credits her with the foundation of at least six religious houses in Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire, among them Hartlepool, and Tadcaster on the Wharfe. But, says the Bishop of Oxford again, "S. Heiu and S. Begu are well known from Bede, and were two different persons, neither of them possibly identical with the Cumbrian saint."

Abandoning, therefore, the theory which brings her on to our eastern coast, we will take up the history of this perplexing lady at the point where it opens in the life of her that was accepted by the monks of St. Bees in the twelfth century—not, it must be owned, a very valuable authority, but perhaps embodying some genuine traditions.

According to this life,† S. Bees, here called Begha, was the daughter of an Irish king, who fled from home on the eve of her wedding-day to escape a carefully pre-arranged marriage with the King of Norway's son. One version makes her cross the sea in a matter-of-fact manner in a boat; another, in which we recognize a sure sign of her Celtic origin, makes her embark on "a green grass sod." ‡ Whatever the craft, the voyage was a tempestuous one, and the maiden in her peril vowed that if she landed in safety she would build a holy house upon that very rocky headland that threatened to be her destruction. Whether she ever got further than to fashion for herself a little hermitage close to her landing-place in the great Cumberland forest of Copeland—just such an abode as the Irish anchorites most delighted in—is doubtful; but in this neighbourhood she dwelt for some long time, making herself beloved by her acts of charity to her poor

* D. C. B.
† See Montalembert.
‡ Baring-Gould, November 1.

and suffering neighbours. At last her solitude was rudely disturbed by pirates, and in fear for her safety she fled for protection to the good Bishop Aidan of Lindisfarne, who set her to rule over a community of nuns "in a cell constructed by him in a certain desert island." *

But at this point we part company with the commonly accepted version of S. Bega's history, and—in the words once again of the Bishop of Oxford—"in default of an English career for the saint" we seek her next in Scotland. Instead of sending her to Whitby and the Wharfe, and identifying her with the first nun in Northumbria, we propose to take our Irish princess into the Western Islands of Scotland, and to identify her with a certain virgin known as "S. Beya," who, according to the Breviary of Aberdeen, dwelt on the isle of Cumbrae, a small island in the Firth of Clyde. This island home of S. Beya's on the lonely rock of Cumbrae answers to the vague description of "a certain desert island," and the statement that the cell had been constructed by S. Aidan agrees with the belief of Scottish antiquarians that Little Cumbrae was a dependency of Iona.† A report of the island, furnished in the closing years of the last century, states that "there are yet to be seen the ruins of a very ancient chapel said to be dedicated to S. Vey who lies buried near it." ‡ The life of S. Bees accepted in her own monastery, dwells much upon her fondness for beasts and birds and her influence over them, and this trait reappears in the history of the virgin-saint of Cumbrae. On the whole, this theory of S. Bees's possible identity seems to have more to recommend it than any of the others, for a life of deep retirement on a storm-bound island was far more congenial to the ordinary Irish devotee than the task of organizing and supervising a busy Northumbrian monastery.

But it is with the Cumbrian headland that bears her name that the unknown S. Bega is for ever associated, and it is there that we must now return. The date of her settlement in Copeland Forest is usually given as A.D. 650. The history of "Kirkby Bega"—as St. Bees was at one time called—between S. Bega's arrival in the seventh century and the founding of the Benedictine Priory in the twelfth, is difficult to fill in; nor can it be said with certainty how much of the original foundation was due to the saint herself. There remain, however, to this day, built into the fabric of the existing church of St. Bees, three or four curiously carved stones—unmistakably Irish in design—which are referred by archæologists to the eighth or ninth century at latest, and which must plainly be remains of the ante-Norman nunnery.§ A Saxon nunnery of some kind there was, which was completely ravaged by the ruthless Danes; but whether it was, as Alban Butler thinks, the direct successor of one established by our saint herself, or whether she did more than live as an anchorite in her forest cell, is matter of doubt. The very name of *Kirkby Bega* shows that a church of some sort had been built in her honour, and through all

* Forbes.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid.
§ "Transactions of the Cumberland Arch. Soc.," 1874–1875.

vicissitudes, through the coming of Dane and Norman, S. Bega's name and memory still haunted the district with that strange persistency that we have occasion to note so often in similar cases in Cornwall. Stories were handed down from generation to generation of the beneficent deeds of the pious Irish recluse, who for a time had sojourned in their land, and a precious relic of her was preserved in a gold bracelet, which was said to have been an angelic gift to the saint in her girlhood, and to have served her in manifold dangers as a veritable talisman, but which she had dropped in her hurried flight when she was escaping from the pirates.

But the greatest glories of Kirkby Bega were still to come. In the twelfth century the Lord of Copeland, William de Meschines, determined to build a worthy shrine for his own local saint. On the site of the old Saxon nunnery he built a priory, which he richly endowed, and then handed over to the monks of the famous Benedictine Abbey of S. Mary at York. In consequence of this arrangement the priory church was dedicated to "God, S. Mary of York, and S. Bega," * or, as it sometimes appears, "S. Mary and All Saints and S. Bega;" but S. Bega, though thus relegated to the last place in the threefold ascription, was in no wise shorn of her dignities, for the entire town still retained her name, though in the Norman form of "St. Bees," instead of in the older Celtic form of "Kirkby Bega."

It is related that Ranulph de Meschines grudged his brother's princely donations to the priory, and disputed the justice of the boundaries. The Midsummer's Day fixed for the formal hearing of the case was made memorable by a sudden and very partial fall of snow, which covered the surrounding lands, while it left all the priory domain untouched in its summer beauty. This Midsummer snowstorm was attributed to the direct intervention of S. Bega herself, and made a very lasting impression on the popular mind. To dwellers in the Lake District, who have witnessed precisely the same effect produced by a July snowstorm,† the event appears less miraculous than it did in the eyes of S. Bega's biographers.

St. Bees is the only ancient dedication that can unquestionably be ascribed to the saint of Copeland. Bassenthwaite, as we have said elsewhere (p. 156), is sometimes ascribed to her, but with more probability to her distinguished countrywoman, S. Bridget.

A new mission church, situated at Eskdale Green, on the outskirts of Copeland Forest, has been appropriately dedicated to the tutelary saint of the district, S. Bega.‡

Before leaving S. Bega we must briefly refer to the vexed subject of her feast-day. Seeing that the complicated structure of her history rests upon the fourfold foundation of the lives of at least four separate saints, we may reasonably expect to find her commemorated on as many different days; but instead of confining herself to four days, she lays claim to nine, ranging from September 3 to December 17. Alban Butler, who

* Nicolson and Burn.

† On July 2, 1895, a sudden thunderstorm left a large, well-defined portion of Loughrigg white with snow and hail, while the rest of the mountain was left entirely clear.

‡ *Guardian*, 1890.

acknowledges her only in her simplest form as the Irish devotee living in Copeland, commemorates her on September 6. The Irish princess of the mediæval legend figures on October 31, while S. Beya of Cumbrae takes to herself all the early days of November ; and there are other variations too numerous to specify.

S. Pandiana, or Pandionia, V. Aug. 21 or 26.

A still more meteoric Irish lady is the S. Pandiana who suddenly makes her appearance in the peaceful Cambridgeshire village of Eltisley. Of her still less is known than of her bewildering predecessors, S. Modwenna and S. Bega, and fortunately much less has been imagined. According to the dim tradition preserved at Eltisley,* she was the daughter of an Irish king. To avoid the dishonour that threatened her at home, she fled to England, and made her way into the distant fen-country, in order to obtain the protection of a relation of hers, who was the prioress of a nunnery at Eltisley. Being of a less restless disposition than her countrywomen generally, she remained at Eltisley for the rest of her days, and when she died she was buried by the side of a well which was named from her "S. Pandionia's Well."

About the time of the Norman Conquest the nunnery was destroyed, but the fame of the Irish refugee still survived, and in the reign of Edward III. her remains were solemnly translated into the church, and a sermon in her honour, specially composed for the occasion, was delivered by the parish priest, a certain "Sir Richard." Could we but have listened to Sir Richard's sermon, doubtless we should know something more of the traditions that made the people of Eltisley so loyal to the memory of S. Pandiana, even though the Church of Rome has not yet officially determined whether "public veneration in the strict sense is due to her," and is keeping the question in suspense in the hope that "farther details" may come to light, which may enable it to be satisfactorily decided.†

Few, if any, of the standard Kalendars contain the name of this obscure saint, but Sir Harris Nicolas gives her on August 26, under the name of "Pandwina."

Eltisley church is dedicated to SS. Pandiana and John Baptist conjointly, and it may be here observed that each one of these little-known Irish saints—S. Modwenna, S. Bega, S. Pandiana—has in course of time been associated with some scriptural saint.

A few other sainted Irish women, still more hopelessly obscure than these three, may be found in Cornwall, but as they are restricted to that county, we shall make no mention of them in this chapter, but shall deal with them in their proper place, among the Irish Saints in Cornwall (CH. XXXVI.).

* *Acta Sanctorum*, August 21, and Lysons's *Magna Britannia.*

† *Acta Sanctorum*, August 21.

CHAPTER XXXII.

S. DAVID AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	CHURCHES.	
165	S. David, B.	March 1	24	*See also dd.*
175	S. Nun, or Nonna, C.	March 3	3	
176	S. Illtyd, A.	Feb. 7 or Nov. 6 ...	1	
179	S. Paul the Old, or Pawl Hen, A.	November 22 ...	Doubtful	
181	S. Aldate, or Eldad, B. ...	June 14	2	
182	S. Elphin, or Elffin, C. (poss. Elgin). See also CH. LI. ...	——	Doubtful	
184	S. Meugan, or Mawgan, C. ...	September 25 ...	3	
184	S. Allen, C. (poss. Alan) ... Cf. *S. Elwyn*, CH. XXXVI.	——	1	
185	S. Samson of York, B.	——	1	
186	S. Samson of Dôl, B.	July 28	4	*See also dd.*
188	S. Cadoc the Wise, Cattwg, or Ladoca, A. (poss. Dochoe) ...	January 24 or 26 ...	8	
	S. Ladoca. See S. Cadoc.			
188	S. Dochoe (possibly S. Cadoc, which see)	——	1	
193	S. Woolos the Warrior, C. ...	March 29	1	
	S. Gluvias. See CH. XXXVI.			
195	S. Barrog, H.	November 29 ...	1	
196	S. Silin, A.	September 1	1	
	S. Petrock. See CH. XXXVI.			
197	S. Deiniol, or Deinst, B. ...	December 10	2	
198	S. Dubricius, or Devereux, B. ...	November 4 or 14 ...	6	
201	S. Teilo, or Elidius, etc., B. ...	February 9	7	*See also dd.*
	S. Elidius. *S. Endelienta.* *S. Filius.* *S. Ida.* *S. Issey.*	See S. Teilo.		
204	S. Tegvyddy, or Tegwedd, C. ...	——	1	
	S. Mabon. See CH. XXXIV.			
	S. Padarn. See CH. XXXVII.			
205	S. Maidoc, or Aidan, B. ...	January 31	1	
207	S. Senan, B.	March 1 or 8	3	
209	S. Kebi, Cuby, or Kea, B. ...	November 8	5	
	S. Kentigern. See CH. XXXIII.			
213	S. Asaph, B.	May 1	1	
215	S. Tesiliah, or Tyssilio, C. ...	November 8	1	

AMONG the four hundred and seventy saints of whom Wales makes her boast, one name stands pre-eminent, familiar alike to Englishmen and

Welshmen. "Padarns" and "Teilos" and "Pawl Hens" convey little to most Englishmen, however familiar they may sound in Welsh ears, but *David* is a name recognized by all. "Sir David," as he is styled in the mediæval legends, is the acknowledged champion of Wales just as much as S. George is of England, or S. Denys of France.

The tangled maze of Welsh chronology is best left to experts. By the ingenious fitting together of a series of separate facts, by a laborious study of ancient pedigrees, some dates can be established with a reasonable degree of certainty; and those who desire to see how much may be educed by such methods carefully pursued, are recommended to turn to Rees's invaluable and learned "Essay on the Welsh Saints."* For the less critical reader it may be sufficient to point out generally, that as in Cornwall, so in Wales, The Age of the Saints—the most glorious period of Welsh Church history—is comprised in the hundred years from the middle of the fifth to the middle of the sixth century. The conditions are not those which we naturally look upon as heroic: the age of martyrs is past; the struggle for religious and national independence has not yet begun; Christianity is the settled religion of the country; and the saints, instead of having the new-born zeal of converts, are carefully trained up from infancy under the shelter of the Church. Opposition of a sort there may still be from tyrannical and half-savage chieftains, but it is not the fury of heathen rulers determined at all costs to suppress the new faith; it is rather the sullen temper of men who, while they resent the unaccustomed interference with their old habits of lawless oppression and brutal drunkenness, yet at heart admit the right of the Churchmen to rebuke and punish. And yet it was under these conditions that the greatest of the Welsh monasteries, those wonderful centres of civilization, were planted, and that the main work of building up the Church in Wales was accomplished.

Into this short period of a hundred years all the noblest names of early Welsh history are crowded. Most of the leading saints really were contemporary one with another, and in the legends there is a strong tendency to bring them all into line with S. David—even at the expense of prolonging some lives to more than patriarchal limits. Around "Father David" the saints of Wales and Ireland and Brittany converge; the elder men are his teachers and patrons, the younger his disciples, the rest his friends. It may serve, therefore, to give coherence to a somewhat confused mass if, instead of attempting the thankless task of dealing with these saints one by one in their chronological order, we take for our starting-point S. David, and consider as many of the Celtic saints as may be in their relation to him.

S. David, B. March 1.

It is disappointing that our main knowledge of this great man comes from a memoir written, at the earliest, five centuries after his death, by one Ricemarchus, a Bishop of

* The chief authorities throughout this chapter are the Mediæval Lives printed in Rees's "Cambro-British Saints" and in the "Book of Llandaff;" Rees's "Welsh Saints;" Borlase's "Age of the Saints;" the Truro Kalendar; Newell's "Ancient British Church;" and various articles in D. C. B. Where other sources of information have been made use of they have been specifically acknowledged.

St. David's in the end of the eleventh century, who professes—doubtless with truth—to have gathered his facts from the many accounts of S. David "that have been found scattered in the most ancient writings of the country, and principally in his own city." Unfortunately, as in all these mediæval versions of earlier lives, figures of speech are translated into complete statements of impossible facts, a fringe of the marvellous is woven on to every simplest incident, and the whole narrative is coloured by the eleventh-century editor's anti-Roman prejudices. The life of S. David is, on the whole, a favourable specimen of its class, and contains many valuable and even trustworthy traditions; but enough has been said to show that the existing lives of the saint must be received with great caution. Yet when we have deducted all extravagances and impossibilities, when we have recognized how little of unmistakable historical fact remains, even then we are sensible of the unseen David's real greatness by the greatness of the shadow which he casts. We note the perpetual references to him in the lives of his contemporaries; the way in which even during his lifetime his monastery is looked upon as a sort of Mecca to which the Celtic saints from all parts come on pilgrimage; the place instinctively accorded to him by his countrymen for thirteen centuries. We trace his influence, too, in the nomenclature of his native land; in the endless Davids and Davys and Davisons that meet us in every Welsh village; in the long list of parishes beginning with "Llandewi," that is to say, "David's church;" in the very name of "Taffy" bestowed upon the typical Welshman.

In order to connect S. David with the most famous of all the Celtic saints, namely, S. Patrick, the legend begins some thirty years before David's birth, representing the future Apostle of Ireland as desirous of taking up his quarters in the southernmost corner of Wales, but receiving an angelic intimation that he must travel farther and leave this particular spot to one who should not be born for thirty years to come.

We may be pardoned if we pass over all the miracles and portents attending S. David's birth and baptism, merely saying that his father was a chief or king of Cardiganshire, Sandde by name, who henceforth disappears from the story; and that his mother, Non, or Nun (who is herself counted among our patron saints, p. 175), is always in the mediæval lives transformed into "the nun."

His childhood was passed at a place that was destined to become strikingly identified with his history; its native name, signifying "the old bush," was Latinized into *Vetus Menevia*, but is now known to us as "St. David's." Here it was that the beautiful and lovable boy learned "the rudiments, the Psalms, the Lessons of the whole year, the service of the Mass;" and here it was that a "golden-beaked pigeon—fit emblem of the child's happy guileless spirit—used to play about his lips, teaching him, and singing the hymns of God." In time he passed into the famous monastery school of S. Illtyd, of which we shall have occasion to speak later, where many of his lifelong friendships must have been formed; and

afterwards, when he was already in Priest's Orders, he studied for ten years with one Paulinus, or Paul the Old,* a holy bishop who was held in much esteem in those parts.

In due time David in his turn founded a monastery of his own which was to become as influential as that in which he had himself been educated. He and his little band of disciples were at the outset much harassed by the constant petty annoyances to which they were exposed on the part of a neighbouring chieftain and his womenkind, but David and his companions held on their way unmoved, and after a while the malice of their enemies wore itself out. Some say the persecutors came to a bad end, others that they were converted; but in any case the little community was left in peace, and continued to increase and prosper.

At this point Bishop Ricemarchus gives the reins to his imagination, and describes in minute detail the marvellous journey of David and his chosen friends, Teilo and Padarn, to the East, in order that David might receive episcopal consecration from the Patriarch of Jerusalem. A pilgrimage to the East was by no means an unheard-of undertaking in those days, but as to this particular journey, the best authorities are agreed that it may with tolerable certainty be pronounced an invention of a later age, intended to support the double theory that the Welsh Church, as a whole, owed allegiance to Jerusalem rather than Rome, and that the see of St. David's had a right to exercise metropolitan authority, in virtue of the Patriarch of Jerusalem having on the occasion of this memorable visit "promoted holy David to be an archbishop."

With a good deal more probability we may assume that S. David's consecration did actually take place about this period of his life, but in his own land, and by the bishops of the British Church. The country had not in those days been mapped out into dioceses—indeed, this is a work which is traditionally and with apparent reason ascribed to David himself †—and for the present he followed a practice very common in the Celtic Church, living at the head of his monastery, and occupying the position of an episcopal-abbot. Very strict was the discipline, very meagre the fare, long the hours of labour, and scanty the intervals of recreation in David's monastery, yet the master made himself so beloved by his scholars that they would have gone through fire or water to do his will. Of the best loved of these scholars, S. Maidoc, we shall have more to say presently (p. 205): another of the band was Constantine, King of Cornwall, whose strange story will be told elsewhere (CH. XXXV.).

It was while David was thus quietly presiding over his monastery that a synod was convened by Dubricius, Bishop of Llandaff, at a place in Cardiganshire now known as Llandewi-Brevi, and latterly identified with an important Roman station named *Loventium*. The purpose is stated to have been the suppression of a fresh outbreak of Pelagianism; but this particular rests only on the authority of the mediæval lives, and is more than doubtful. "The little village of Llandewi Brevi, insignificant as it

* In Welsh "S. Pawl Hen." † Welsh Saints."

now appears, once held a high position amongst the ecclesiastical councils of Wales." * A graphic account of it is given in two ancient Welsh and Latin lives of S. David. The people—moved as Welshmen of all ages have been moved by their deep interest in any question touching religion—came together in thousands, so that they covered the ground like "a very large army;" and the bishops, looking in dismay upon the vast multitude, said one to another: "Not only a voice, but the sound of a trumpet, would fail to reach the ears of all present, and the people will return home untouched by the preaching." And so it was: one after another of them tried in vain to make himself heard. "Our labour is useless," they cried. Then David's former teacher, Paul the Old, rose up and advised that David should be sent for. So messengers were sent to him, but he refused once and again, being unwilling in his humility to attempt that in which others had failed. Last of all, Bishop Dubricius, accompanied by Bishop Deiniol, went in person and pleaded with him; then he yielded, saying: "I cannot preach, but in prayer I will afford you my assistance, small as it is." His coming was hailed with joy, and he was requested to step on to the heap of clothes which had served the other speakers as their primitive pulpit. But he said he would have "no place to stand on but the flat ground;" and from thence "he explained the Gospel and the Law as from a trumpet, and a white dove sat on his shoulders, and remained so long as he preached." "He was heard by the most distant as well as by the nearest, as the sun is seen by everybody when it is mid-day. And as David was preaching, the ground rose as a high mount under his feet; it is yet a high hill visible to everybody, and it is flat everywhere about it." "On the top of that hill," adds the Latin life, "a church was placed." This whole story is kept in remembrance by the existing name of the parish, "Llandewi Brevi." *Brevi* is the Welsh for "bellowing," † and recalls the vain efforts of all the earlier speakers, while *Llandewi*, or "the church of David," recalls David's triumphant intervention.

The Latin life, with unblushing inconsistency, having a few pages back stated at length how David had been raised to the dignity of an archbishop by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, now attributes his promotion to the action of his fellow-countrymen assembled at the synod. "Then blessed by all, he was by the consent of all bishops, kings, nobles, and all ranks of persons of the British nation, constituted Archbishop; and also his city was consecrated the metropolis of all the country." As far as details go one statement is about as much to be believed as the other; but there is this cardinal difference—that whereas the journey to Jerusalem and the part played by the Patriarch appears to be a fiction from first to last, the Synod of Brevi, whatever may have been its objects, is a well authenticated fact. It is also clear that David took a leading part in the synod, and that from henceforth he comes to the fore as he has never before done. In a way that is perfectly consistent with the traditional belief, he, at this point in his life, succeeded to the primacy, under the title of "Archbishop of

* Murray's "South Wales." † Murray.

Caerleon." The real difficulty of the position lies in the statement that he was appointed by the aged Archbishop Dubricius, who then and there resigned in his favour; for in order to make David and Dubricius both of them actors in the Synod of Brevi, it is necessary (in accordance at least with the meagre dates which we possess) to prolong the lives of one or other of the two beyond ordinary limits. Some writers have all too hastily assumed that Dubricius's part in the matter is a later invention, but there seems more reason to suspect a confusion of dates than a misrepresentation of facts. No other saint can satisfactorily fill the place here ascribed to Dubricius. He was—as we shall see in his own history *—the one recognized territorial bishop existing up to that period. For many years he had been Bishop of Llandaff; for almost as long again he had held that position in conjunction with the higher dignity of Archbishop of Caerleon. Caerleon-on-Usk was an important Roman station, and it was quite according to the usage of other parts of the Roman empire that the bishop residing in the chief town of the province should have the title and authority of archbishop, but in this case the distinction seems to have been little more than titular. First Dubricius, then David, and afterwards David's successor, were called "archbishops," but they do not appear to have exercised metropolitan authority over the other bishops; and it is quite clear—Welsh assertions to the contrary notwithstanding—that Rome never confirmed their claims by sending to the Welsh archbishops, as she sent to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the much-coveted archiepiscopal *pall*.

David did not for long remain at Caerleon; he soon returned to his old headquarters at Menevia, which now became for a while the seat of the archbishopric. His probable motive in removing from an important Roman station like Caerleon to a comparatively inaccessible and obscure spot like Menevia was the advantage of the Irish Church.† We shall see from the lives of many of his disciples how increasingly close was the intercourse between the Churches of Ireland and South Wales, and the Channel is only some forty-five miles wide between Menevia—or, let us call it, *St. David's*—and the coast of Wexford. But in the long run the step was disastrous to the interests of the archbishopric. S. David had moved it to one place, his successors moved it as seemed good to them. "The migratory nature of the primacy seems to have weakened its stability. . . . The dignity sunk between contending parties, . . . and at the time of the conference between S. Augustine and the British bishops it does not seem to have retained its existence." ‡

However unwilling S. David may have been to leave the retirement of his monastery, it is evident that he displayed great energy in the new office that had been laid upon him. After due intervals he convened two other synods—one at Caerleon, and one at a place that cannot now be identified, called by his biographers, "the grove of victory," because it was said that

* P. 199.
† D. C. B.
‡ "Welsh Saints."

here at last the long lingering taint of Pelagianism was for ever expelled. The written canons of these synods were for centuries preserved in St. David's Cathedral, but were ultimately scattered by the band of pirates who pillaged the city. Copies, however, had found their way to France, and, strange to say, are still extant. They deal with questions not of doctrine, but of discipline, setting forth a carefully graduated scale of punishments according to the nature of the offence and the responsibility of the offender. Two points are brought out by these canons : on the one hand, the low state of existing morality ; on the other, the high standard of virtue continually upheld by the spiritual leaders, and the even-handed justice that imposed penances on kings as readily as on monks.*

Like all the rest of the Welsh saints, David was a great founder of churches. The Latin life attributes to him the foundation of some dozen monasteries within and without the Principality, among which are Bath and Glastonbury. There are, as we shall see, many churches that may fairly claim David as their founder, but there is no good ground for connecting him with either of these places, beyond the natural tendency of later generations of Welshmen to shed the glory of "Father David's" name upon as many illustrious objects as may be. The waters of Bath were of widespread fame—therefore they were said to owe their virtue to David's benediction : Glastonbury became at a somewhat later date one of the most important of Celtic monasteries—therefore it must needs claim David for its founder.

It is on this same principle that patriotic Welshmen have sought to associate S. David with the leek, which is their strange national emblem. A standard book of reference † thus explains the origin of the custom : "On the day that King Arthur won a great victory over the Saxons, Dewi [*i.e.* David] is said to have ordered the soldiers to place a leek in their caps." Such is the oft-repeated statement, which, however, finds no faintest support from any early Welsh writer. Another theory repeats the story of the badge hastily plucked at the moment of battle, but makes the giver of the order the Black Prince instead of S. David.‡

Yet a third theory causes it to have been assumed on Bosworth Field, and to have been adopted as a badge by the Welsh Henry Tudor, because the green and white of the leek were the established Tudor colours.§ According to this last theory, the wearing of the leek would be "a custom of comparatively modern origin in the time of Shakespeare," but it is very certain that the traditional and unexplained association of S. David with the leek goes back much farther than the last quarter of the fifteenth century.

In reading the mediæval accounts of S. David, the picture rises before one's mind of "a man greatly beloved." For many long years he continued to labour among his people—for how long it is impossible to say, for there

* Newell.

† Haydn's "Dates."

‡ Miss Yonge's "History of Christian Names," *David*.

§ See notes to Knight's "Shakespeare."

is great dispute as to the year of his death—the dates ranging from A.D. 544 to 601, a space of more than half a century. In any case, he was far advanced in years when it was whispered through the land that Father David had received a heavenly call, and would not much longer be spared to his people. Eager multitudes then turned their steps to Menevia, desirous of once more listening to the voice of their master. They pressed round him like helpless sorrow-stricken children, crying out: "Who will aid us in our sorrow?" And David comforted and strengthened them as best he might. On the Sunday he spoke to them for the last time. "The like to him they never heard before, and after him they never will hear." He had almost finished the service when, "having partaken of the Body and Blood of the Lord, he was seized with sickness." He was just able to give the blessing and add a few words of parting. "Brothers and sisters, be joyful, and keep your faith, and do the same things which you have heard and seen with me, and I will go the road our fathers have travelled. Be courageous whilst you are on the earth, for you will not any more see me in this world." Then followed a tremendous outburst of uncontrollable grief, very characteristic of this passionate Celtic people. With weeping and fasting they watched through the two days of S. David's brief illness, until that day, "Tuesday, the first day of March," when "the Lord Jesus came . . . and took the soul of David . . . to the place where there is rest without labour and joy without sorrow." For him all was well, but many were the desolate hearts mourning for him who had been a help and blessing to each separate individual, and "to the country a head." "The voice of the mourners was but one, for kings mourned him as a judge, the older people mourned him as a brother, the younger honoured him as a father." "Who will teach us? Who will help us? Who will pray for us? Who will be a father to us as David was?" Such were the cries heard on all sides, while, with all the exaggerated fervour of their race, they lamented that death did not take them as it had taken their chief. "Alas! the earth will not swallow us! the mountains will not fall to cover us!" His monks carried him reverently to his last resting-place in his own city, and at this point the two earliest lives of the saint end, without being encumbered with any posthumous miracles.

As might naturally be expected, it is in Wales itself that most of the dedications to S. David—about five-sixths of the whole—are to be found, but there are a certain number also in England. With some few exceptions these English dedications are grouped together in the counties adjacent to Wales—in the district, in fact, that was directly influenced by S. David; and this personal element in the matter gives us an opportunity to speak of the very marked differences, both in principle and practice, that differentiated the Celtic custom of Church dedications from the Roman custom. Briefly, it may be said that the names connected with different churches were in the Roman Church the result of *choice:* in the Celtic Church they were the result of *circumstances.* We have already seen how many varying causes have contributed to furnish us with our

present extensive range of patron saints. S. Ninian in the fourth century names his new-built church in Galloway after the venerated French bishop Martin, from whose kindly presence he has so lately come: S. Wilfrid dedicates his favourite foundation of Hexham to the Apostle Andrew in memory of that church of S. Andrew's at Rome where he had consecrated himself anew to his work: the devotion of the founder to the saint whose name he bore, is plainly shown in the case of "S. Stephen's Chapel" at Westminster, founded by King Stephen. These and a score of other purely accidental circumstances account for the largest proportion of our English dedications. Some churches there are no doubt which still retain the name of their founder, such, for example, as S. Hybald's group of churches in Lincolnshire, S. Paulinus's at Paul's Cray, S. Egwin's at Church-Honeybourne in Worcestershire, and the like; yet such "proprietary dedications," as they are called, are comparatively few in number. In Cornwall and Wales, in the Welsh counties of England, and in Cumberland—wherever, in fact, Celtic traditions have been in the ascendant—here we find the state of things reversed: churches, as a rule, bear the name of their founder, and dedications to foreign saints almost invariably prove to have been given or superimposed in later days, and to be traceable to Saxon or Norman influences.

A difficulty, however, suggests itself. No good man is likely to have called a place of worship by his own name—to whom, then, were the Celtic churches originally dedicated? To this it may be replied that the formal practice of *dedication* was wholly unknown to the Celtic Church, though a very elaborate and lengthy form of *consecration* was carefully observed. Its peculiarities struck that close observer, Bede, who, in his "Ecclesiastical History," gives a detailed account of the way in which Bishop Chad of pious memory—who, as it is well known, had been trained up in all Celtic usages—consecrated the land whereon he was about to build his monastery church. The monastery in question was Lastingham in north-east Yorkshire. Chad, like a true Celt, made choice of a moorland solitude, not far from the sea—a site whose desolation seems to have strangely impressed Bede, accustomed as he was to the more genial situations of the Roman monasteries—and then proceeded as follows: "The man of God, desiring first to cleanse the place for the monastery from former crimes, by prayer and fasting, that it might become acceptable to our Lord, and so to lay the foundations, requested of the king that he would give him leave to reside there all the approaching time of Lent, to pray. All which days, except Sundays, he fasted till the evening, according to custom, and then took no other sustenance than a little bread, one hen's egg, and a little milk mixed with water. This, he said, was the custom of those of whom he had learned the rule of regular discipline; first, to consecrate to our Lord, by prayer and fasting, the places which they had newly received for building a monastery or a church. When there were ten days of Lent still remaining, there came a messenger to call him to the king; and he, that the religious work might not be intermitted, on account of the king's affairs, entreated

his priest, Cynebil, who was also his own brother, to complete that which had been so piously begun. Cynebil readily complied, and when the time of fasting and prayer was over, he there built the monastery, which is now called Lestingau, and established therein the religious customs of Lindisfarne, where they had been educated."

It will be noticed at once that the consecration preceded instead of completing the act of church-building; and it will be further noticed that no name, either of saint or angel, appears to have been formally bestowed upon the church; but, nevertheless, it would in time come to be popularly spoken of by the founder's name, as "Llan Dewi," "Llan Deiniol," "Llan Deilo," etc., the churches respectively of S. David, S. Deiniol, and S. Teilo. Lastingham ought in like manner to have retained the name of its founder, and probably was so called for a while, but at some rebuilding it was formally *dedicated*, according to the accepted Roman usage, to the Blessed Virgin, whose name it still bears. "Chad-kirk" in Cheshire may very possibly have been consecrated by S. Chad, and corresponds exactly to the "Llan-Deiniols" and "Llan-Deilos" of Wales.

As a general rule, then, we may assume that ancient churches lying within the sphere of Celtic influence were actually founded by the saint whose name they bear. The historical value of such an aid can hardly be over-estimated, for by means of these names we are enabled to trace the course of many a saint—from Wales to Ireland, from Ireland to Cornwall, or it may even be from Cornwall to many parts of the continent. Even in the heart of Saxon England such Celtic names meet us here and there; and wherever they meet us we believe that they witness to the personal presence of the unknown men or women who bore them. We have seen many illustrations of this theory in the foregoing pages,* and shall see many more; but for the moment we must confine ourselves to the churches that bear the name of S. David.

S. David is so indisputably the supreme glory of the Welsh Church that we might expect to find his churches in all parts of the Principality, but it is not so. The Celtic principle of *personal connexion* has been rigidly adhered to, and the half hundred Welsh churches of S. David are closely packed together in that portion of South Wales, Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, which is believed, on good ground, to have formed the original diocese of St. David's. The immense number of churches assigned to the fifth and sixth centuries would be almost beyond belief, if we were to suppose them all solid buildings of stone; but the majority of them were rough erections of wood and wattle, hastily put up, doubtless with less of cost and labour than many a modern mission-room. We have seen, too, that it was not necessary for the bishop or anchorite who began the consecration ceremony to remain on the spot until it was concluded; but even taking all these things into account, there remain in South Wales and the adjacent regions more churches of S. David than can reasonably be attributed to the labours of one individual. Mr. Rees, who,

* Cf. S. Modwenna and S. Pandiana, CH. XXXI.

in his "Essay on the Welsh Saints," so often referred to, has minutely discussed the whole question of dedications to the patron saint of his country, is of opinion that all the *earliest* churches in the district bearing the name of S. David were indeed founded by him, but that the *later* ones were chapelries dependent upon the mother-church, which assumed to themselves the same name. By the minute examination of a mass of data accumulated from various sources Mr. Rees has succeeded in classifying the churches dedicated to S. David according to the periods of their probable foundation. Monmouthshire and Herefordshire formed part of the saint's original diocese, and Mr. Rees assigns to the earliest period of all at least seven out of the nine churches of S. David found in these two counties. It is true that two of the Herefordshire churches—Kilpeck and Dewchurch Magna—have additional or alternative dedications to the Virgin and S. Thomas the Martyr, but it is obvious on the face of it that in the case of *Dewchurch*, at any rate, the original association was with S. Dewi, or David, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury was but a mediæval addition. Little Dewchurch may make the same claim for itself —though being only a chapelry, and not a parochial church, it may be of a somewhat later date than the others; while the same remark applies to the Monmouthshire chapelry of Bettws.

If early Celtic dedications did not conform so rigorously to this law of personal association, we might be inclined to credit the two not far distant churches of Barton in Somerset and Moreton-in-the-Marsh in Gloucestershire to S. David's own foundation; but both counties lie outside the limits of his diocese, and there is no tradition of his having visited either of these spots—though tradition does take him into Somerset when it daringly connects him with the discovery of the Bath waters.

Nor was S. David's fame wholly confined to the West of England. Airmyn, an old chapelry in the West Riding of Yorkshire, has long borne his name; and a study of Nottinghamshire Wills shows that Farnsfield and Holme, now dedicated to S. Michael and S. Giles respectively, were both of them, at some period prior to the Reformation, known as "S. David." As the late Precentor Venables observes, "it would be interesting if we could explain the cause of these scattered dedications." It is not impossible that they may prove to have been bestowed in the twelfth century, when S. David had recently been canonized by Pope Calixtus, and when his popularity was at its height in England; but, as Professor Rees says, they are "so few and far between, that no historical inference can be deduced from them, except that they were consecrated to his memory long after the conversion of the Saxons." * Nor can much be deduced from the six or seven modern churches in this name, except that some of them —as, for example, in Birmingham and Liverpool—have doubtless been so dedicated out of consideration for the Welsh population resident in those cities.

But a word must still be given to the tiny group of ancient churches

* "Welsh Saints."

dedicated to S. David in Devon and Cornwall. There personal association with the saint does not rest on the strong historical evidence that distinguishes the larger and more important group in and near Wales, but it is supported by tradition, and is in itself intrinsically probable. The intercourse between South Wales and the modern counties of Devon and Cornwall (long known under the Celtic name of "the kingdom of Damnonia") was so close, that it is in the highest degree probable that S. David did visit these parts. The only direct statement, however, to this effect, is to be found in an early Welsh poem, which hints that his reception by the natives of Devonshire was as rude as that accorded to the Roman Augustine at a later date (vol. i. p. 321).

> "He endured buffetings, very hard blows,
> From the hands of an uncourteous woman, devoid of modesty."

The vengeful touch so common in all Celtic legends of the saints is not wanting here, for the next lines add—

> "He took vengeance, he endangered the sceptre of Devon,
> And those who were not slain were burned." *

At any rate, the theory of S. David's presence in these regions receives fourfold support from the church of Davidstow in Cornwall, and from the three churches of Thelbridge, Ashprington, and S. David's, Exeter—all three of them in Devonshire. Moreover, the tradition receives additional support from the fact that in these same counties there are three churches dedicated to S. David's mother, S. Nun.†

S. Nun, or Nonna, C. March 3.

The bond thus shown to exist between mother and son leads us to speak here of S. Nun. It will be observed that as her churches are grouped round his, so, too, her festival is placed within two days of his. The unfortunate lady has been hardly dealt with, owing to the mistake of the Latin lives, which have translated her native name of *Non* into "the Nun." This confusion has been accepted by later writers, and so Cardinal Newman, for example, speaks slightingly of her as coming of a saintly family, "but little deserving any honour herself." ‡ The oldest Life of S. David, however, "makes her no nun, . . . but a beautiful girl," § and, according to the statements of the invaluable Welsh pedigrees, she was the daughter of a chieftain, and the wife of Sandde, the father of S. David.

Little is known of her individually, but she shines with a reflected glory as the mother of her distinguished son, and is commemorated in Brittany and Cornwall, as well as in her native country. In Brittany a mystery-play in honour of S. Nun existed before the twelfth century, and a legendary life of her was preserved in her Cornish church of *Altarnun*, or *Altarnon*—the spellings are various—as late as the thirteenth century.‖ She has four churches or chapels in South Wales—"all of which," as Mr.

* Quoted by Rees from the Myvyrian Archæology.

† "Welsh Saints."

‡ "English Saints," *Gundleus.*

§ Borlase.

‖ D. C. B., "Nonna."

Rees observes, "are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of churches ascribed to S. David."* At Altarnun in Cornwall we note the same juxtaposition—S. Nun's church being at no great distance from "Davidstow." Pelynt, which is usually reckoned among S. Nun's dedications, undoubtedly possesses a well bearing her name, and is known to have had a chapel of "S. Ninnina's." The dedication of this chapelry has gradually been transferred to the parish church,† but it has been supposed that S. Nun was only introduced into Pelynt at the time of the coming of the Trelawny family, who migrated from Altarnon to Pelynt, and may have chosen to connect their old home and their new by erecting a chapel in honour of their tutelary saint.‡ There was yet another chapel—now no longer existing—in the parish of Creed, where she was commemorated under the oddly distorted form of "S. Ounter," or "S. Naunter." A little farther afield, across the Devonshire border, we find Bradstone, which also claims to be dedicated to S. Nun; but beyond dispute, the most famous of her dedications was that at Altarnon, celebrated for the cures supposed to be wrought on the insane by the waters of S. Nun's Well. The very name of the parish is in itself interesting. The unique prefix *Altar*, "in place," says Mr. Borlase, "of Lan, Eglos, or Saint, may possibly be an evidence of a custom of very great antiquity, and when we remember the fables of Saints like St. Crantock bringing their altars with them, round which to raise their churches, we seem to reach back to the shadow of some usage long since forgotten. Traditionally too, Altarnun was the place of St. Nonna's burial." § At one time, previous to the Reformation, an attempt was made to change the old dedication of Altarnun into "S. Mary," but local feeling was too strong, and S. Nun remains to-day in undisputed possession of the parish, which is so clearly hers by right.‖

The situation of the churches dedicated to S. David and his mother has involved us in many intricate and tiresome details, but the principles thereby displayed will be found to throw much light on the origin and history of churches dedicated to other Welshmen—friends, relations, and pupils of S. David's—and it is to these other saints that we now pass.

S. Illtyd, A. Feb. 7 or Nov. 6.

The Welsh Church owes to S. Illtyd an immense debt of gratitude, for he was the instructor, not of S. David only, but of many others of the most distinguished of the Welsh saints. His surname of "the Knight," or "the Warrior," shows that there was a part of his life devoted to pursuits less peaceful than those of his later years.

Illtyd was a well-born native of Brittany, a grand-nephew of S. German of Auxerre. If we may trust his life—which is, unfortunately, of very late date and in many points plainly legendary—"his parents were desirous that he should become learned, and sent him to be instructed in the seven

* "Welsh Saints."
† Borlase.
‡ Murray's "Cornwall."
§ "Age of the Saints."
‖ Borlase.

sciences." Learning came naturally to S. Illtyd, and so excellent was his memory that what he once heard he remembered for ever; but he tired of the quiet routine, and was on fire to be allowed to join his cousin, King Arthur, of whose prowess such wondrous tales were told. So he came into Wales, and followed a soldier's calling—at the court of Arthur, say the Welsh Triads, at the court of a certain prince of Glamorganshire, says his Life.

"The precepts of the Gospel were in the breast of the soldier," and—born teacher that he was—"he endeavoured to recite them to those who would retain them." A chance circumstance brought the young soldier under the notice of the renowned abbot, S. Cadoc (p. 188), who urged him strongly to withdraw from secular life. It was all in accordance with the religious ideals of his age that he should let himself be persuaded to renounce, not his profession merely, but his wife—a wife who grieved bitterly over her banishment. After a period of probation, Illtyd was admitted to Holy Orders by Bishop Dubricius, and there is reason to suppose that it was thanks to this great man that his natural gifts and acquired powers were turned to the best account. Dubricius set him to superintend a large monastic establishment in Glamorganshire—at that time known as Caer Wrgan, but from the time of Illtyd's death down to the present day known as *Llantwit*, a contraction of "the church of Illtyd." From its immense size it was designated Llantwit Major, or in Welsh, Llantwit Fawr.

The number of disciples—and here we follow the authority, not of the late Latin life, but of the Welsh Triads—was over two thousand. The figures are startling, and one is reminded that the two principal stumbling-blocks to Celtic veracity are apt to be a passion for round numbers and for scriptural analogies. But in this case the figures are by no means inconceivable. The Celtic monasteries, whether in Wales or Scotland, were more of the nature of villages than of single institutions, the brethren living in a collection of small huts grouped round the church. Over the whole community the abbot, with such assistants as he might choose, reigned supreme; and when, like S. David and S. Cadoc, he added to his spiritual claims the rights of a royal chieftain, the monks accorded to their abbot very much the same passionate allegiance as Scottish clansmen were wont to manifest to their feudal lord.

David, and David's teacher, Paul the Old, have been already named as among the number of Illtyd's pupils: another distinguished pair were Gildas the Chronicler and Samson, an Armorican bishop of note (p. 186): of others, mention will be made as we come to them. With our modern notions of schools and colleges, we are inclined to suppose that all who were fellow-students must be about the same standing in point of age, but at institutions like Llantwit, boys and elderly men mingled together, and this will explain many a chronological difficulty among the pupils of Illtyd, without having recourse to the statement of the *Triads* that he held the headship of the famous college for ninety years. It is also well

to remember that Welsh students passed freely from one monastery school to another at their own free will.

And what was it that was taught in these monastery schools? First, the art of reading—for the sake, beyond and before all else, of reading the Holy Scriptures. How close and intimate was the knowledge there imparted of the Sacred Volumes may be gathered from the writings of the Welsh Gildas, a fellow-student, if we may believe the old tradition, with S. David in the school of Illtyd. His melancholy denunciations of the sins of his native land breathe the very spirit of the Hebrew prophets. He is steeped in the language and imagery of the Old Testament, and shows his familiarity with it, not by detached quotations, but by his unconscious adoption of the style of the later prophets. Here, as in all other monasteries, the copying of manuscripts was an important branch of industry: here, too, the future bards were instructed in the rules of their sacred art. Nor were the classics neglected. Some at least of the students had a smattering of Greek, as is evidenced by their surnaming Teilo ἥλιος, *the sun;* that such knowledge was rigidly confined to the few is further proved by the wonderful transformations this unhappy word must have undergone before it appeared in Cornwall as *Endellion!* The study of Latin was not limited to the amount required for an understanding of the service-books; the standard grammarians were carefully studied, and the poets were known and loved, as is shown in a touching story of S. Cadoc and his lost copy of Virgil (p. 189).

So much for the literary side of a Welsh monastery. Yet more conspicuous was the practical side—the reclaiming and cultivation of land, the making of roads, and the building, though in very rude style, of churches and dwellings. Study and manual labour went hand in hand, and the scholar was liable at any moment to be roused from his book to follow the plough. "Father David" considered such frequent change of employment a useful discipline—"too much perseverance in performing actions was prohibited to all," quaintly says his biographer. The sternness of Celtic monastic discipline forbade as a blamable luxury the use of oxen in ploughing—"Every man must be his own ox," was S. David's austere saying; but Illtyd won the lasting gratitude of his fellow-countrymen by inventing some improved method of ploughing; and, curiously enough, "a kind of plough invented by him, and still called after his name, may be seen in use in the remoter districts of Wales to this day."*

The even tenor of S. Illtyd's useful life was broken by contentions on behalf of his just rights with Meirchion, the king, or leading chieftain, of that part of Glamorganshire in which Llantwit was situated. For all this part of Illtyd's history we have nothing to go upon but the late and very untrustworthy Latin life, which is, however, doubtless correct enough in representing the petty king of South Wales as a being as changeful and tyrannical as an African potentate, one day heaping favours on his new favourite, and the moment his selfish desires were in the least

* Murray.

thwarted, turning against him so fiercely that the saint was forced to seek some temporary hiding-place till the violence of the storm should be past.

The modern visitor to Llantwit will find there many traces of monastic buildings, but all of them belonging to a much later age than that of Illtyd. His most enduring memorial, however, is the way in which his name is stamped upon the entire parish, as well as upon the church in its midst; but in the churchyard one tangible relic still remains, on which the eyes of many of Illtyd's pupils may have gazed in loving reverence. It is the broken shaft of a cross on which are engraved the words: "Crux Iltuti, Samson redis, Samuel excisor. Samson posuit hanc crucem pro anima ejus." Of Samuel, the carver of the cross, nothing is known, but we may reasonably conjecture that we have here a memorial raised by Bishop Samson of Dôl to his honoured master Illtyd.*

S. Illtyd is said to have been buried at a place in Brecknockshire that goes by a long Welsh name meaning "the grave of S. Illtyd's Eve." The chapel here is dedicated to him, and the name took its origin from its "having been the custom to watch there during the night previous to the saint's day."† In South Wales there are many churches dedicated to S. Illtyd besides those at his own Llantwit and at his burying-place, but only one such dedication has made its way over the English border. Llanhileth in Monmouthshire clearly takes its name from S. Illtyd, who may very possibly have been its founder. It is a satisfaction to be able to claim this great teacher among our patron saints.

S. Paul the Old, or Pawl Hen, A. Nov. 22.

Another teacher of S. David, himself originally a student in the College of Illtyd, was one Paul, known to his contemporaries by the designation of *Pawl Hen*, or "Paul the Old," but in the later lives Latinized into Paulinus. He seems to have been a native of the Isle of Man, and to have been attracted southward by the fame of Illtyd's school. After a time he set up a school of his own in Carmarthenshire, which was known as "the White House." A modern house named "Whitland Abbey" still marks the spot. David, Teilo, and some other of his fellow-students, chose to follow Paul the Old from Llantwit rather than lose his instructions. David remained with him for ten years, and was one of his chief favourites.

Now, it befell that the master was seized with violent pain in the eyes, which resulted in loss of sight. He bade his pupils one by one look upon his eyes and see if they could find any remedy; but sympathy was all that they could offer. Then, turning to David, he said: "David, look at my eyes, for they pain me very much." But David shrank from raising his eyes to the countenance of his honoured master, and pleaded to be excused, saying that in all the ten years that he had studied with him he had never

* It is true that the Latin life of S. Illtyd represents Samson as dying before his master, and Illtyd as having raised a cross to *his* memory, but the ancient stone may be regarded as the more trustworthy witness of the two. It is only right to add, however, that such authorities as Haddan and Stubbs decline to believe in the early date generally assigned to this interesting relic, and hold that it cannot be earlier than the ninth century.—D. C. B., "Samson."

† "Welsh Saints."

yet looked upon his face. Then Paulinus, "admiring his very great modesty," said: "Since it is so, it will be sufficient if thou wilt touch mine eyes, and bless them, for then I shall be cured." And so it was that when David touched them, "they were cured in the twinkling of an eye."

Paul the Old had strong faith that his well-loved pupil would one day distinguish himself, and it was through his means that David was brought to the fore at the famous Synod of Brevi. In the parish adjoining that of Llandewi Brevi is a chapel that goes by the name of "Capel Peulin," and in the same part of Wales is a yet more interesting relic of "Paul the Bishop," as our saint is designated in the old Welsh records, though modern authorities rank him only among the abbots.* This is an ancient stone upon which is engraved, in very bad Latin verse, the words—

> "One who kept the faith, and ever loved his country,
> Here Paulinus lies, a most pious observer of justice."

It is sometimes supposed that the Paulinus in question must have been a Roman general, but Mr. Rees points out that the reference to keeping the faith "implies that the person interred was a Christian," † and as we have already one memorial of S. Paulinus in this district in the little church known sometimes as "Capel Peulin," sometimes as the "Capella Sancti Paulini," it need not surprise us to find another memorial of a different kind. Llangorse in Brecknockshire is likewise dedicated to him; indeed, there is no difficulty about his Welsh dedications, but when we come to the English ones the question is far more complicated.

Not a few churches in Devon and Cornwall bear the name of "S. Paul," but, as has been shown elsewhere, dedications to S. Paul the Apostle are comparatively rare (CH. VII.). There are two Celtic saints of the name of Paul, either of whom may be the intended patron, and it is impossible to decide between their respective claims.‡ There is our Paul the Old, and there is an Armorican bishop usually known as "Paul of Léon" (CH. XXXVII.), and in the absence of certain proofs they must be content to divide the honours between them. According to the late Precentor Venables,§ the dedications to S. Paul in Devon and Cornwall are "as a rule to the Breton Bishop S. Pol de Léon, as those in Wales are to the preceptor of S. David, Paul the Aged." The point arises whether the two Somersetshire dedications to S. Paul can be intended for the Welsh saint; but the more probable patron seems to be S. Paul the Apostle. The first of the two parishes, namely, Kewstoke, plainly derives its name from its founder, the Celtic S. Kew (CH. XXXVI.), and the name of S. Paul must have been bestowed later, when the original patron had been forgotten. The second parish church, that of Weston-in-Gordano, was rebuilt in the beginning of the present century,‖ and it is possible that the dedication to S. Paul is of no earlier date than this rebuilding. It

* D. C. B.
† "Welsh Saints."
‡ Mr. Kerslake in the *Arch. Journal*, vol. 30.
§ *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.
‖ Lewis.

must be allowed, therefore, that we cannot with certainty assign any one English dedication to S. Paul the Old, though it is just possible that some among the number may be intended for him.

S. Aldate, or Eldad, B. June 14.

Another pupil of Illtyd's, though probably belonging to an earlier generation than David, is Eldad, a British Bishop of Gloucester, who has been identified with the otherwise wholly unknown "S. Aldate" commemorated in two English cities. It must be confessed that the identification of these two names rests upon no very satisfactory basis. It has been accepted by some authorities,* but the Bishop of Oxford is careful not to commit himself on the subject, and concludes his brief account of S. Eldad † with the words: "He deserves a place here only as having sometimes been identified with S. Aldate, an unknown saint to whom churches in Oxford and Gloucester are dedicated."

The temptation to identify the two is considerable, for there is no alternative between so doing and banishing S. Aldate to the class of untraceable saints. At first sight, moreover, a good deal seems to be known about S. Eldad, but unfortunately our principal source of information is the partial and untrustworthy Geoffrey of Monmouth. All that we know of him from the sober and meagre Welsh pedigrees may be summed up in a single sentence: "Eldad, a brother of Usteg, was a saint of the society of Illtyd, and afterwards bishop of Gloucester, where he was slain by the Saxons." ‡ Geoffrey of Monmouth (1100–1154), who always writes from the British point of view, adds several details concerning this patriot bishop, who, according to him, played a leading part in resisting the hated Saxons. It was Eldad who gave Christian burial to the unhappy British nobles who were treacherously slain at the bidding of Hengist when they had come together for a peaceful conference: it was Eldad who counselled Hengist's death when he afterwards fell into the hands of the Britons. "Though all should be unanimous for setting him at liberty," said he, "yet would I cut him to pieces;" and it is characteristic of his training that he fortifies his advice by a reference to the history of Agag: "The prophet Samuel is my warrant. Do therefore the same to Hengist, who is a second Agag." The vanquisher of Hengist is stated to have been a brother of Eldad's, one "Eldol, earl of Gloucester." No such name is found in the Welsh pedigrees where Eldad's family is carefully traced—a somewhat suspicious circumstance, except that in some cases these pedigrees are known to omit all the lay members of a family.

Eldad comes before us next in a more pleasing light. The scene changes to York, where the Saxons, if we may trust the British records, met with a temporary but very serious check, and were forced to surrender at discretion. Again a council was held to determine how the suppliants should be dealt with. "After various proposals upon this subject, Eldad the bishop rose up, and delivered his opinion in these words: 'The Gibeonites

* Baring-Gould, and Parker's "Anglican Calendar."

† D. C. B.

‡ "Welsh Saints."

came voluntarily to the Children of Israel to desire mercy and they obtained it. And shall we Christians be worse than the Jews, in refusing them mercy? It is mercy which they beg, let them have it. The island of Britain is large, and in many places uninhabited. Let us make a covenant with them, and suffer them at least to inhabit the desert places that they may be our vassals for ever.'" Politic advice which was agreed to and acted upon!

S. Eldad—if, indeed, he be one with S. Aldate—has the distinction of being commemorated in two of our cathedral cities, Oxford and Gloucester. There seems nothing special to account for his presence at Oxford; we might with more appropriateness have looked for him in York, where unfortunately he is not. Gloucester, on the other hand, agrees perfectly both with Geoffrey of Monmouth's tradition that his brother was "earl of Gloucester," and also with the more important statement of the Welsh records that Eldad himself was "bishop of Gloucester." At all events, Gloucester has claimed him for her own, for in addition to his church of S. Aldate, his name is inscribed on the back of the bishop's throne in the cathedral: "S. Aldatus, Episcopus. Anno Domini 490." *

S. Elphin, or Elffin, C. (poss. Elgin).†

The "S. Elphin" who has given his name to the parish church at Warrington is so perplexing an individual that he ought by rights to be relegated to the chapter of untraceable saints, but there is a reasonable probability that he may be identified with a certain *Elffin*, another of the innumerable scholars of Illtyd, whose name is found in the Welsh pedigrees.‡ This Elphin (the names are spelt indifferently) is not conspicuous on his own account, but in Welsh song and legend he shines with a reflected glory as the earliest and most steadfast patron of the celebrated bard Taliessin. One of the best authenticated of Taliessin's extant poems is an appeal to King Maelgwn—the great and dreaded chieftain who so often crosses the path of some one or other of our saints—to release his benefactor Elphin from imprisonment. After invoking upon Maelgwn every blessing from on high, the poet continues—

> "I will implore the Sovereign, Supreme in the land of peace,
> To liberate Elphin from banishment,
> The man that gave me wine, ale, and mead,
> And the great princely steeds of gay appearance,
> And to me yet would give as usual." §

According to a Welsh legend, Taliessin was a foundling fished up out of a weir by this very Elphin, who, with prophetic instinct, foresaw the future greatness of the little infant, and nourished him with all tenderness. The romance of Taliessin and Elphin became exceedingly popular, and of course added to Elphin's fame; but it is of late origin, belonging, it is supposed, to the twelfth or thirteenth century.‖ S. Elphin's church at Warrington,

* Baring-Gould, June 14.

† For another theory as to the identity of this saint, see CH. LI.

‡ "Welsh Saints."

§ From Taliessin's "Mead Song," quoted in Sharon Turner.

‖ D. C. B.

however, is mentioned by name in Domesday Book, so it is clear that its patron was not suggested by the favourite mediæval story.

Setting aside all connexion with Taliessin, there is no inherent improbability in one of S. Illtyd's pupils having travelled so far north as Warrington, and there founding a church, and if Warrington were our only church in this name, we might rest satisfied with the belief that S. Elphin of Llantwit was the intended patron; but the inquiry is much complicated by the existence of a church at North Frodingham, near Hull, dedicated to a wholly unknown "S. Elgin." Is it possible that this mysterious *S. Elgin* in the far east of England can be the same as *S. Elphin* in the west? It is but a conjecture, but it is not so wholly improbable as it at first sounds. The change of name from Elphin to Elgin counts for very little: names undergo far more startling transformations than this, and as there is no known personage of the name of *Elgin* who would meet the conditions, we must suppose the name to be a corruption of something else. The next point is: Can we reasonably look for a British saint in a part of England so dominated by Saxon and Danish influence as the east coast of Yorkshire? To this it may be replied that the Celtic saints were great travellers, and that so it comes about that they are to be found in all parts of England—not in great numbers, but scattered here and there, as the Irish Modwen (CH. XXXI.) at Burton-on-Trent, or her more obscure fellow-countrywoman, Pandiana (CH. XXXI.), in Cambridgeshire, or the Cornish Constantine (CH. XXXV.) in Staffordshire. In some rare instances we can guess at the circumstances of their introduction, more often not; but in each case we find them accepted as peaceably as though they were Saxons born, or the recognized saints of the Roman Kalendars.

There is no inherent improbability, therefore, in the supposition that S. Elphin may have wandered first to Warrington, and thence straight across England into North-east Yorkshire. In so journeying he would still have found himself among men of his own blood and speech, and to them he would gladly minister. The hated Saxon was winning his way slowly but surely, but in Elphin's day British tribes still held their own along the eastern shore, "from Flamboro' Head to the Firth of Forth."* Their expulsion from this district was hastened by a battle that took place at Catterick near Richmond, in which the Britons were disastrously routed. Curiously enough, we have the whole history of this defeat told us by one who took a leading part in it, namely, the Welsh bard Aneurin, who was there taken prisoner, and escaped with his life, only, as it would seem, for the sake of his poetic calling.† Now, this Aneurin was a friend and contemporary of Elphin's friend Taliessin. Taliessin himself makes mention of this fatal battle of Catterick, but it is not clear that he was there in person. It is an allowable inference that if an associate of Elphin's is known to have been in North-east Yorkshire, he himself may also have been there. The poet Aneurin, with

* Stephen's "Literature of the Kymri." † Sharon Turner.

the candour that oftentimes distinguishes these early British writers,* does not hesitate repeatedly to attribute the defeat to the unrestrained drunkenness of the Britons—a grave but all too probable indictment, which suggests the thought that if S. Elphin went to his fellow-countrymen at North Frodingham in a missionary capacity, he must have found among them ample scope for all his efforts.

The day of S. Elphin's commemoration is apparently not known.

S. Meugan, or Mawgan, C. Sept. 25.

Another pupil of S. Illtyd, far better authenticated than the last, but also far less interesting, is S. Meugan, Mawgan, or Meigant. He was of royal descent, of the same stock as King Arthur. Like many another high-born Welshman of his day, he spent his life from youth to old age in the peaceful retirement of the monastery. He received his earliest education under the eye of his kinsman, S. Illtyd, at Llantwit; thence he passed on to the college founded by Dubricius at Caerleon, at that time presided over by Meugan's own father; and finally, he ended his career in the island solitude of Bardsey. He probably belonged to the order of Bards, for there are still extant two poems—considered by experts to be genuine—which bear the name of Meugan. There are, indeed, more than two, but the remainder are held to be of a later date.

But Meugan was no mere recluse and scholar: something of the missionary there must have been in him—witness the ancient church of *Llanfeugan* in Brecknockshire, supposed to have been founded by him, and the three chapelries bearing his name, two of them in North Wales, and one in Monmouthshire, known as S. Meugan's, or S. Maughan's, in the parish of *Llangattock-Vibon-Avel*, a truly Welsh concatenation of syllables!

Mr. Borlase suggests that this Meugan may be the same who has given his name to the two Cornish parishes of Mawgan-in-Meneage and Mawgan-in-Pydar. If this surmise be correct, he will prove to be still more of a traveller than appeared at first sight, and we shall be obliged to credit him with no less than three English dedications.

S. Allen, C. (poss. Alan).

Yet another of Illtyd's pupils was a certain *Alan*, a Breton by birth, said to have been a great-nephew of S. German,† who may, it is thought, be the true patron of the Cornish church of St. Allen‡ near Truro. S. Allen is generally identified§ with the S. Elwyn who was one of the Irish immigrants who accompanied S. Fingar, and who is commemorated by a church at Hayle (CH. XXXVI.). But the parish of St. Allen lies so completely outside the district associated with this group of saints as to suggest the probability that the name had some other origin, and the date of the feast-day (Rogation Sunday) in no way corresponds with February 22, the day usually assigned to S. Elwyn of Hayle.‖

* Cf. the Epistles of Gildas.
† "Welsh Saints."
‡ Borlase.
§ D. C. B.
‖ Truro Kalendar.

S. Samson of York, B.

So many disputes have raged round the name and claims of S. Samson as to make the subject a very difficult one. The little church of S. Samson's in the heart of the city of York has for centuries kept alive the tradition of a Celtic saint of this name who in the very dawn of British Christianity was chosen to be Bishop of York. The dedication is by no means a unique one: it is found in Wiltshire; it is found in Cornwall; it is found across the sea in Brittany, where the scanty statements of the Northern records are eked out by many a detail; and for generations past it has been customary to regard all these widely separated dedications as commemorating the same individual. A later and more critical age perceived the difficulty of reconciling the claims of York and Brittany, and rejected, not only the pretensions to archiepiscopal rights which were supposed to be bound up with the name of Samson, but a great deal more besides.

The single authority for calling S. Samson "Archbishop of York" is the untrustworthy Geoffrey of Monmouth, who, in an often quoted passage referring to the days of Merlin and Uther and the British prince Ambrosius Aurelius, says: "At that time the two metropolitan sees of York and Legions [*i.e.* Caerleon] were vacant, and with the general consent of the people, whom he was willing to please in this choice, he [*i.e.* Aurelius] granted York to Sanxo [Samson], a man of great quality and much celebrated for his piety, and the city of Legions to Dubricius whom Divine providence had pointed out as a most useful pastor in that place." It would be rash to pin one's faith to any statement of Geoffrey of Monmouth, unsupported by other evidence; but in this case independent confirmation is found in the Welsh genealogies which make mention of one "Samson, the son of Caw," who had a church at York. The family from which this Samson sprang was a distinguished one, and gave so many saints to the Church that it was accounted "the third holy family in Britain."* Much is known of the family, but little of the individual; only it would seem that when the advancing tide of the Saxons drove the British southward and westward, Samson returned to his native land and ended his life in the College of Illtyd.† The Welsh records do not actually say that he was a bishop; they merely state that he had a church in York; but as the late Chancellor Raine points out, "Where there were churches in those days there were bishops."‡ As to S. Samson's metropolitan standing, it is clear that under the Roman administration bishops of the chief cities of a district, such as York and Caerleon, were invested with a certain supremacy over the surrounding dioceses, such as might entitle them to be called in a sense metropolitan, but in neither case is there any record of the formal bestowal of the all-important *pall*. The name of Samson, therefore, is rightly omitted from the most carefully drawn up lists of the Archbishops of York, but he is nevertheless indissolubly connected with the traditions of that city.§

* "Welsh Saints."
† Ibid.
‡ "Archbishops of York."
§ See vol. i. p. 365.

S. Samson of Dôl, B. July 28.

Concerning Samson of York's fellow-student and namesake—who, for convenience' sake, we may distinguish by the title of his Breton bishopric, "Samson of Dôl"—a great deal more has been said and written, and yet his story, too, is involved in many confusions and contradictions. Wales and Brittany have striven hard for the possession of this saint; but the truth seems to be that the two countries are entitled to divide the honours; for though he is best known as the bishop of an Armorican see, he was Welsh by birth and upbringing, and so fondly attached to his native land that—if we may trust the Welsh legends—he returned thither to die. The genealogies show him to have been the son of one Amwn Ddu, and to have entered the College of Illtyd—a generation later, it may be, than his namesake of York.*

A quaint legend is recorded of him in the life of his master Illtyd. Young Samson took his turn with the other scholars in the humble duty of scaring the sparrows from the corn—apparently with indifferent success. Throwing stones from a sling was not a pursuit in which he excelled, and with all his good will "he was not able to keep the corn safe and untouched." Some other expedient must be tried, and after much earnest thought he determined to try his moral power over the offending birds. The door of the barn stood open, and somehow he prevailed upon them to go before him—"like a flock of sheep," and "of their own accord" they flocked into their prison. When once they were there "they were well confined, without a net keeping them," and "they sang mournfully, they fasted, they repented that they had done injury to the corn," and, in short, by the time S. Illtyd gave permission for their release, they were so thoroughly humbled that they never again did him any harm.†

The zealous, eager boy was a favourite with S. Illtyd, who wisely regulated his self-imposed austerities, saying: "My little son, it is not proper that you should injure the health of your small body by severe abstinence."‡ In truth, Samson's zeal was in danger of degenerating into a hard intolerance. He had already been ordained deacon and priest by S. Dubricius, when he asked leave to withdraw into deeper retirement, and was allowed to spend some years in charge of a little island-monastery not far from Llantwit. Here the news reached him that his father was ill, and anxious to see him. "I have left Egypt, why should I return thither?" was the cold answer; but one of his companions, an aged priest, blamed him for his unfilial spirit, and persuaded him not to neglect his natural duties in this way. On his arrival the sick man made a full confession of his sins, and vowed if he got better to dedicate himself and his whole family, including the baby daughter, to the monastic life. He did recover, and faithfully kept his vow, but Samson rejected the innocent babe, saying severely: "She is given up to this world's pomps

* "Welsh Saints."

† "Cambro-British Saints," and "Book of Llandaff."

‡ Baring-Gould, July 28.

and pleasures; nevertheless, let her be nourished, for she is a human being."*

There are a good many stories which show that Samson was not very popular with his fellow-monks, and perhaps it was for this reason that he took up his abode in a cave by the river Severn. At this point the legend becomes very wild, but from a comparison of the different lives it may be gathered that he was consecrated bishop by S. Dubricius, and that he passed over into Brittany, where, in course of time, he became Bishop, or, as it is sometimes said, *Archbishop*, of Dôl. As to these archiepiscopal pretensions—grounded on the assumption that this Samson was identical with him of York, and ardently clung to by patriotic Welshmen for the purpose of proving their complete independence of Rome—they are, as has already been said, entirely baseless.

Various causes are assigned for S. Samson's migration into Brittany: he went in obedience to a dream; he went to escape from the Yellow Plague—a terrible and most well attested visitation; he went at the earnest prayer of the people of Dôl, who had heard the fame of his subjugation of the marauding birds, and consequently regarded him as a most fit person to fill their vacant see. But whatever his motives, he did actually migrate into Brittany, and it is curious how at this point a real historic figure emerges, though but for a brief space.

During his sojourn in Brittany, Samson became deeply involved in the politics of the country, and we find him a prominent champion of the young prince of the country, who had been deposed by a usurper and sent as prisoner to Childebert I. Bishop Samson set off for Paris, and by his intercessions succeeded in effecting the release of the captive, who was afterwards restored to his throne. It was probably at this same time that he had the opportunity of assisting at the Council of Paris (A.D. 557), for among the signatures to the canons there agreed upon is that of "Samson, Bishop of Dôl," a circumstance which affords us the rare advantage of assigning a fixed date to at least one incident in his story. From the further circumstance that his name is missing from the roll of those present at the Council of Tours just ten years later, it is inferred that he died in the interval,† but as to the place of his death there are great differences of opinion. Some authorities say that he died at Dôl; others maintain that he returned to the land of his birth; while a third version makes him die in Brittany, but tells how after death his coffin was committed to the waves, and wafted to his old home, Llantwit, to the feet of his honoured master, S. Illtyd, who received it with all reverence, and put up a stone cross over the spot where his dear friend was laid to rest. It is surely only a very hypercritical person who would wish to remember that, according to the testimony of the inscribed stones before referred to (p. 179), it was Samson himself who performed the same office by his master Illtyd.

Undoubtedly it is wholly impossible to weave out of the tangled mass

* Baring-Gould, July 28. † D. C. B.

of material at our disposal any account of this saint that shall be altogether consistent; but through all the contradictions we catch glimpses of a real man, of fiery disposition and genuine zeal.

There are three or four English dedications to S. Samson—Wales, curiously enough, does not furnish us with a single example—but unfortunately we have not the satisfaction of being able to connect any one of the number with his personal history. In addition to one of the Scilly Isles, which is named from him "S. Samson's Island," we have three churches bearing his name. Two of these are in Cornwall—one at South-Hill, not far from Launceston, the other at Golant near Lostwithiel. This last parish is so completely identified with our saint that it is called indifferently *Golant*, or *St. Sampson's*. Cricklade in Wiltshire is the third example; but of his fourth honour our saint has been robbed. The noble abbey church of Milton Abbas in Dorset, founded by King Athelstan in the year 933, as an atonement for the murder of his brother, was dedicated by him to "SS. Mary, Michael, Samson, and Branwaladr." * It is hardly to be doubted that the two Celtic saints were survivals from the dedication of some earlier building, but in any case they were not displaced. The dedication proved too long for ordinary use, and by a curiously unaccountable eclecticism the first and third names were retained long after the second and fourth had been dropped out, and the abbey continued to be known as "SS. Mary and Samson." There came a day, however, when such an invocation was looked upon as superstitious, and the dedication was changed to its present style of "S. James the Great."

S. Cadoc the Wise, Cattwg, or Ladoca, A. (poss. Dochoe). Jan. 24 or 26.

We have spoken at length of S. Illtyd and his pupils, and it is perhaps reversing the natural order of things to turn back now to S. Cadoc, the saint to whom Illtyd himself owed the strong and enduring impression that caused him to exchange his military career for the life, first of a hermit, then of an abbot.

S. Cadoc was a great figure in his generation, and seems by his contemporaries to be regarded as the equal—in some sort the rival—of his kinsman, S. David. Possessed of great natural advantages of birth and wealth, the prince-abbot held almost unlimited sway over the hearts and persons of his devoted clansmen. The stories concerning this favourite Welsh hero are innumerable, and it is certain that for centuries his memory was highly honoured both in Wales and Brittany, the two regions with which he was personally connected. Indeed, in Brittany the name of Cadoc is said to be still in use among the peasantry.

By rejecting all the too impossible legends, and by attributing to the same individual all references to the name of Cadoc, it is possible to weave, as Montalembert has done,† a very consistent and interesting life of S. Cadoc, the celebrated abbot of the monastery of Llancarfan in Glamorganshire. But it must be confessed that the Latin life, which is the chief authority for S. Cadoc's history (although plainly based upon early and

* "Eng. Illus."

† "Moines d'Occident."

genuine records), does bristle with impossibilities and contradictions. Also it must be confessed that there were unquestionably two, if not three, saints of this name,* whose several histories and feast-days it is impossible to disentangle.

By far the best known, however, of the three S. Cadocs is S. David's distinguished cousin, the Abbot of Llancarfan, with whom we now have to do. If we accept one version of his history, we may call him "S. Cadoc the Martyr," though, according to another version, he died peaceably in his own monastery. If, again, we were to judge him by the characteristic most strongly brought to light by the mediæval life, we might perhaps be tempted to bestow on him the surname of "S. Cadoc the Vindictive," for he is there represented as sadly unsparing in his maledictions; but if we choose rather to take our impressions of him from the ancient collection of poems and proverbial sayings that have from time immemorial been attributed to him, we shall heartily join with his contemporaries in bestowing upon him the designation of "S. Cadoc the Wise."

Although the son of a turbulent, war-loving chieftain (of whom we shall have more to say hereafter †), the child was himself a born student. By his own wish and with his parents' consent, the future abbot was placed at seven years old under the care of a devout and learned hermit, who instructed him for twelve years, grounding him thoroughly in the Latin grammarians, and instilling into him an ardent love for the classics, as is shown by the following touching story.‡ It happened one day that the great abbot was walking, Virgil in hand, upon the seashore, with his friend and fellow-saint, Gildas—the harsh, unhopeful Gildas—and together they discussed the everlasting fate of the author. Sadly Cadoc allowed that "perhaps" Virgil was now in hell. With cruel vehemence Gildas blamed him for his "perhaps," declaring that without doubt Virgil was among the lost. As he spoke, a sudden gust of wind swept the volume out of Cadoc's hand, far into the sea, so—as it seemed to him—sealing the truth of Gildas's hard sentence. Heavy at heart, Cadoc sought the solitude of his cell, vowing neither to eat nor drink till he should be assured of God's dealings with those who "sang on earth as the angels sing in heaven." Even in his dreams the same thought haunted him, and he seemed to hear a soft voice saying: "Pray for me, pray for me; cease not to pray; I will sing for ever the mercies of the Saviour." The next day the precious volume was restored to him by a fisherman, and we may be sure that Cadoc held this as a sign that from henceforth he was not doing wrong in daring to "faintly trust the larger hope."

Cadoc was not less famous as a teacher than Illtyd, and he had this mark of a good teacher, that he was ever ready to be a learner. Years afterwards, when he had plunged into all the absorbing interests of an active life, when he had crossed the sea, and had founded monasteries at home and abroad, he chanced to come across a needy Italian scholar. The

* Forbes.

† See S. Woolos, p. 193.

‡ Quoted by Montalembert from Villemarqué's "Breton Legends."

opportunity of studying Latin under a genuine Roman was irresistible, and Cadoc at once proffered himself as a pupil. The old man hesitated on the ground of his extreme poverty. If Cadoc and his fellow-students threw in their lot with him they would be in danger of starvation; but this prospect in no wise damped the scholar's enthusiasm—Cadoc prayed earnestly for sufficient supplies, and then gave himself to his studies. Now, in the course of the day "it happened that a certain mouse went out of his hole carrying in its mouth a grain of corn, and in a playful manner placed it on a table before his eyes." When this performance had been repeated seven times, the attention of even the scholarly Cadoc was awakened. He borrowed "from a certain widow a long and fine thread, which he tied to the foot of the mouse, and letting it proceed with the loosened thread, he followed it, until the said little creature came to a certain mound, under which was a very beautiful and subterranean house, built long ago, and full of clean wheat." No one was able to throw any light on the origin of this providentially discovered store, but Mr. Baring-Gould remarks that such underground granaries are not infrequent in Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany.*

This picture of S. Cadoc's extreme poverty is oddly at variance with the usual accounts of him which represent him as living in his monastery in all the dignity befitting so great a feudal lord. In the mediæval life his steward makes angry answer to the rough demand of a band of soldiers for food from the plentiful supplies of the Abbot of Llancarfan: "Are ye not foolish, thinking that our master is not a man of great honour and dignity, for he has a family of the number of three hundred persons." Nevertheless, the men rudely press their claim, thereby bringing down upon themselves and their leaders some of the severe chastisements for which Cadoc was noted.

The intercourse of King Arthur and Sir Bedivere and Sir Kaye with the saint of Llancarfan might form a new chapter in the History of the Round Table. Arthur appears full of eagerness to avenge to the uttermost the death of three of his followers: Cadoc fearlessly confronts him, and persuades him to submit the matter to arbitration. David, Teilo, Maidoc, and other of the saints are named judges, and to their most just ruling Arthur, not without some reluctance and a certain display of insolence, in the end yields.

S. Cadoc's monastery of Llancarfan almost equalled in importance S. David's monastery at Menevia, or S. Illtyd's at Llantwit; and these three were the leading religious houses in South Wales. There are various passages in the lives of these saints which show them as working together in friendly co-operation, and more particularly as compiling together a certain liturgy. It is to be hoped, therefore, that we may be justified in dismissing as apocryphal the curious story of Cadoc's anger against David for his presumption in assembling a general synod at a time when Cadoc was travelling abroad, and could not be consulted on the matter. In the

* January 24.

life of Cadoc, however, the story is told with great circumstance—how on his return home his disciples all shrank from the disagreeable task of breaking to their master the unpalatable news; and how at last the unlucky spokesman selected by lot stammered out the facts. As the young men had foreseen, the master's wrath burned fiercely, and for twenty-four hours he nursed his anger against S. David for having "inflicted such disgrace" upon him. But in the night an angel spoke to him, and reminded him of the words of the Apostle: "He who hateth his brother is a murderer." As Cadoc listened he came to a better mind, and determined to forgive the wrong done him, and thereupon the angel blessed him, saying: "Because at my entreaty thou hast forgiven what was committed against thee, the Lord my God will deliver all the souls that are in thy house from eternal punishment, and as many shaggy hairs as are in thy cloak, so many men will be delivered by thee from eternal punishment." The reference to the "shaggy cloak" is evidently a very ancient touch, and the mediæval life has a gloss explaining that such a garment was in common use among the Irish for outward wear. For the rest, it would seem probable that the rivalry between S. David and S. Cadoc may have been an invention of their respective clansmen. Even supposing S. Cadoc to have been a bishop—though without a see, as was not uncommon in Wales at that time—his official position could at no time have brought him into collision with S. David; but it is quite possible that among a people so tenacious of the rights of birth, there may have been a great deal of disputing as to which was the true head of the family.

S. Cadoc seems to have been as great a traveller as any of his contemporaries. We have no space to linger over his recorded visits to Rome, to Ireland, and to Scotland—in which last country traces of him may yet be found;* but it is in the so-called "Lesser Britain"—the modern Brittany—that he was most at home, and has left the most abiding impressions. It has been well observed that "the Breton legends, in strange contrast to the Latin life, dwell fondly on the gentleness of the saint." It is in his Breton home that Cadoc is seen at his best—now training his scholars in the higher learning, now teaching the peasantry improved methods of building, and helping them to raise a fair church and an arched bridge.

After a sojourn of some years in Brittany, he re-crossed the sea, and returned to the peaceful retirement of his own monastery at Llancarfan, or, as the more generally accepted version of his story tells us, to active missionary work in Saxon England. The so-called "passion of S. Cadoc" that is appended to the Latin life is such a tissue of glaring impossibilities that no real value can be attached to it. It speaks of his being miraculously translated to a certain city named Beneventum, and there exercising episcopal functions till a sudden inroad of a heathen king ended his career by martyrdom. For a long time this *Beneventum* was placidly accepted as the Italian city of that name; but a more rational theory identifies it

* Forbes.

with Weedon in Northamptonshire, which under the Romans went by the name of Benevenna, or Beneventa. "I should probably injure truth," says old Camden,* "should I not think (though I have been of a contrary opinion) that it is this Wedon which Antoninus in his Itinerary calls Bannavenna or Bennaventa." Nineteenth-century scholars for the most part confirm Camden's opinion. There is nothing in itself impossible in the conjecture that Cadoc's closing years may have been spent in ministering to the scattered British Christians in the very heart of the Saxon territory, and Breton tradition has constantly affirmed that it was from the hands of heathen Saxons that our saint met his death.† The Latin life is tantalizingly vague as to the when and the where, and only says that he was in the act of celebrating the Holy Communion when he was suddenly interrupted by the violent entrance of a heathen king, who "pierced the saint with a lance, as he stood on the altar." Now, S. Cadoc had been divinely forewarned of the fate that was awaiting him, therefore he met it with unshaken calm, praying after the manner of the holy Stephen for his murderers, and making intercession to his "invisible King" for all Christians "who dwell in my territories."

There are many other stories of S. Cadoc which have been omitted in the foregoing pages—some because they will find a place in the history of other of the numerous saints connected with him, and a still greater number because, though graceful and poetical in themselves, they have been told with a slight difference of other saints. That which really distinguishes Cadoc from a host of his contemporaries is his reputation for wisdom. Among the collection of short pithy sayings that have been preserved in early Welsh manuscripts, and which have in this present century been made accessible to the public,‡ are many that are attributed to "S. Cadoc the Wise." Some of them are thrown into the popular Celtic form of *Triads*, and are "merely embodiments of current opinion or prudence," § such as—

> "The strength of the Saxon lies in his cunning,
> The strength of the Irishman lies in his lies.
> The strength of the Welshman lies in his impatience."

Often, however, they rise to higher levels, as in the following: "None can love poetry without loving light, or light without loving truth, or truth without loving justice, or justice without loving God; and none can love God without being happy." The most frequently quoted of his sayings are the three definitions given in answer to the question of a disciple: "Love? It is heaven. Hate? It is hell. Conscience? It is the eye of God in the soul of man." But most beautiful of all, perhaps, is this brief sentence: "Truth is the eldest daughter of God." ‖

Besides some seven or eight dedications within the limits of his own special district of Glamorganshire, S. Cadoc has an equal number in the

* "Britannia."
† Montalembert.
‡ "Myvyrian Archæology."
§ Newell.
‖ Quoted in Montalembert and Newell.

county of Monmouthshire. Three several parishes of the name of *Llangattock* bear their patron's name stamped upon them in unmistakable fashion. The most notable church of the whole number is Caerleon, once the city of the primacy, but Rees points out that this cannot possibly have been the original dedication, as some church existed in this place before the days of Cadoc.* Raglan, in the same county, is diversely ascribed to S. Cadoc and to his cousin, S. David. Some of the churches cling to the more correct Welsh form of the name, *Cattwg*, but the majority have accepted the smoother-sounding Cadocus, or Cadoc. Probably S. Cadoc's dedications were more widespread once than now. The parish of Quethiock in Cornwall is considered to be a corruption of Cadoc,† and though the Celtic dedication was early displaced in favour of SS. Peter and Paul, and they in their turn gave way to the Norman bishop, Hugh of Lincoln (CH. XXIII.), the date of the village feast—the last Monday in January—seems to point back to some dim memory of S. Cadoc's festival on January 24, or, as it is sometimes said, January 26. This is not, however, his sole Cornish dedication, for there is a chapel of S. Cadoc's in the parish of Padstow, and Mr. Borlase suggests that "another form of his name, Docus, may with some probability be looked for in Landock or Ladock—pronounced by the Cornish 'Lassick,'" and credited with the otherwise unknown patron, "S. Ladoca." Is it possible that this abbreviation of the Latin "Cadocus" is the key to another mysterious saint, "Dochoe," who gives his name to the Monmouthshire church of Llandogo, of whom otherwise no satisfactory explanation seems forthcoming?

S. Woolos the Warrior, C. March 29.

The fame of Cadoc the Wise has so overshadowed that of his father, S. Woolos the Warrior, that we have thought it most fitting to speak first of the son; but the father was himself a personage of great consideration. His proper name is the barbarous sounding "Gwynllyw," to which his countrymen added the epithet of *Filwr*, or "the Warrior;" but the Latin writers thought fit to soften it into *Gundleus*, while in the mouths of his own countrymen it was gradually corrupted into the simpler form of "Woolos." It is by this last name that he is commemorated in the one church that was founded by himself, and it is by this name that we shall designate him.

A mighty prince was he: owner of great districts of land in Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire, and claiming, as the head of the clan, supremacy over a host of lesser proprietors. By his marriage Woolos allied himself with another powerful clan, that of Brychan, the great chief of Brecknockshire. His bride was the Lady Gwladus, or Gladys, the first recorded bearer of a name that has lately grown into sudden popularity amongst us. The warrior's wooing was conducted somewhat after the fashion of young Lochinvar's, only that instead of adventuring himself alone upon the

* If Geoffrey of Monmouth may be believed, there were at the time of King Arthur's coronation two separate churches at Caerleon, dedicated to S. Julius and S. Aaron respectively.

† Letter from the Rev. W. Willimott, late Rector of Quethiock (1888); and Borlase.

undertaking, he had at his back three hundred armed men. The lady was sitting before her father's door, happily talking with her sisters, when she was carried off by force, and lifted on to the horse of the southern warrior. The whole clan rose in hot pursuit, there was fierce fighting, and it would have gone ill with the intending bridegroom had not he fallen in with King Arthur and two of his knights, who made common cause with him. The marriage proved a happy one, but the friends of the Lady Gladys may be excused for their reluctance to consent to the warrior's suit, for his reputation at the time was that of a raiding, turbulent chieftain, not much better than a robber.

On the very night that S. Cadoc of pious memory was born, a band of his father's "robbers," as they are bluntly called in the life of S. Cadoc, were engaged in lifting the cow which was the sole possession of a certain pious hermit. Woolos did more than connive at such raids: "he loved these robbers," says the biographer, with amazing candour, "and instigated them to robbery." Now, it befell that upon this night both the hermit and the chieftain dreamed a dream: the hermit was bidden to repair to the palace of the chieftain, not merely to recover his cow, but to do the work that was awaiting him; and the chieftain was forewarned of his coming. The hermit arose forthwith, but found his entrance barred by porters, who knew that their master was not wont to welcome such visitors; but, contrary to all expectation, Woolos, on hearing of his arrival, received him with joy. The matter of the cow was first settled, and then the chief besought the holy man to baptize his new-born infant, and listened gladly to all his exhortations.

The good impressions of that night, however, were but transitory. Woolos loyally maintained an engagement he had made with the hermit to put the child under his instructions as soon as he should have reached the age of seven; but as for himself, he continued in all his evil courses for many a year to come, to the bitter sorrow of his devoted son, who patiently sought by every means in his power to bring the chieftain to a better mind. The cares of his monastery could not make S. Cadoc forgetful of his father's needs, and when he could not come himself, he would send the most faithful of his disciples, in the hope that their arguments might have effect where his own had failed. For long it all seemed useless; but at length Woolos began to be troubled in conscience. His wife Gladys was quick to seize the moment of softening, and said: "Let us trust to our son, and he will be a father to us in heaven." Cadoc was summoned, and the old man made a solemn confession of his sins, and expressed his willingness to do penance.

Perhaps it was at this juncture that Woolos dreamed that an angel appeared to him and invited him in the name "of the heavenly King" to leave all that he had, that so he might follow the more closely in his Master's steps. S. Woolos was ready for the sacrifice; he laid aside his kingship, and went with his wife to a quiet spot within his own dominions, where he built himself a little church, and gave himself up to a life of

devotion, following rigidly the ascetic practices of the Celtic Church. All his wealth and land he made over to his son, and Cadoc, as we have seen, accepted the charge, not for his private gratification, but that he might use it for the best interest of his great brotherhood. He well knew that the change in his parents' life was a tremendous one, and he was more assiduous than ever in visiting them, encouraging them to continue in the course they had chosen, reminding them that "the crown is promised, not to those who begin good things, but to them that persevere in what is good."

For a while the aged couple had the happiness of being together in their new life; but when Cadoc saw that they were able to bear it, he pressed upon them what seemed to him the still higher duty of separating themselves one from the other, and each serving God alone. "At all times," says the life, "Cadoc took greater care for his parents than for himself; he rejoiced in the increase of religion in them more than in his own good works." When the old warrior felt himself to be dying, he sent for his dear son. Cadoc came, and had the sorrowful joy of ministering to his father to the very last, and listening to his dying words.

There are no traces remaining of the church which the Lady Gladys is recorded to have built for herself at a place named "Pencarnon," but the name has been not unreasonably identified with "Pencarn" in the Monmouthshire parish of Bassaleg,* a spot not far distant from her husband's church and parish of "St. Woolos." There seems no reason to doubt the constant tradition of the neighbourhood that the present church of St. Woolos marks the original foundation of the once famous chieftain. The church is situated in the Hundred of "Gwentloog," a name which is supposed to be derived from the saint's original name of *Gwynllyw*. The *parish* as well as the church is in strictness designated "St. Woolos," but the original village has been merged, name and all, into the ever-growing town of Newport, and the name of S. Woolos survives only in the ancient Norman church—the mother-church of the whole town—and in the adjacent tumulus, which is declared to be the tomb of the warrior.† The saint, though so little remembered now, was held in high esteem in the early Norman period, at the time when the present church was built. It was then probably that the existing life of him was compiled; and strange stories are told of the miracles wrought by means of his intercession, and of the dread judgments executed on those who profaned his sanctuary.

S. Gluvias. See CH. XXXVI.

S. Barrog, H. Nov. 29.

A few miles to the west of St. Woolos, and more completely in the heart of S. Cadoc's inherited dominions, is a solitary dedication commemorating an unfortunate disciple of S. Cadoc's, Barrog, or Barruc, by name, of whom we know little save the melancholy circumstances of his death. There is no mention of him in the early Welsh records; but according to a not improbable statement

* "Cambro-British Saints." † D. C. B., "Gwynllyw."

handed down by Friar Capgrave, he was a Briton of high birth, who lived the life of an anchorite of the strictest type somewhere in Glamorganshire, and that he was buried in the Island of Barry, which took from him its name. Our only other glimpse of this saint is in the life of S. Cadoc, where he figures as one of his disciples.

Barrog (to give him the name under which he is commemorated in his one and only church) and a companion were one day sailing with their master amongst the islands in the Bristol Channel off the Glamorganshire coast. On one of these they landed, and "blessed Cadoc" forthwith inquired for his "Enchiridion," his hand-book. They confessed that "through forgetfulness" they had left it at their last landing-place. In one of his sudden bursts of anger, Cadoc bade them take a boat and go in search of the missing volume, adding, in the heat of the moment: "Go, not to return." His words were destined to have a terrible fulfilment. The island was reached, the book recovered; "they soon in their passage returned to the middle of the sea, and were seen at a distance by the man of God sitting on the top of a hill in Barry, when the boat unexpectedly overturned, and they were drowned. The body of Barruc," continues S. Cadoc's biographer,* "being cast by the tide on the shore of Barry, was there found and in that island buried, which from his name is so called to the present time." The one dedication in this name, to which we have already referred, is at Bedwas in Monmouthshire, and perhaps marks the site of the hermitage of this hapless saint.

S. Silin, A. Sept. 1.

In the life of S. Cadoc there are one or two passing mentions of one Silin, or Sulien, who is named, on the occasion of certain royal grants to Cadoc's monastery of Llancarfan, as having himself drawn up the document—"the donation was strengthened by a written document under the hand of Sulien."† This Sulien afterwards succeeded Cadoc as Abbot of Llancarfan; but in course of time he resigned his office, and withdrew to that most famous retreat of the aged saints, the Island of Bardsey.‡ That little island must have been so crowded with saints that the reflection suggests itself that if these would-be recluses flocked to Bardsey desiring solitude they must have missed their aim; but the happiness of intercourse with congenial spirits they may there have enjoyed to any extent.

Many links in S. Silin's history are lost to us, or we should know how he comes to be commemorated in North Wales as well as in the county of Cardiganshire. Our English connexion with him is of the very slightest, and rests only upon the church and parish of Llansilin, a border parish, which lies partly in Denbighshire, but partly also in Shropshire.

S. Petrock.

S. Petrock, another kinsman both of David and of Cadoc, might fitly find a place here, but Cornwall has so entirely made him her own that he may even more fitly be ranked among the many saints who have made Cornwall their home (CH. XXXVI.).

* "Cambro-British Saints."
† Ibid.
‡ "Welsh Saints."

S. Deiniol, or Deinst, B. Dec. 10.

Our next saint is traditionally associated with S. David at a very important moment of that great man's career, when in his excessive modesty he declined to take part in the Synod of Llan-Brevi, and only yielded to the joint entreaties of S. Deiniol and S. Dubricius. This particular conjunction is of very doubtful authority, as all the evidence of chronology tends to show that Deiniol was considerably younger than David, and must have been a child at the time of the Synod of Brevi.* There seems, indeed, more reason to believe that it was David who extended friendship and encouragement to Deiniol. Possibly the two were further united by the tie of blood, for in one early Welsh genealogy we find a paragraph commemorating "the seven happy cousins," among whom are reckoned S. David, S. Deiniol, and S. Kebi (p. 209).

S. Deiniol is a well authenticated figure, and a very considerable benefactor to the Church, and it is, therefore, not a little surprising that legend should be so unusually silent concerning him. He forms the central link in three generations of abbots, all of them more or less distinguished. The father, Dunawd, or Dinooth, was a warrior of great note in North Wales, and is described in the Triads as "one of the three pillars of his country in battle"—though it must be confessed that his energies were not always directed against the common enemy, the Saxon, but sometimes against rival chieftains of his own race. Being at length overcome in battle, he turned to a different course of life, and became the founder of a very celebrated monastery on the banks of the Cheshire Dee, known as *Bangor-Iscoed*, or Bangor-in-the-Wood. Mention of this monastery and of its founder is to be found in the pages of Bede. When Augustine of Canterbury sought a conference with the leaders of the Celtic Church (CH. XXI.), it was under the presidency of the aged chieftain Dunawd that that ill-fated conference took place.

But it is with the son, not with the father, that we are concerned—only it happens that the affairs of the two are closely linked. Deiniol for some time assisted his father in the government of the great religious house at Bangor-in-the-Wood, and afterwards founded a monastery of his own at a place in Carnarvonshire, likewise known as *Bangor*, but distinguished by his own name of "Deiniol." In addition to the original Bangor-in-the-Wood, or *Bangor Dunawd*, and to this newly founded *Bangor Deiniol*, we know of at least three other Bangors in Wales and in Ireland, but the explanation is a simple one. The word "Bangor" means "the high choir" (from the Celtic *ban* and *chor* †), and was, therefore, liable to recur at the different centres of musical worship. In course of time, however, the fame of Bangor Deiniol overshadowed all the rest, and we of the nineteenth century speak of it simply as "Bangor" without any distinguishing appellation. Its importance was heightened by the promotion of S. Deiniol to be the first Bishop of Bangor. He is said to have received

* "Welsh Saints."

† Ibid., where it is stated, on the authority of some antiquarian of credit, that there were not less than sixteen Bangors in Wales.

consecration from the hands of his friend Archbishop Dubricius, whose name is so often joined with his.

Bishop Deiniol was assisted in his labours by his son, a second Deiniol, who afterwards succeeded him as Abbot of Bangor. The son is generally distinguished as Deiniol *Fab* (*i.e.* the son), or else by the diminutive of "Deiniolen," while the bishop is sometimes designated Deiniol *Wyn*, that is, "the White," or "the Fair." It is said that the elder Deiniol was a bard, but no specimens of his poetry have come down to us. Like many another saint, he was buried in the sacred Isle of Bardsey.

Father, son, and grandson—each one of the three is commemorated by at least one church within the limits of the Principality; but Bishop Deiniol's dedications mount up to some half-dozen or more, distributed more widely than is usual with these Celtic saints, but no doubt bearing faithful testimony to his actual movements.

Llandeiniol, in the neighbourhood of S. David's church of Llandewi-Brevi, supports the tradition of an old Welsh poem that the family of Deiniol at one time lived under the protection of S. David at Brevi.* Bangor Cathedral of right belongs to S. Deiniol, but the existing structure is ascribed to his great patron, S. David, while the true founder's name is preserved by one of the parish churches within the city. S. Deiniol is also the patron of Hawarden in Flintshire—a fact Mr. Gladstone emphasized by founding in the village the institution known as "S. Deiniol's Hostel."

But these and the other Welsh dedications in this name are, strictly speaking, outside our province, and we must turn to our two English examples. The first of these is Itton in Monmouthshire, which is also known as *Llan-Deiniol;* the other, Llangarren in Herefordshire, where the saint's name is sometimes given in the form of "S. Deinst."

S. Dubricius, or Devereux, B. Nov. 4 or 14.

A name to charm with was that of Archbishop Dubricius, and so it will be found that it is introduced into almost every event of importance, and into the life of almost every saint of note throughout an incredibly long period of history. In the case of no saint—not even David himself—are chronological difficulties greater; but when all deductions are made for mistakes, confusions, and exaggerations, a very undoubted and important personage emerges from all the sifting. We are prepared at once to admit that our saint is not likely to have lived to the age of one hundred and fifty—the patriarchal term of existence which is required by one system of chronology in order to embrace all the events in which he is said to have played a part; but there are other systems, consistent with themselves, which do not make any such impossible demands upon the faith of the student. That there are difficulties it would be absurd to deny; but, on the other hand, the existence of Dubricius can no more be questioned than that of his great contemporary David.

Like the majority of the Celtic saints, Dubricius was of royal descent. Tradition has constantly affirmed that he belonged to the great family of

* "Welsh Saints."

Brychan (CH. XXXIV.), and in the native lists he figures as "Dyfrig." This is not inconsistent with the statement of the later Latin writers that he was the son of a Herefordshire prince named Pepiau, for it agrees well with the statement of the Welsh pedigrees that one of the sons of Brychan was a certain Papai.

More than one great name is associated with the history of Dubricius's elevation to the episcopate. In the first place, he is said to have been consecrated by no less a personage than S. German, and this has been too readily assumed to mean S. German of Auxerre. No manipulation of dates can make this possible; but it is quite possible that the S. German in question was the bishop of that name who is regarded as the patron of the Isle of Man. The next great name is that of King Arthur, who is credited with having raised Dubricius to the archiepiscopal see of Caerleon. Details are not wanting here, but, alas! they rest on no more trustworthy authority than that of Geoffrey of Monmouth. It is to him we owe the elaborate account of S. Dubricius's speech to his fellow-countrymen before Arthur's great victory of Badon Hill, when with stirring words he exhorted them to rally against the treacherous Saxons, reminding them that they fought for their country, their brethren, and their God. It is to the same source that we owe the narrative of the part played by our saint in the magnificent ceremonial attending the king's coronation at Caerleon, when the holy Dubricius was singled out in preference to his brother-archbishops of Canterbury and York for the honour of placing the crown upon the head of his royal master, "inasmuch as the court was kept in his diocese." Unfortunately, there is no confidence whatever to be put in these Arthurian records. After the striking events and made speeches of Geoffrey of Monmouth, it is not a little flat to have to turn back to the prosaic statements of charters and pedigrees, or to the silent witness of names of parishes and hamlets; yet here we are likely to find ourselves on surer ground.

His father's position gave S. Dubricius the same advantage as was possessed by S. Cadoc in the matter of obtaining land whereon to found his various colleges. He had powerful allies, not only in his father and brothers, but also in the King of Glamorganshire, who took measures to secure Dubricius in the undisturbed enjoyment of all his rights as bishop, and thereby took the first step towards establishing permanent bishoprics. His authority extended from Glamorganshire into Herefordshire, embracing the present diocese of Llandaff, together with a portion of the present diocese of Hereford. He is usually called "Bishop of Llandaff," but in those early days of the British Church ecclesiastical terms were used without too much exactness, and even after he had been raised to the primacy, he is designated with complete indifference Archbishop of *Caerleon* and Archbishop of *Llandaff*. The former was doubtless the correct style, but as we have already seen (p. 169), there was a tendency among the Welsh primates to take their title from their favourite place of residence, and with Dubricius this was Llandaff rather than the Roman city of Caerleon.

S. Dubricius has a part in the lives of nearly all his great contemporaries. He is the dear friend of Cadoc, the teacher of Teilo, the spiritual guide of Illtyd and Woolos; it is he who comes with S. Deiniol to lure S. David to the Synod of Brevi, and who detects in the youthful bishop his own most worthy successor. Upon David's strong young shoulders he unhesitatingly lays all the dignities and burdens of the primacy, and then withdraws to end his days in the retirement of the Isle of Bardsey.

The half-dozen dedications to this saint all, with one exception, lie very compactly together, and have a special interest as agreeing very closely with the best authenticated accounts of his history. This one exception is Porlock in Somersetshire, which is slightly beyond the natural limits of S. Dubricius's influence. Llanvaches in Monmouthshire is but a few miles from his archiepiscopal city of Caerleon, and the four other churches are all within the limits of his father's territory of *Archenfeld*, a district of Herefordshire which gives name to the rural deanery of Archenfield. We have Whitchurch, Ballingham, St. Devereux (reasonably supposed to be a Norman corruption of the Celtic *Dyfrig* *), and—most interesting of all—Hentland. This answers well to *Henllan-on-the-Wye*, where, according to the Welsh accounts, Dubricius founded a college, and dwelt for seven years. Sufficient remains of buildings have been discovered on a farm in the parish to prove that the place was at one time of some importance.†

Dubricius must have been a born organizer, for to him is attributed the original foundation of the monastery schools at Llantwit and Llancarfan —afterwards respectively governed by his friends S. Illtyd and S. Cadoc— and of two other colleges, at Caerleon and Llandaff. It is told in one of his legends that S. Dubricius left Henllan at the bidding of an angel, who charged him to make a new settlement at a spot where he should find a white sow with her little ones. The sign was fulfilled, and he established himself at a place some miles higher up the Wye, to which he gave the name of *Mochros*, or "the moor of the pigs." The site has been disputed, but there can be little doubt that it was in this same district of Archenfield, in the existing parish of Madley. Two curious witnesses to this otherwise forgotten legend remain to this day in a farmhouse known as *Swinesmoor*, between the church and the river, exactly corresponding in situation and name with the famous school of Dubricius,‡ and again in the name of *Moccas Court*, the country seat of Sir G. Cornwall.§

From all this it may be seen that though public events and wider duties might from time to time draw S. Dubricius out of his seclusion, his chief delight lay in dwelling peaceably "among his own people," and striving to educate and elevate them. It is a fitting reward that for twelve centuries his name should have lived on in the little patrimony that seems to have been to him the dearest spot on earth.

* "Welsh Saints."
† Ibid.
‡ "Cambro-British Saints."
§ Murray.

S. Teilo, or Elidius, etc., B. Feb. 9.

Another cousin and intimate friend of S. David was S. Teilo, who for many centuries was regarded as the patron saint of Llandaff. David, Teilo, and Padarn are called in the ancient Welsh Triads "the Three Blessed Visitors of the Isle of Britain," and the meaning of the phrase is there explained as follows: "They were so called because they went as guests to the houses of the noble, the plebeian, the native, and the stranger, without accepting either fee or reward, or victuals or drink; but what they did was to teach the faith in Christ to every one without pay or thanks. Besides which, they gave to the poor and needy, gifts of their gold and silver, their raiment and provisions." * In so far as S. Teilo was worthy of this praise the immense affection entertained for his memory is in great measure accounted for.

His friendship with S. David can be traced from very early days when they were studying together under S. Paul the Old (p. 179). S. Padarn comes in later, but is henceforth closely associated with the other two. The Book of Llandaff repeats the story of the wonderful journey of the three friends to seek episcopal consecration at Jerusalem. The marvellous element is quite as conspicuous here as in the life of S. David; only a faint hint is given that it was not all plain sailing with them. "When robbers met them in the way they not only peaceably gave up to them their property, but if they thoughtlessly left any portion of their plunder behind, they reached it forth to them with a cheerful countenance." This liberal behaviour seems to have brought its reward, for the robbers were so impressed thereby that they restored the stolen goods, and "became their greatest friends." Arrived at Jerusalem, Teilo displayed a spirit of humility that was the admiration of all beholders, refusing the costly seat appointed for him, and making choice of the lowliest he could find. Afterwards, being requested to preach to the bystanders, the Pentecostal miracle was repeated in him, so that "every one of them who stood around, heard him speak in his own language;" and "the longer they heard, the more they were desirous of hearing him." Before his departure a Divine gift was bestowed upon him of a wonderful bell that sounded of itself, and healed the sick, and did many strange things. "Nor was such a gift unsuitable, for as a bell invites men to the church, so Teilo invited men to heaven." It would almost seem here as though one saw the metaphor being crystallized into a miracle under one's very eyes.

But to turn from these mythical tales to the more historic outlines of S. Teilo's career. The teacher who seems to have influenced him most was his earliest master, the great Dubricius. Under the auspices of that indefatigable founder of colleges, Teilo opened a monastery school near Llandaff, which took from him the name of *Bangor-Deilo*. His name of ἥλιος, or "the sun," is said to have been given him because "his learning shone as the sun." † In common parlance, it was corrupted into *Eliud*, and we shall have occasion to see later in how many strange forms this foreign word crops up in connexion with our saint.

* "Welsh Saints." † Book of Llandaff.

No spot on earth was so dear to S. Teilo as Llandaff; but it is not easy to trace the exact steps of his connexion with it, or to establish at what point he succeeded his old friend Dubricius as bishop. The most striking landmark in his history is the outbreak of the dreadful Yellow Plague which swept over Wales about the middle of the sixth century, decimating the population, and causing the country to be nearly deserted. Among those who sought refuge in Brittany was S. Teilo, who organized on a great scale a colony of his own countrymen. On his way through Cornwall he and his were hospitably entertained by King Gerrans, or Geraint; the story of their two meetings will be found in the life of that saint (CH. XXXV.). S. Teilo has been censured by those who can have no real knowledge of the circumstances for his so-called desertion of his post, but he does not seem to have incurred any such blame from his contemporaries.

On his arrival in Brittany he found himself warmly welcomed by his countryman, S. Samson (p. 187), who greeted him with peculiar delight because they were both alike pupils of the revered Dubricius. The friends united in raising in the neighbourhood of Dôl a pleasing memorial of their happy meeting in an extensive grove of fruit trees, stretching over some three miles of ground. When the mediæval biographer compiled his life of S. Teilo, he was able to say: "Those woods are honoured with their names until the present day, for they are called the groves of Teilo and Samson."

After a sojourn of some years in Armorica, S. Teilo and a large proportion of his fellow-emigrants returned to their native land. Teilo was forthwith reinstated in his beloved diocese of Llandaff, a more extensive and important district now than it had been in the earlier days of his episcopate.* When, by the death of S. David's obscure successor, the archbishopric of Menevia once more became vacant, the see was offered to S. Teilo. He accepted it, and took the title of primate; but instead of leaving Llandaff he continued to make that his headquarters, sending one of his suffragans to fill the see of Menevia.

One little story, preserved in the Book of Llandaff, shows the respect in which S. Teilo was held by the laity, and shows also his strong common-sense. One of the petty kings of South Wales was holding his court at Liscastell (near the modern Tenby), the capital of his dominions. The unlimited revellings that went on in the castle degenerated nightly into drunken quarrels—so violent as to alarm even the king himself, who must have been well inured to the national habits of drinking. "Every night it happened that through excess of liquor one of the soldiers, or one of the family of the king, was killed." Powerless to check the evil, which was aggravated by the mismanagement of his household stewards, the king bethought him of his saintly neighbour, Archbishop Teilo, who was then staying at his old home near by, and besought him to "come quickly to him, that he might bless him and his court, so that the accustomed

* "Welsh Saints."

murder should not take place any more therein. And S. Teilo came to him, and blessed him and his court, and afterwards he sent two of his disciples, that they might serve the court by distributing meat and drink to all by measure and in sufficient quantities; and by the grace of the Holy Spirit, no murder was committed that night, nor afterwards, in his court, as had been usual." The king proved his gratitude by largely endowing the diocese of Llandaff. A modern writer * appositely observes: "The Welsh branches of the Church of England Temperance Society would not do ill if they chose St. Teilo as their patron, as he would seem to have been the earliest founder of their institution."

After S. Teilo's death three villages boasted the honour of possessing his remains; but wherever he may actually have been buried, his so-called tomb in Llandaff Cathedral was held in great esteem in the Middle Ages, and it was customary for "people making purchases of land, etc., to swear to their bargain before his tomb." † According to one authority,‡ the ancient dedication of the cathedral was to "SS. Dubricius and Teilo," a combination which recalls in very felicitous fashion the two real founders of Llandaff, and their mutual friendship; but it seems doubtful whether S. Dubricius was ever properly included in the ascription. At some later period it was re-dedicated to the Apostles Peter and Paul.§ It contains, however, more than one memorial of its earliest bishops, in the mutilated monuments of both Teilo and Dubricius on opposite sides of the presbytery, and in a second figure of S. Teilo carved on the west door.‖

Wales furnishes us with a dozen or more churches of S. Teilo,¶ all of them situated within the limits of his own large diocese; but the only ones with which we are concerned are the three in Monmouthshire—namely, Llanarth, Llantillio-Crossenny, and Llantillio-Pertholey.

As regards the dedications to S. Teilo in or near *Wales* there can be no shadow of a doubt; but many questions arise concerning his possible dedications in *Cornwall*. When we remember S. Teilo's personal connexion with Cornwall, we feel that it would be natural enough to find him commemorated in that part of England; but if he is so commemorated it is not under his proper name of Teilo, but under a series of *aliases*, which it requires an archæological expert to recognize. It must be admitted that the acknowledged variants of S. Teilo's name—Teilaw, Eliud, Elios, Theliaus, Feliaus, and others too numerous to mention—do lend themselves to a great many possibilities, and these have been made the very most of by Mr. Borlase ** in his endeavour to credit S. Teilo with at least six dedications in Devonshire and Cornwall. The whole closely linked chain of argument must be studied in order to do it justice, but it may be briefly summarized here.

Starting from S. Teilo's recognized appellation of "Eliud"—itself

* Newell.
† Murray.
‡ Ibid.
§ See Clergy List, 1896.
‖ Murray.
¶ "Welsh Saints."
** "Age of the Saints," which is followed throughout this argument.

a corruption of ἥλιος, "the sun"—he ascribes to him, not only a participation in the twofold ascription of the church of Milton-Abbot, "SS. Constantine and Elidius," but likewise the patronage of "St. Lides Island" (now St. Helen's), one of the Scilly Islands, where—according to William of Worcester—this much-buried saint was laid to rest. From "Lides" by an intelligible transition he arrives at *Ide*, a Devonshire parish dedicated to an unknown S. Ida. Turning next to another form of the saint's name, *Feliaus*, we get a possible explanation of the S. Filius who, according to the pre-Reformation registers preserved at Exeter, is the patron saint both of Philleigh and St. Issey. Philleigh is by some authorities ascribed to S. Felix (CH. XXIII.), but this is manifestly only a corruption of some earlier name. By parity of reasoning we might take S. Felicitas of Phillack (CH. XIII.) to be another corruption of S. Feliaus, but Mr. Borlase inclines rather to identify her with the Irish virgin S. Piala (CH. XXXVI.). A more doubtful point is raised by the next step, in which Mr. Borlase attempts to show that *Issey* itself (a name which occurs twice, both in the parish of St. Issey and at Mevagissey) is also a corruption of *Filius*. "Is it possible," he asks, "that Filius can have become corrupted into Issey?" And he replies: "It is just possible that it is so, indeed." With far less of hesitation does the same authority claim the parish of *Endellion* in North Cornwall, with its mysterious patron, S. Endelienta. "The parish of Endellion, also called St. Delian, certainly bears the name of the same Saint under another form—the female Endelienta being simply a monkish trifling with the word Landelian—a form which occurs twice in Wales amongst the long list of churches which (under various modifications) bear the name of St. Teilo."

Other supposed modifications of the name of Teilo may be found in the pages here so imperfectly summarized. It will be seen that by accepting Mr. Borlase's ingeniously worked out theory, we should be able to add to the undisputed Monmouthshire dedications to S. Teilo the four churches of Ide, St. Issey, Philleigh, and Endellion, besides a share in the parishes of Milton-Abbot* and Mevagissey.† This would bring S. Teilo's English dedications up to a total of nine instead of three. Mr. Borlase himself is the first to admit that some of the links of his carefully wrought chain are held by his fellow-philologists to be of doubtful strength; but at least it has the advantage of giving us some distinct association with names otherwise so meaningless as "S. Ida" and "S. Endelienta." Until these parishes can be provided with some unquestioned patron of their own, it is pleasant to be able to connect them with memories of one of "the Three Blessed Visitors of the Isle of Britain."

S. Tegvyddy, or Tegwedd, C.

Two other members of S. Teilo's family are also commemorated amongst us, his mother and his brother. His mother, S. Tegwedd, was twice married, and by both marriages connected herself with the celebrated clan from which sprang S. David. According to the Book of Saints, she was martyred by the Saxons at a place

* "SS. Constantine and Elidius." † "SS. Mevan and Issey."

in Monmouthshire, which derives from her its name of Llandegveth.* She is, of course, the true patron of the church, though it appears that at some time or other an unsuccessful effort was made to bestow upon it a scriptural patron, S. Thomas.† Like her sister-in-law, S. Non, S. Tegwedd is happily situated among friends. Her church stands close to one named from her famous nephew, S. David; while within easy reach may be found plentiful dedications to her best known son, S. Teilo; and one dedication at least to her less known son, S. Mabon.

S. Mabon.

Very far below S. Teilo in celebrity is his brother and faithful fellow-worker, S. Mabon the Old. He is commemorated in the Welsh parish of Llanfabon, in his brother's diocese of Llandaff. In *Llandilo Fawr*, a Carmarthenshire parish belonging to S. Teilo, the brothers are pleasantly linked together by the names of two ancient manors—the one called *Maenor Deilo*, the other *Maenor Fabon*.‡ The only reason why S. Mabon is referred to here is that it is thought by some that he is the true patron of the Cornish parish of St. Mabyn, "at no great distance from Endellion and St. Issey"§—parishes which, as we have seen, are conjecturally ascribed to S. Teilo. The theory has much to recommend it; but we have chosen rather to follow the mediæval tradition accepted in the locality, which holds S. Mabyn to be one of the innumerable daughters of Brychan (CH. XXXIV.). The point has been much disputed, and is not one that is likely ever to be authoritatively decided.‖

S. Padarn.

The third of the "Three Blessed Visitors" was Padarn, or Paternus, a saint who gives his name to the now extinct diocese of *Llanbadarn*, as well as to a certain number of still existing Welsh churches. The Welsh side of his legend is tolerably consistent, but he seems to be one of those composite saints made up of two, if not three, different personages. In any case, a large part of his history is connected with Brittany, and as it is in the highest degree probable that our two Cornish dedications in this name come to us through Armorican rather than Welsh channels, we prefer to group him among the Armorican bishops (CH. XXXVII.).

S. Maidoc, or Aidan, B. Jan. 31.

Dearer to S. David than cousin or fellow-student was his loving-hearted young pupil and disciple, S. Aidan, whom he used to call by the endearing term of "Maidoc," that is, "my dear little Aidan." The two names do not seem at first sight to have much in common; but philologists tell us that the word Aidan, or Aedh, is transformed into *Maidoc* by the addition of the Celtic prefix of affection, *mo*, and of the diminutive *og*—*Mo-aedh-og*, "my dear little Aidan," frequently abbreviated into *Mogue*. We give the name as Maidoc, because that is the form in which it is preserved in our one English dedication to the saint.

* "Welsh Saints."
† Lewis.
‡ "Welsh Saints."
§ Borlase.
‖ Mr. Boase, in D. C. B., ascribes St. Mabyn to Mabena, the daughter of Brychan; but as regards the other parish of Mabe, near Falmouth, he observes that in 1297 "it is called Llanmabo, and perhaps refers to another name."

It may be as well to confess at the outset that the various accounts offered to us of the origin of this saint are totally irreconcilable one with another. According to some accounts, he was a prince of Connaught: according to others, he was a member of that great Welsh clan, known as the third sainted family in Britain, and consequently a kinsman of S. Samson of York. Yet another complication is hinted at in some of the Irish Kalendars, which makes him one with S. Aidan of Lindisfarne; but into this we need not enter.*

Whatever his birthplace—and the probabilities are strongly in favour of the Welsh theory—S. Maidoc was brought up by S. David in the famous monastery school of Menevia. More than one quaint story of his student days has come down to us. Here is an anecdote illustrative of his obedience and humility. He was one day reading out in the fields, when he received orders to go with the cart and fetch home a load of wood. Now, the cart was in want of a peg, and when Maidoc asked the steward to give him one, he made answer: "For that peg put thy finger," and "so the obedient boy did, yet his finger was not hurt." In his haste to obey, "the obedient boy" had left his book lying open in the field, and in his absence a heavy shower fell: needless to say, when he went to recover the volume it was not so much as wetted. But S. David saw only the carelessness of the act, and knew nothing of its justification. He therefore bade him as a penance go prostrate himself by the seashore, and then dismissed the matter. Some hours later the monks were assembled for their office, but Maidoc was absent. He was found "lying in the sea," awaiting S. David's leave to rise.† Possibly S. David may have felt that his scholar was not always strictly careful of other people's property, for it is told of him that once when he was keeping sheep he saw eight hungry wolves pass by, and was so moved to compassion by the sight that he gave each of them a sheep to eat. Two other instances of the like ill-regulated charity are recorded of our impulsive saint—S. Francis himself could not have felt more for the needs of hungry wolves!

But the time was come for S. Maidoc to leave the monastery, and to lead forth a new missionary colony of his own. His master gave him as a parting gift a little bell. In the moment of parting Maidoc forgot the treasured bell, and started without it, and he sent back a messenger to S. David asking for it. S. David only said: "Go, boy, to thy master," and dismissed him empty-handed; but when he got back to S. Maidoc the bell was there before him.‡

"After this, S. Maidoc sailed with the blessing of S. David to the island of Ireland. . . . And when S. Maidoc was in that district he considered in his heart, saying: 'I am sorry that I did not ask my instructor, who in this island of Ireland should be the friend of my heart.' Then he arose that he might go over the sea to S. David; and when he had walked on the sea dryshod to the third part, lo! an angel of the Lord met him and

* Forbes.
† "Cambro-British Saints."
‡ Newell.

said, 'There was great confidence in what thou hast done, in going on foot over the sea.' To which Maidoc answered: 'I have not done this through confidence, but through the strength of faith.' And the angel said to him, 'There is no need that thou shouldest have a friend of thy heart, for God loves thee, and between thee and the Lord there will not be a middle person; but if thou wilt have a friend of thy heart thou mayest have Molue, the mother of Choche.' Then Maidoc returned to Ireland." *

Our saint's most important Irish foundation was a monastery at Ferns, in what is now the county of Wexford, of which place he was consecrated bishop. He earned the confidence of his flock, for "much of the money of the common people was committed to his keeping," and he bravely and successfully defended his trust against a certain tyrannical king who tried to rob him of it. Ferns still ranks as one of the cathedral cities of Ireland, and its founder, S. Maidoc, is still its patron, under the name of *Edan*, a softened form of Aidan. In rural Ireland fashions change slowly, and a generation ago an Irish writer could still testify to the popularity of the name of Aidan in the neighbourhood of Ferns, but he noted that while the "peasantry of English descent called their children Aedan, or Edan, those of Irish descent called their children Mogue to this day." †

This saint is commemorated by no less than three Welsh churches—all of them in the immediate vicinity of St. David's. His one and only English dedication is at Llanbadock in Monmouthshire, where, curiously enough, he is remembered, not under his native Welsh name of Aidan, but by the Irish term of endearment, "Maidoc."

S. Senan, B. March 1 or 8.

S. Senan is a thoroughgoing Irishman from the County Clare, but nevertheless he has a right to be included here as a special friend and intimate of S. David, whom he used to visit from time to time. His fame is not confined to Ireland and Wales; in Scotland also he is highly venerated under the name of *Kessog*, ‡ the churches of Auchterarder and Callander amongst others being dedicated to him. It must be acknowledged that the two names have little resemblance, and further, that there are very wide discrepancies between the Irish and Scottish forms of the legend; yet it has been clearly established that the same person is intended, and as to the difference of name, it seems less impossible when we recollect that in Ireland even at the present day "Sooney" is used interchangeably for "Macdonnell," "Shudy" for "Macnamara," "Darby" for "Jeremiah," and so on.

One or two quaint stories are told of the saint's boyhood. It happened on one occasion that his royal father invited a number of his kinsmen to a banquet. The younger members of the party went off with their boy-host to play by a pond. All fell in, and all were drowned except Kessog himself, who came to tell his father of the catastrophe. Great was the fury of the assembled chiefs, who threatened to burn all Munster—but,

* "Cambro-British Saints."
† Dr. Todd, quoted in Newell.
‡ Forbes. See "Kessog."

needless to add, the dead children were all restored to life at the prayer of Kessog.

The warlike circumstances of his country and age were hateful to him, and though he was forced into accompanying a raiding expedition, he took no part in the universal plundering—an astonishing abstinence which was marked by the enemy, and induced them when they had taken him prisoner to set him at liberty. From this time he followed his own bent, and gave himself up to the monastic life under the guidance, first of one, then of another, Irish abbot of note.

Before becoming himself an abbot, S. Senan went on pilgrimage and made a sort of grand tour, going through France to Rome, and coming back by way of Wales, where he formed his lifelong friendship with S. David. He brought home with him a company of Roman monks, whom he distributed in his various island-monasteries in the south and west of Ireland; while he made his headquarters on an island in the Shannon, opposite Kilrush, then called *Iniscathay*, but now known as "Scattery Island." All through the notices of S. Senan there is a certain atmosphere of rigidity, unusual in the lives of the Irish saints. One cannot help wondering whether it belonged to his nature, or whether it was due to the influence of the fifty Roman monks with their more stereotyped ways of looking at things. He appears to have been particular to the point of fussiness about the correctness of his own and other people's canonical garb. Thus he chanced one day to meet his fellow-saint, S. Piran (CH. XXXVI.), walking about in his tunic without his hooded cloak. As a matter of fact, he had just given his upper garment to a beggar, but S. Senan did not pause to inquire into excuses. "Fie upon a priest," said he, "who walks about in one garment only, without his hood!"* But it would be unjust indeed to judge any man by such mediæval nonsense, and the fact of S. David's esteem for him, and the record of his untiring industry in founding churches and monasteries, must be held of more importance than all the legendary accounts of him put together.

S. Senan is believed to have died in Ireland, on the very same day as his friend S. David, that is, March 1. In Scotland he is still commemorated on this day, or else on March 11 (March 1, O.S.), but he is more generally honoured on March 8—the day of his burial.

S. Senan's love of the sea is curiously shown by the churches that bear his name. All his Irish foundations are placed on islands. In England and Wales conveniently situated islands were not so common, but we find him in Anglesey and in three sea-board counties. Llansannan in Denbighshire, and Bedwelty in Monmouthshire, may reasonably be assigned to the period of his visit to S. David. There is a little more doubt whether the two Cornish parishes that are ascribed to S. Senan are intended for the recluse of Scattery Island; there is no positive statement that he ever came into Cornwall, and some writers have, therefore, inclined to

* Borlase.

the theory of another and less well-known saint of the same name; but in the absence of certain knowledge, we may fairly hold to S. Senan the Abbot. Unfortunately, we get no help from the feast-days, as that of the parish of Sennen is kept on Advent Sunday, with an additional fair on June 30; and that of Zennor is held on the Sunday nearest to May-Day.

But there is one remaining link between the S. Senan of Ireland and the Cornish S. Senan, which, if it be nothing more than a coincidence, is at least remarkable as such. Irish antiquarians have for long been investigating the origin and use of the massive dome-shaped cells, known from their peculiar form as the "bee-hive huts," that are found in certain places in Ireland. Like cyclopean bee-hives in truth they are, those great blocks of stone piled one upon another in irregular circles. No provision is made for window or chimney, but an opening in the side serves the purpose of a door. Dark and gloomy dwelling-places these, and yet in all probability they were the chosen homes of certain of the Irish solitaries, who built them, as we may suppose, with intent to shut out the whole world and all worldly distractions. In Ireland these circular buildings are "often called by the names of the earliest native saints, whether solitaries or cenobites."* Perhaps the most perfect example of these bee-hive huts is on the Magherees, a group of islands off the Kerry coast. They are associated with the name of S. Senan, and "were probably of his foundation."† Strangely enough, it is within S. Senan's parish of Zennor (anciently called Senar) that our most perfect English example of the same form of building is to be found.‡ The island situation is wanting, it is true, but the huts are clustered together as near as may be to the sea. The link with Ireland is too marked to be passed over; the possible association with S. Senan is at least worth pondering.

S. Kebi, Cuby or Kea, B. Nov. 8.

Lovers of Matthew Arnold's poetry will be familiar with the name of "Kybi the Dark,"§ but perhaps few of them will recognize him under his variation of Cuby, or under the orthodox Welsh pronunciation of "Kubby."

This saint, like many another, is reckoned among the cousins of S. David, but in a much closer degree than many of the so-called cousins, for their respective mothers, Gwen and Nun, were sisters. "S. Kebi," says the mediæval life of this saint, "was one of the good servants of the heavenly king," and, indeed, the picture drawn of him in the quaint old biography is for the most part a very pleasing one.

On the father's side he seems to have been of Cornish extraction, the son of a chieftain whose possessions in South Cornwall were traditionally said to extend from the Tamar to St. Gerran's Bay, not very far from Truro.‖ We shall have occasion to note later how exactly S. Kebi's

* Borlase.
† D. C. B.
‡ Murray's "Cornwall."
§ Sonnet, "East and West."
‖ "Cambro-British Saints," and Borlase.

Cornish dedications agree with the district traditionally ascribed to the dominions of his soldier-father. The child's bent, however, was all for books, not for soldiering; and it is recorded as an illustration of his youthful precocity that "the blessed Kebi was seven years old when he began to read."

When he was twenty he is said to have made the usual pilgrimage to Jerusalem. No fabulous circumstances are related of this journey, and there is no reason why he should not have accomplished that which was the ideal of all the most ardent spirits of his time. An impossible statement, however, follows in the next few lines, where it is said that afterwards he was "with the most blessed Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, and received from him the episcopal degree." This is a glaring anachronism, but probably it is the mediæval compiler, not the original writer of the life, who is responsible for the blunder. The Welsh equivalent for Hilary is "Elian," and there is a genuine S. Elian, a contemporary and friend of S. Kebi's, who is commemorated by two Welsh churches. He is surnamed "the Pilgrim," * which suggests the thought that the friendship may have begun in the course of this journey. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that he was a bishop; but it is obviously impossible to trace the time and manner of every single saint's consecration to the episcopate. The gloss "Bishop of Poitiers" was all the more natural on the part of the compiler, since "a devotion to S. Hilary was characteristic of some of the earliest of the Celtic missionaries on the continent" † (vol. i. p. 227).

On his return home Kebi was asked "whether he would be the king of the Cornishmen," but not choosing to succeed to his father's honours, he passed northwards into his mother's country of Wales. Possibly it is to this period that our saint's Cornish foundations ought to be assigned, for we never again hear of him in his old home.

S. Kebi had by this time attracted round him a little band of ten disciples. With them he came into a part of Monmouthshire not very far from Caerleon. The obscure princeling who ruled over that particular district resented the intrusion of the company of monks into his possessions, and gave orders that they should be ejected. Forthwith his horse fell down dead, and he and all his household were smitten with blindness; but at the prayer of Kebi sight was restored, and the horse was made whole. Then the king, as a token of his gratitude, allowed the strangers to build two churches on his land, "whereof one," says the life, "is Llangybi, and the other Llandaverguir." The second of these two cannot now be traced, but Llangybi, or "the church of Kebi," still keeps the name of its founder, and helps us to follow in the track of this most restless of saints.

Leaving his new foundations, he went off to Menevia to visit his distinguished cousin, S. David. It was not their first meeting, for Kebi is said—though on questionable authority—to have been present at the famous Synod of Brevi. Three days and three nights in one place was

* D. C. B., "Elian."

† Forbes.

quite long enough for this impatient traveller, and he set off once more on a voyage to the Isle of Aran in Galway Bay—an island that was the veritable home of saints. There the holy Columba had sojourned in his day, not to speak of S. Brandan, and S. Kieran, and countless saints besides. The saints who from time to time came to Aran lived, not in any regular community, but in rude separate hermitages, whose ruins may still be seen. "At their best," says Mr. Froude,* "they can have been but such places as sheep would huddle under in a storm. . . . Yes, there on that wet soil, with that dripping roof above them, was the chosen home of these poor men."

But unhappily the islands were not inhabited only by good men, and Kebi had to suffer a great deal of petty persecution from one Fintan, a man apparently of some position. Kebi gave offence in the first instance by digging on the great man's ground. Peace was made, however, and the matter would have been settled so far as Kebi was concerned, but the other was of a resentful nature, and chose to vent his revenge in the meanest fashion. S. Kebi had procured a cow and calf for the benefit of an aged relative of his who was with him on the island. Now, the calf strayed into Fintan's cornfield, and he tied it up, and refused to let it go, notwithstanding all Kebi's earnest entreaties and his representations that the old man was nigh to perish with hunger because the cow would give no milk at all in the absence of her calf. At last the poor calf broke away from the tree to which it had been tied, and came home, and thus further increased Fintan's anger. He drove Kebi from pillar to post, always maintaining that the land where he sought to settle was his. Kebi yielded perforce, but in no spirit of meekness, and when at last his persecutor said: "Kebi, go beyond the sea," he was nothing loth to depart. He had built one if not two churches in the island, and perhaps he was not altogether sorry to have a prospect of new work before him. The tyrant would not so much as give him time in which to complete his necessary preparations. The rough wicker boat which he and his disciples had built with their own hands still lacked its covering of skins, when Fintan said mockingly: "If ye are servants of God, enter into that boat without a skin covering;" and Kebi, stung by the taunt, said to his followers: "Place the boat upon the sea." A storm arose, but the saint prayed fervently, and encouraged his terrified disciples, and after many dangers the frail boat was washed ashore on the Island of Anglesey, a part of Wales with which S. Kebi's Cornish ancestors "seem specially connected." †

Here at last, on a tiny island off the west coast of Anglesey, still marked in our maps as *Holy Island*, S. Kebi, after all his voyaging, cast anchor, and founded his last and most famous monastery. From him it took the name of *Caer-gybi*, or "the city of Kebi"—a name which has been well-nigh lost sight of in the more familiar "Holyhead." There are but few persons who ever think of associating that bustling packet-station with the saint of thirteen centuries ago, from whom it derives its claim to

* "Short Studies." † Borlase.

sanctity; but the parish church of S. Kebi, built on the site of the monastery, still keeps his name in remembrance.

It is recorded in the old life that our saint once more came into collision with another near neighbour, the redoubtable King Maelgwyn, who reigned over a great part of North Wales, the walls of whose castle "still exist, and form the boundary of the churchyard of Caergybi." * The dispute arose concerning a hunted goat that took refuge with Kebi. He refused to give it up for all the king's threats of evicting him, and in the end his boldness won the respect of his adversary, who became a great benefactor to Caergybi.

No saint seems to have set a higher value on friendship than S. Kebi. Not very far from him dwelt S. Elian the Pilgrim—possibly, as we have hinted before, the companion of his youthful travelling days. Tradition says that these two used to meet at a spot—still plainly to be identified—halfway between their respective abodes, that they might help one another onward by spiritual discourse. In the same way he is said to have had weekly meetings with a yet more distant neighbour and possible kinsman, Abbot Seiriol, of the monastery of Penmon, whose name is familiar to many tourists nowadays through the handsome modern church of S. Seiriol's at Penmaenmawr. Seiriol, like Kebi, had made his home on an island—that island almost exactly facing Penmaenmawr, which is marked in modern maps as "Puffin's Island," but which is more correctly styled either "Priest Holm," or "Seiriol's Isle." It is this legend of the weekly meeting of the two friends that Matthew Arnold sings in his sonnet, "East and West," which may well find a place here.

"In the bare midst of Anglesey they show
Two springs which close by one another play;
And, 'Thirteen hundred years agone,' they say,
'Two saints met often where those waters flow.
One came from Penmon westward, and a glow
Whiten'd his face from the sun's fronting ray;
Eastward the other, from the dying day,
And he with unsunn'd face did always go.'
Seiriol the Bright, Kybi the Dark! men said,
The seër from the East was then in light,
The seër from the West was then in shade.
Ah! now 'tis changed. In conquering sunshine bright,
The man of the bold West now comes array'd;
He of the mystic East is touched with night."

"It is curious," observes a Welsh writer, "that the poet seems to have mistaken the legend." † Rather, he has given to it a new and mystic meaning of its own; but in the more matter-of-fact Welsh tradition, S. Seiriol is *the White*, or *the Fair* (not the Bright), because he was always in the shade, while S. Kebi, on the other hand, who met the rising sun as he travelled eastwards in the morning, and the setting sun on his return

* Baring-Gould, November 8. † Newell.

home at evening, was surnamed Kebi *the Dark*, or *the Sunburnt*, from his always facing the sun.

We know very little more of this saint, but one saying of his has been preserved: "Hast thou heard the saying of Cybi of Anglesey, 'There is no misfortune like wickedness'?" *

The various phases of S. Kebi's life are well marked out by their corresponding dedications. The three undoubted Cornish dedications, Cuby, Duloe, and Kenwyn, all lie within the kingdom traditionally assigned to S. Kebi's father.† So, too, does St. Kea, a parish near Truro, "also named after Kebi," ‡ and found in some records by the full name of *St. Keby*.§ At Duloe "there is a Cuby's Well in Kippiscombe land." ‖ Passing northwards into Monmouthshire, we find *Llangibby*, answering in all particulars to the church so named in the life of the saint. Wales proper lies outside our province, or we should take account of the church before mentioned at Holyhead, and the modern church in the same parish appropriately dedicated to his friend, S. Seiriol; but even without this it must be acknowledged that S. Kebi the Dark is well commemorated in England.

S. Kentigern.

Another friend and ardent admirer of S. David was S. Kentigern, the founder of the great northern monastery of Llan-Elwy, now St. Asaph's. Of the meeting between these two saints we shall have occasion to speak more fully elsewhere (CH. XXXIII.), but a place may be found here for S. Kentigern's pupil and successor, Asaph, though whether S. David's friendship was extended from the master to the pupil we are not able to say.

S. Asaph, B. May 1.

Owing to the accidental circumstance of the monastery church which bears his name having become one of the four cathedral churches of Wales, S. Asaph has obtained a degree of fame that many a more important saint has missed. He was brought up by S. Kentigern in that great monastery which the Scottish saint had founded on the banks of the river Elwy. His whole life is bound up with this monastery.

Asaph was the son of Welsh parents, and was placed under Bishop Kentigern's care while he was still so young as to become the darling of the house. Kentigern loved the lad with an especial tenderness, and used to call him "the Lord's little boy;" and Asaph, on his side, would have done anything for his honoured master. Twenty years passed, and the aged Kentigern was summoned back from his peaceful retirement at Llan-Elwy to finish his interrupted work in Scotland. More than six hundred of his disciples followed him northwards, but there were some three hundred who remained in their old home by the river, and Kentigern ordained that Asaph should be their head. So "with the consent of all, he enthroned *the Lord's little boy*, now a grave man, to be Bishop of

* Baring-Gould, November 8.

† To these may almost certainly be added Cubert in Cornwall, Oborne in Dorset, and Widworthy in Devon, all of them now assigned to S. Cuthbert (CH. XXIX.).

‡ D. C. B.

§ Borlase.

‖ Ibid.

the See and of the Monastery in his place, and again blessing and taking leave of them all, he went forth by the northern door of the church, because he was going to combat the northern enemy. The door was closed by which he went forth, and the custom grew up that it should never be opened save on the 1st of May, the day they kept the feast of S. Asaph, and the custom showed as long as the monastery stood with what grief they parted with S. Kentigern, with what joy they remembered the good man he had appointed to be his successor." *

Of the later years of S. Asaph's life we know absolutely nothing, not even the year of his death. He is known to us only at the few points in which his life touched that of S. Kentigern ; but from his connexion with "S. Kentigern the Beloved," he came to be honoured, not only in his native Wales, but even as far afield as the Isle of Skye, where a chapel and well, known as *Ashey*, are supposed to commemorate, in very corrupted form, the name of S. Kentigern's favourite disciple.† However this may be, it is certain that his feast was duly observed in the Scottish Church, and that special lessons were provided for that day. And what do they tell us, these lessons ? Next to nothing of his acts as head of the famous monastery church that was hereafter to bear his name, but just one little incident of his boyhood that has been remembered for thirteen hundred years when all else concerning him has been forgotten. They tell—and doubtless the story came from S. Kentigern himself—how, by his ready devotion, the child Asaph once saved the life of his master. Kentigern, after the manner of the austere saints of the Celtic Church, had been saying his psalter standing up to the neck in the icy waters of the river, and was ready to perish from cold and exhaustion. The boy saw the danger, and ran to get fire wherewith to restore him ; but finding no pan in which to carry the burning charcoal, rather than risk any delay he gathered up in his hands the hot coals, and slipping them into the skirt of his garment, bore them to his dear master.

According to common Celtic usage we should have expected the church at Llan-Elwy to bear the name of its founder, S. Kentigern ; but, curiously enough, the founder and first bishop is in this instance superseded by his disciple and successor, S. Asaph. He not only lived among his people but died among them, and this gave a special closeness to the bond between them, and made him in a special sense the saint of the locality. How soon after his death the monastery church was formally dedicated to him does not appear, but a French Kalendar of the ninth century (Usuardus) makes mention on May 1 of "Asaph, bishop, from whom the bishopric of S. Asaph's now takes its name." Strange to say, the name of S. Asaph is more familiar to Englishmen than to his fellow-countrymen, for while we speak of the town and diocese of *St. Asaph's*, the conservative Welshman still clings to the original name of *Llan-Elwy*, or "the church by the Elwy."

* Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's "St. Kentigern of Crosthwaite."

† Forbes.

With the dedication of the mother-church we have nothing further to do: our business is to inquire how the Welsh bishop of the sixth century has come to be associated with a nineteenth-century church at Birmingham. It would be satisfactory to be able to point to some historical connexion between the Flintshire cathedral and the Birmingham church, but it must be acknowledged that the choice rests solely upon a series of small accidental circumstances. A name was needed for the new church, and it was important that it should be a distinctive one. The patron chanced to have lately returned from a visit to St. Asaph's; hence this name occurred to him. The suggestion commended itself to the churchwarden of the mother-church, who happened to be a Welshman, and so it was acted upon, and doubtless it gives pleasure to the Welshmen in the parish, who are sufficiently numerous to claim a place of worship of their own. And this is how S. Asaph has travelled from the banks of his own tranquil Elwy into the heart of busy Birmingham.

S. Tesiliah, or Tyssilio, C. Nov. 8.

Before leaving Llan-Elwy we may take notice of S. Asaph's cousin and successor in the government of the monastery, S. Tesiliah, or Tyssilio, a saint of peaceful pursuits and uneventful life, who yet is not a little popular in the Principality. He is generally considered to have been a bishop, but so meagre are the facts concerning him that not even this can be said with certainty. He was the son of one warlike chieftain and the brother of another, and the great military ascendency of his family no doubt prepared the way for the foundation of his many churches.

S. Tyssilio reminds us in some degree of the Venerable Bede, for he is supposed to have written an Ecclesiastical History of his country as well as some verses. No fragments of his writings, however, have come down to us, for modern critics entirely decline to accept the theory that this lost history of Tyssilio's was the foundation of the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth. "It is now generally agreed," says Mr. Rice Rees, "that the statement is unfounded, and the Chronicle contains a heap of extravagant fables respecting Arthur which no historian would have ventured to publish as belonging to an age immediately preceding his own, when existing facts and the memory of persons living might have contradicted him." *

S. Tyssilio's Welsh churches are distributed over a very wide area, from Denbighshire and the Isle of Anglesey as far south as Carmarthenshire. A native bard, in some verses enumerating Tyssilio's foundations, mentions some that cannot now be traced. "He raised a church in Armorica, through the influence of his liberality; and the church of Pengwern, the best upon the earth." † *Pengwern* is known to have been the old name for Shrewsbury, but no church of S. Tyssilio's is now to be found there, and, indeed, his only remaining dedication on this side the border is at Sellack in Herefordshire, in that district of "Archenfield" which is so specially connected with the name of S. Dubricius (p. 200).

* "Welsh Saints." † Ibid.

And so we close the long roll of S. David's friends and fellow-workers, the men to whom Wales and the Church of Wales owe so much. These men inherited wealth and position, and instead of choosing the easier course of renouncing them and living as anchorites, they set themselves, as good stewards, to use their advantages as best they might for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men; while all the time subjecting themselves to the most rigid self-discipline. These feudal abbots founded innumerable churches and colleges, and by their foundations helped to raise the whole tone of civilization in the surrounding regions. It may be said that the record of such lives contains nothing very stirring or heroic; but when the Son of Sirach set himself to "praise famous men," he did not forget to acknowledge the services of "rich men, furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations;" and this is a description that applies aptly enough to David and Cadoc, Dubricius and Teilo, and many others of their number.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE NORTH-COUNTRY MISSIONARIES.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
217	S. Ninian, B.	September 16 ...	432 ...	2
225	S. Kentigern, or Mungo, B. ...	January 13 ...	601 ...	9
232	S. Aidan, B.	August 31 ...	650 ...	13

THE three men who have been brought together in this chapter have much in common, even though the first and third are divided from one another by an interval of two hundred years. All three were Celts: all three were brought up in the traditions and usages of the Celtic Church: all three were bishops: all three were connected with Scotland, yet each one of the three in his measure helped to build up the Church in England, and has graven his name upon some English parish: all three were distinguished by the habits of severe simplicity that stamped the clergy of the Celtic Church,—and, above all, each one of the three was animated by that intense missionary zeal which earned for one of them the surname of "the torch of God."

The Kalendar of the Scottish Church fitly commemorates two of these great missionaries—S. Ninian and S. Kentigern. S. Aidan, true Scot and son of Iona though he was, finds no place in the Scottish Kalendar, perhaps for the very reason that the best of his life's powers were given to England. It is amongst us that he has the strongest claim to be honoured, yet in our Anglican Kalendar also there is a blank against August 31, where Aidan's name ought to stand.

S. Ninian, B.* Sept. 16, 432.

S. Ninian, "the Apostle of the Picts" as he has been well called, is one of those many saints the greatness of whose reputation far outstrips our scanty knowledge of their deeds. The brief statement of Bede concerning Ninian's stay at Rome, his successful preaching to the Picts, and his erection of a stone church in honour of S. Martin, comprehends the main facts that have come down to us of the life of this great pioneer missionary, this fifth-century Selwyn.

We can picture most vividly the history of his times. We know him

* This account of S. Ninian is taken largely from the Rev. J. Barrow's life of him in Newman's "English Saints."

to have been the contemporary—we believe him to have been the personal friend—of men like Augustine, Jerome, and Ambrose, who are to this day more familiar figures to us than many of our actual acquaintances. Step by step we can follow S. Ninian through his life at Rome : to some extent we can realize the condition of England and Scotland at the time of his labours, but the man himself is only seen as it were by flashes. There are legends concerning him, no doubt, but they are not the sort of legends which, beneath all that is impossible and fantastic, yet reveal some true traits of the living man ; they are for the most part miracles that might serve for any fifth-century saint under similar circumstances.

Ninian is accounted so completely a Scottish saint that we need to be reminded that, by birth at least, he belongs to our part of the island. Some claim Whitherne in Wigtownshire as the scene of his birth as well as of his death, but Cumberland appears on the whole to have a better right to the first distinction.

From the Abbot Aelred's life of him, written in the twelfth century, but based upon earlier authorities, we learn that he was the son of a British king or chieftain. But when we think of Ninian as a Briton, we must disabuse our minds of all associations with the woad-stained aborigines of Cæsar's time, and call up the image of a wealthy Romanized Briton, with all the appliances of Roman civilization at command—the occupant, it may be, of some such luxurious villa as recent excavations have brought to light in different parts of England. Ninian's father held some office under the Roman administration, and Ninian himself was destined for the Roman army ; but his natural inclination led him, as we shall see, in a different direction. In one notable respect the household of Ninian's father differed from that of most of the surrounding chieftains. He was a Christian, and the boy was therefore brought up from the first in a Christian atmosphere. We know nothing of the details of his youth, save that we are told in general terms of the purity and beauty of his childhood, and more particularly of the care with which he was trained in the study of Holy Scriptures.

Dates are scarce in the biography of S. Ninian, but about the age when he should have entered the army he evinced so strong a desire to continue his studies at Rome that his father consented to this complete change of plan. Such a resolution is sufficiently accounted for by the natural longing of a cultivated young man to visit the very headquarters of culture ; but his biographer claims for him a higher motive, and says that this journey was undertaken in the search for religious truth. Such singleness of aim is not at variance with what we are told of Ninian's grave, devout character and his interest in holy things. He is represented as perplexed and pained by the inconsistencies which he could discover but could not reconcile between the teachings of the Bible and the teachings of his National Church. Be this as it may, the British Church was at this period passing into a very corrupt state. It was tainted with the prevailing danger of the time, Arianism, and perhaps its worst reproach was that it

was apathetic, making little effort to convert the surrounding heathen. Nay, there was more of open activity to be seen among the supporters of error than among the orthodox, and a countryman of Ninian's, a young Briton, famous under his Græcised name of *Pelagius*, was soon about to make no small stir in Christendom.

Arrived at Rome, the young British nobleman was at once received into the very choicest of the Christian society. The old Pope Damasus befriended him warmly, and made provision for his careful instruction in Christian doctrine. We are again at a loss in the matter of exact dates, and so are unable to fix the duration of Ninian's sojourn in Rome, but certainly it was a very protracted one. For some fifteen or twenty years he lingered on, steeping himself in all things Roman, and stamping upon his mind forms of outward beauty that he was afterwards, so far as might be, to reproduce in his native land. In such a pleasant student-life he might have drifted on for ever, when the opportunity came to him of doing work that no other man was so well able to undertake, and for which his long years of preparation had especially fitted him.

The summons came to him through the then Pope, the successor to his kindly old friend. About this time S. Jerome had brought out one of his controversial works, in which there were allusions to certain barbarous, even cannibal, tribes, living on the further side of the Wall of Severus. The degraded and horrible condition of these tribes as here described attracted much attention, and was in itself a powerful call to missionary effort. The Pope determined to send out a mission to these dark regions, and he would naturally feel that he had at hand a most fit instrument in the zealous, carefully instructed Briton. It is to be supposed that Ninian before this time had been ordained : in any case, the Pope now consecrated him bishop, and sent him forth on his perilous undertaking.

Another book which at this same time had been making a noise in the Roman world was Sulpicius's life of Bishop Martin of Tours (vol. i. p. 447). Ninian had been deeply interested in it, and—the subject of the memoir being still alive—he resolved to turn aside on his homeward journey and visit this holy man. He was welcomed with a warmth that must have satisfied his most glowing hopes, and the old man gave him, not sympathy merely, but practical help, for he appears to have furnished him with masons to assist him in carrying out the church-building projects on which his heart was set.

According to one tradition, S. Ninian first made some stay in the districts of Cumberland round about his old home, and there, we are told, he was received with enthusiasm, and his preaching eagerly listened to. But he had been sent on a direct mission to the heathen, and he was not content to be a mere builder on other men's foundations. He pressed on beyond the Roman Wall, and made his headquarters in the remote peninsula of Galloway, the modern Wigtownshire. Here he gathered round him a band of clerical workers, whom he organized upon the monastic system, which he must have seen at work near Rome—even if

part of his own training had not been received in some such institution. The Order was pre-eminently a teaching one, whether in the direction of sending out missionary preachers, or in educating the children who attended the monastery school.

A cave in the cliffs at Whitherne is still shown as the spot where S. Ninian used to repair for secret prayer and meditation. This sufficed him for his own private oratory; but for the monastery church he thought no care and pains too great to render it as perfect and beautiful as in him lay. He was moved by the same spirit as David when he said: "The house that is to be builded for the Lord must be exceeding magnifical, of fame and of glory throughout all the countries." Instead of contenting himself with the rough wattled buildings of the district, Ninian framed his church of *stone*, which, as Bede tells us, "was not usual among the Britons." It is probable that the adjoining buildings were of the same material, and this distinction won for the settlement its name of the "White House"—the *Candida Casa* of its Latin-speaking inmates, the *Whitherne* * of the Gaelic natives around; it is this last designation that has clung to it for fifteen centuries, and by which we still know it.

We are not left in doubt as to the dedication-name of this new church. It happened that while it was in course of building, the news reached Ninian of the death of the venerated bishop, Martin of Tours; and when a year later the consecration took place, he determined that his church should be dedicated in honour of S. Martin. S. Martin died about 400; here, therefore, we have the one fixed date in S. Ninian's career. This dedication to S. Martin is the earliest particular record we have of any church dedication within the British Isles, and for this reason alone it would have a peculiar interest of its own, quite apart from the special circumstances of the personal friendship which it commemorates. More than this, however: this Whitherne dedication suggests a whole train of most interesting inquiry. What did this act represent to S. Ninian? Did he merely intend thereby to do lasting honour to the memory of a great name? Was it a grateful *memorial*, like our Keble College or Gordon Home, or was it done in the expectation of securing the mediatory offices of the newly made saint? We can hardly doubt that this last was chiefly in his mind. During the closing years of the fourth century—the very years that S. Ninian had spent at Rome—the whole theory of the veneration for saints had undergone a gradual but marked change, and what had been in the beginning nothing but a tender natural reverence for the burying-places of the holy dead was developing into a yearning desire for the intercessions of those who were thus honoured. These intercessions were at first considered to be most efficacious if sought at the tombs of the saints, but in course of time, as the belief in the intercession of saints gathered strength, other churches with which they had no local connexion were placed under their patronage, and were believed to receive from them special protection. It is curious to observe in the

* Hern or horn, from the Saxon *aern* = a house.

writings of the Fathers* during the closing years of the fourth century, how the more primitive idea of simple reverence for the holy dead was struggling with the newer doctrine of faith in their mediation. The greatest of the Fathers, indeed, write on the subject with much reserve; yet there are passages in the writings of Jerome and Ambrose, for example, under which those who favoured the newer views may well have sheltered themselves. At this period, however, the chief honour appears to have been paid to Martyrs and Angels, and so, perhaps, after all, we may see in Ninian's instant choice of a patron saint, who was neither martyr nor angel, a touch of grateful personal friendship.

It may be asked what can have led S. Ninian to settle himself down in so remote and inaccessible a spot as Whitherne, when his object was to influence the largest possible number of persons? One probable explanation is, that in the very remoteness of the settlement lay its safety from the destructive inroads of the barbarous Picts. We know well enough from other sources the terror that lay in the very name of Picts, and what the unhappy Britons suffered under the wild raids of these irresistible savages. About the time when Ninian formed his settlement at Whitherne their condition was increasingly calamitous, for the Roman legionaries had just been withdrawn, and they were beginning already to experience the miseries which found voice a generation later in the famous appeal to the Roman consul: "The barbarians on the one hand chase us into the sea, the sea on the other turns us back on the barbarians; and we have only the hard choice left us of perishing by the sword or by the waves."

To such a nation of freebooters as the Picts, the unfamiliar splendours of Casa Candida must surely have proved an irresistible prey, had the settlement lain on their direct line of march to the south. Moreover, it was clearly necessary that Ninian should have a place of shelter for the children entrusted to him, and a secure basis of operation for his missionary work. Having once provided this, he had no fears for his own personal safety, but adventured himself freely in all parts of the country. We have no trustworthy details of his labours among the Picts, but Aelred's life tells us that he converted one of their leading chiefs, and this, no doubt, did much to extend his influence among the people as a whole. We do not know how far north he penetrated, but a ruined chapel of S. Ninian at Glen Urquhart in Inverness-shire has been taken to indicate that his missionary journeys reached even to this far point. It is interesting to note that the dedication is carried on by the existing episcopalian church in Glen Urquhart.

In the midst of his busy life Ninian retained something of his student habits. One or two of his works, composed for the benefit of his clergy, have been preserved; but if he was a writer, he was still more a reader: at all spare moments, riding or walking, he had a book in his hands. One of his legends notes this characteristic, and at the same time quaintly

* See article in D. C. B. on "Patron Saints and Angels."

records a trifling fault into which the holy man once fell. As he and a companion were travelling together along the high-road they sat down to rest, and employed themselves in reading their psalters. As they read, the sky clouded, and the rain fell heavily on all sides of them, yet just avoiding the spot on which they sat. They continued their recitation undisturbed; but though eyes and lips are occupied, thoughts may wander, and so it now was with Ninian. Instantly the miracle ceased, and the rain fell on the saint. His companion, divining the cause of the change, gently, but with the candour of a true friend, pointed it out, and Ninian, promptly owning his fault and repenting thereof, the former wonder was repeated.

An important part of Ninian's work at Whitherne was his boys' school. He loved children, and he not merely directed the school, but took some part in the actual teaching. Another legend tells how one of his scholars ran away in order to escape impending punishment, and in his flight carried off with him the staff on which the aged bishop was wont to lean. The runaway's first idea was to get off to sea, but his plans were not well laid; for in his haste he pushed off in one of the wicker-work coracles of the country, without stopping to observe that the covering of skins was wanting. For a time all went well with the light craft, but gradually the waters began to force their way through the basket-work. The helpless child tried to drive them back by thrusting the staff through one of the holes, and then gave himself up to his fate. The anxious crowd which had gathered on the beach saw with joy that the boat was being driven shorewards, and in time the little sailor was safely landed.

It has been assumed that S. Ninian died in 432, which would allow some thirty-five years for the missionary portion of his life. The question naturally presents itself, What were the fruits of these long years of labour? In truth, it is impossible fully to estimate the value or the permanency of S. Ninian's work. On the one hand, it may be fairly objected that the so-called "conversion of the Picts" did not make much impression on the character of the nation as a whole, so that the effect of their influx into Britain was rather to crush than to encourage the enfeebled Christianity of that race. But, on the other hand, "the Brothers of S. Ninian," as the monks of Whitherne were designated, continued for many a generation to carry on, though in a less conspicuous degree, the work of their great founder. Nor did the impression of his teaching ever utterly die out in Scotland. Not to speak of the individuals who lived and died in the blessings of the new light which Ninian had declared to them, indelible traces of his mission remained graven upon the entire district where he had toiled. Some sort of ecclesiastical organization had been introduced, and here and there churches and graveyards had been consecrated, and remained as silent witnesses to the faith of Christ. When more than a hundred years later S. Kentigern and S. Columba went over the ground previously trodden by their great predecessor, they found, indeed, abundant work waiting to be done, but they did not find themselves

working on virgin soil. Traditions of Ninian and of Ninian's teaching still lingered, and in many a heart the words of the new evangelists must have awakened forgotten echoes.

In Scotland, as is right and fitting, numerous dedications, both ancient and modern, attest the strength of S. Ninian's fame in that country; but in England such dedications are very rare, and, in fact, there is only one of them that can be accounted thoroughly satisfactory, and that has not a doubt of some sort connected with it.

Let us take first the supposed dedication to S. Ninian at Cury in Cornwall, which, upon the authority of Ecton's "Thesaurus," has so figured in many lists. We ask how a saint so essentially North-country in all his associations as S. Ninian should have found his way to this most southerly point of England? But in the matter of dedications, experience shows that such local considerations are apt to prove dangerously misleading, and must not receive more than their due weight. Then we are confronted with a more important objection—the field is already occupied; for in a document bearing date 1395, the church, or rather chapel, of Cury (for at that time it was only a chapel in the parish of St. Breage) appears as "Capella Sancti Corantini." This S. Corantin (CH. XXXVII.) is known to us as a Breton bishop of the fifth century, who had a personal connexion with Cornwall; and we feel at once how probable a patron he would be for a Cornish parish. But how, then, did the idea of S. Ninian find entrance? There is little doubt that it came in through a misreading of a fourteenth-century manuscript, in which the entry "Ecclesia Sancti *Maunani*"—that is, the church of Mawnan—has been taken for "Ecclesia Sancti *Ninani*," and referred to Cury—a mistake which never ought to have arisen, seeing that Cury was only a chapel, and not an "ecclesia," or parish church at all. It does not clearly appear when the mistake was first made, but it was allowed to pass undetected, and gained considerable acceptance. It is to be feared, therefore, that S. Ninian has no real claim on this Cornish parish, and we turn to his North-country dedications.

Very distinct and interesting traces of our saint are to be found in the Northumberland parish of Wooler—or, more strictly speaking, in that portion of it which is known as *Fenton*, a portion which until the year 1313 constituted a separate parish, with its own church and graveyard. According to local tradition, it was here that S. Ninian began his preaching, and though of the church which doubtless bore his name nothing now remains but the foundations, there are yet—or were until very recently—two abiding memorials of the saint, the one in the well called from him "S. Ninian's Well," the other in the annual cattle fair held on September 27 (S. Ninian's Day, O.S.), and popularly called "S. Ninian's Fair." Lewis the topographer, writing some sixty years ago, mentions a project that had been proposed only to be abandoned, of commemorating S. Ninian's connexion with the place by erecting a new church on the site of the old one. We do not know whether the conditions of Fenton are such as to necessitate an additional church, but if ever one has

to be built in this place, we hope that the pious intention of restoring the old dedication may not be forgotten.

The existing parish church of S. Ninian at Brougham in Cumberland, which "is vulgarly called Ninekirks,"* must assuredly, one would suppose, be a true dedication to S. Ninian; but even this has been disputed—though very needlessly. The County History says: "It is sometimes called the church of S. Wilfrid," and it then proceeds to give two examples of *Wills*, one of the time of Edward III., and one of the time of Charles I., in which the testator desires to be buried "in the church of S. Wilfrid de Burgham." From this the writer argues that "we must either suppose that the Scots had one tutelar saint, and the English another, or rather perhaps that S. Wilfrid is the saint, not of the church but of the chapel, which indeed is not so properly a chapel of ease as another church within the same parish." This does, in fact, appear to be the true explanation of the difficulty. There were two distinct buildings—the ancient church of S. Ninian, and also the later church (or chapel-of-ease) of S. Wilfrid, built in the latter half of the thirteenth century.

"It would be interesting," says the late Precentor Venables,† "to connect the chapel of Brougham with the personal ministrations of the bishop of the nation of the Britons, but . . . we have no certain knowledge of S. Ninian's missionary labours. The idea which Mr. Lees has worked out with so much eloquence, that on his return from Rome S. Ninian dwelt for a short time on the banks of the Eamont, and planted the Christian church there, and that after the establishment of his bishopric at Candida Casa he sent a presbyter to take charge of the converts, is so attractive that one could wish it had a more solid historical basis." Indeed, we do wish it, but this at least we may legitimately claim, that the situation of this church agrees well with the tradition of S. Ninian's preaching in Cumberland before he passed forward to his work in Scotland; and that both Brougham and Fenton may well have been stages on his northern journey. There is, moreover, the witness of the popular designation of the "Ninekirks," which looks as if it must certainly embody a very early rendering of the Scottish form of speech, "the kirk of S. Ninian." Whatever may be its exact date, the church of Brougham is undoubtedly one of our rare authentic English dedications to S. Ninian; but perhaps his most undisputed dedication is that of Whitby. The existing church is only a nineteenth-century structure, but it is built upon the site of an old chapel of S. Ninian's belonging to S. Hilda's Abbey, and carries on the old dedication.

One word must be added as to the fate of S. Ninian's diocese of Galloway. After passing through many vicissitudes it has now been united to the diocese of Glasgow, which is styled the See of Glasgow and Galloway; and thus a link has been formed between Ninian, the missionary bishop of Galloway, and his more famous successor, Kentigern, the missionary bishop of Glasgow.

* Nicolson and Burn. Also known as "Nine Churches."

† *Cumberland Arch. Journal*, vol. 7.

S. Kentigern, or Mungo, B.* Jan. 13, 601.

The name of this gentle saint is familiar in Cumberland; it is not wholly unknown in Wales, but it is in Scotland that it is most familiar. There the memory of "S. Mungo" still clings, not only to the ancient city of Glasgow, which he himself founded, but to many an obscure country church.

The dedications to this saint all of them belong to that most interesting class of dedications—*personal dedications*—originating in some close personal association between the saint and the spot which bears his name. Wherever—whether in Wales, England, or Scotland—we find a church dedicated to S. Kentigern or S. Mungo, there we have good reason to believe that the feet of the unwearied evangelist have passed.

In the first half of the last century there still lingered in Aberdeenshire—it may not yet have died out—a proverb applied to those who find no rest but in doing good: "It is like S. Mungo's work which was never done."† The saying carries us back more than a thousand years to the days of a true-hearted, sympathetic man, the memory of whose loving activity had thus passed into a household word among successive generations of his fellow-countrymen.

Travellers to Glasgow are familiar with the name of "S. Enoch's Station," and some of them may perhaps have wondered who this S. Enoch might be. The saint in question is no other than the mother of our S. Kentigern, and the mention of her name gives us the starting-point for our history. Her story is a painful one: innocent of all ill, a pure-souled maiden, Christian at heart though not as yet in outward profession, she was cruelly wronged by the base princely lover whose suit she steadily refused. Dishonoured yet sinless, the hapless maid, according to the harsh laws of her time and land, was cast adrift in an open boat, and left to the mercies of a Northern sea, and as she started forth on her perilous voyage, she was heard to murmur words of appeal to Him that judgeth right: "Judge them, O Lord, that hurt me; take the arms and the shield and come to my help." In course of time the boat was washed ashore on the coast of the Frith of Forth. Hard by were the remains of a fire kindled by some shepherd. She stirred the fire into a blaze, and laid herself down by its friendly warmth, and it was here in this unsheltered spot that her child, the future missionary of three countries, was born.

The first help came from a company of shepherds, who, finding the helpless mother and child, ministered to them tenderly enough, and brought them to the dwelling of an old hermit, Serf by name. From his hands the mother and babe together received baptism, the one by her own name of Thenew, or Enoch, the other by the name of Kentigern. This word

* We are unfortunately without the advantage of any contemporary life of S. Kentigern. There are allusions to him in earlier writings, but most of our knowledge of him comes from a twelfth-century biography written by one Jocelyn, a monk of Furness, who wrote not only from tradition, but from records which are lost to us. The following account is largely taken from a series of lectures on "St. Kentigern of Crosthwaite," delivered in Crosthwaite church by the vicar, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, on successive feasts of S. Kentigern, 1885–1888.

† Forbes.

signifies "chief lord"—strange title surely to bestow on this little outcast babe, strange and yet prophetic. But for the present his foster-father's endearing term of *Mungo*—"my darling"—was felt to be better suited to the baby favourite, and as we have seen, it clung to him all his life. The old hermit adopted the boy, and from this point of the story his mother entirely disappears, though her memory is preserved to this day in Glasgow, by a church,* a street, a square, and now by the "S. Enoch's Station" already mentioned, as also at Greystoke in Cumberland by a well named from her *Thenew's*, or *Thanet's Well*.

In spite of all the affection lavished upon him by his elders, Kentigern's boyhood was not an entirely happy one. He performed faithfully and willingly the simple duties assigned to him by his foster-father, rising betimes in the dark winter morning to trim the lamps in the oratory; but like many another only child he did not get on well with other children. Moreover, he was the old man's favourite scholar, and his fellow-pupils were apt to be jealous of him, and to subject him to much petty ill-usage. On one occasion the boys fell to tormenting the hermit's pet robin, and at last in their rough play well-nigh killed it. Terrified at the probable consequences of their act, they determined to lay the blame upon the absent Kentigern; but "the most pure child," coming in before his master, took the little bird in his hands, making over it the sign of the cross and uttering words of prayer. Under his gentler handling the seemingly dead creature revived, but the incident made a never-to-be-forgotten impression, and the robin has in some sense become historical, for to this day it is commemorated on the arms of the city of Glasgow.

It is not possible to trace the exact steps of S. Kentigern's early career. There are many gaps in the records of his life, but it is clear that as the years passed on, the quiet place where he had been brought up became too strait for the ardent young spirit. "I must go forth," said he, "to do that for which He sent me, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace." And so he wandered on into the neighbourhood of what is now Glasgow, making his headquarters close to the burial-place consecrated by his great predecessor, S. Ninian. And there he set up a cross of stone as a visible sign of the message which he had come to deliver. "The venerable father, Bishop Kentigern," says the old chronicler, "had a custom in the places in which at any time by preaching he had won the people to the dominion of Christ, or had dwelt for any length of time, there to erect the triumphant standard of the Cross, that all men might know that he was in no way ashamed of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The more Kentigern was known the more he was loved. A band of enthusiastic disciples gathered round him, and from this little brotherhood

* "Her church in Glasgow was S. Theneukes, which has been corrupted into Enoch's."—See D. C. B., "Thenew." Her name is spelt in at least fifteen different ways.

the settlement gradually took its name of *Glasghu*, or Glasgow—the place of the "dear friends." The new settlement soon attained the dignity of a cathedral city; for in spite of his protestations that he was too young—he was but twenty-five—Kentigern was unanimously chosen as bishop of the extensive district of Strathclyde. Ten years were spent in this peaceful manner, and then came another change. The heathen king of those parts hated the young bishop because he had dared to rebuke him. He stirred up a persecution against him, which was carried on by his successor after the fashion of a true Scottish feud. Kentigern had no fears for himself, but rather than become a cause of strife and bloodshed, he determined to leave his loved city of the "dear friends" and find fresh work in the unknown, unchristianized regions beyond; for to Kentigern, as to John Wesley, "the whole world was his parish."

Slowly he made his way into those northern districts of Wales where the next twenty years of his life were to be spent, and everywhere as he passed along he preached the Word of God with that burning zeal which caused him to be designated "the torch of God." The group of churches in Cumberland which bear his name, together with those in the border counties of Scotland, are a standing memorial of this great missionary journey.

The history of S. Kentigern touches at some point or other the history of four other of our saints—S. Ninian, S. Asaph, S. Columba, and S. David. It was his desire to see "Father David" that drew him on ever southwards. The meeting was to both men a time of holy and joyous inspiration. When at last they were forced to part S. Kentigern turned his energies to founding in North Wales such another brotherhood as he had left behind him in Glasgow. He was passing through the forest, searching for the best spot on which to build, when a wild boar came out, and in friendly fashion trotted in front of him till it came to the banks of the river Elwy, where it left him. Kentigern's ready eye noted in a moment the capabilities of the situation: "God Almighty reward thee as He knoweth is best for thee" was his grateful farewell to his unconscious four-footed guide.

S. Kentigern was a born organizer. Some companions he had doubtless brought with him from Scotland; others quickly flocked around him, and the work of clearing trees and building the monastery went on apace. In time this monastery increased to such proportions that it must more have resembled a village than a single household. It counted nearly a thousand members, of whom three hundred were told off to work in the fields, three hundred supplied the needs of the community as servants and artificers, while the remainder were occupied in the more intellectual and spiritual labours of the place. From among these last the bishop gathered a chosen band to accompany him in his various missionary journeys, for Kentigern never lost sight of the evangelistic side of his work.

At first this great home of industry was known by the name of *Llan Elwy*, or "the church by the Elwy;" in later days it took the name of

S. Kentigern's successor and best-loved pupil, Asaph (CH. XXXII.). But Kentigern was not to end his days at Llan Elwy. That which he had planted might now be safely left to others; for himself there was direct missionary work yet to do, there was still new land to be won for Christ: and through wars and fightings and manifold distresses new doors of usefulness were to be opened to him. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" may help us to realize the distracted state of Britain in Kentigern's days, and for the right understanding of those times we need to remember that King Arthur, however much he may have been idealized by the story-tellers and poets of fourteen centuries, was in truth a living prince and a defender of Christianity against the rising tide of heathenism. We know from history that the progress of Christianity in our island was not one steady onward movement, but that the struggle with heathenism was long and severe: that ground seemingly gained was often lost and needed to be again re-conquered. The wave of persecution which drove Kentigern from Scotland into the mountain fastnesses of Wales was only a part of that strong reaction in favour of paganism which clouded the last years of King Arthur's noble life, against which his dying efforts were put forth in vain. The words which Tennyson puts into his hero's mouth on the eve of that "last weird battle in the West" describe a moment in the history of Britain when the outlook for Christianity seemed dark indeed, when the power of the heathen kings was asserting itself on all sides:—

> "For I, being simple, thought to work His Will,
> And have but stricken with the sword in vain—
> . . . and all my realm
> Reels back into the beast, and is no more."

So moaned the dying king, not knowing that the victory for which he fought was but deferred, not denied.

Some thirty years after the death of Arthur, a battle was fought at Arthuret in Cumberland which, though not avowedly a religious conflict, yet did much towards the restoration and extension of Christianity. The exact cause of this battle cannot now be told, but it was one in which far-reaching interests were involved. The contending forces on either side were roughly to be divided between Christian and pagan, but "the cause of this battle of the allied pagan Scotland and pagan North Wales against Christian Scotland and Christian North Wales none to-day know,"* for the saying of the old Welsh bards that "a lark's nest was the cause of it" is clearly a mere figure of speech, not to be taken more literally than the other statement of that same Welsh bard that "at Arthuret there fell 80,000 men." The memory of that fearful day of slaughter has been handed down to us in the poems of many a Welsh bard of that time. Among the bards present upon the field of Arthuret was a certain *Merlin*, whose story at this one point touches that of S. Kentigern. We dare not say that it was actually Arthur's Merlin, the Merlin of legend and song, and yet there is a dim possibility that it may have been the great enchanter

* Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

himself,* of whose forlorn end we are here vouchsafed a glimpse. At any rate this Merlin was of renown among the bards, and held a position of honour in the host of the heathen king on the day of battle. The defeat of that day drove him mad, but he had no right to have been in the heathen camp; for, as he afterwards confessed, he had been formerly attached to a Christian prince, and had been himself a Christian, "though unworthy of the name." It may be that he had deserted when the prospects of Christianity looked so hopeless; and now, when his own friends were scattered, there was no place found for the apostate bard. So, outcast and remorseful, he wandered about the woods and fields, naked and wretched, more like a beast than a man. And thus it was that, long years after the battle, Kentigern met him and was moved with compassion, and falling on the ground prayed aloud: "Lord Jesus, look on this most wretched of wretched men. Behold how our brother, in form, flesh and blood like ourselves, will die in nakedness and hunger." It may be that the one word "brother" was the key to the unhappy Merlin's understanding, for we are told that when Kentigern had heard his confession and given him the Sacrament he departed in his right mind, speeded by the bishop's parting: "Go in peace, and the Lord be with thee."

The direct effect of the new order of things showed itself at once to our aged saint in a summons from the now Christian king of Strathclyde to return to his old diocese of Glasgow. In that call to fresh labours S. Kentigern recognized the Divine voice, and his instant answer was in the words of the Psalms: "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready—for whatever may please Thee." And yet we have seen in the life of his favourite disciple, S. Asaph (CH. XXXII.), what it cost him to break all the fond ties of twenty years. But if the parting was sorrowful, the sorrow must have been turned into gladness by the warmth of his northern welcome. "Now when Kentigern had arrived from exile into his own country with great joy," writes the mediæval chronicler, "both king and people went out to meet him. On account of his arrival there sounded in the mouths of all thanksgiving and the voice of praise and joy, while from the lips of the holy bishop there issued a 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will.'"

S. Kentigern lived on for some thirty years after his return to Scotland, and they were not the least fruitful years of his active life. Circumstances had wonderfully changed since the days when the daring young evangelist, Baptist-like, rebuked the sin of his king, and then passed into his self-enforced exile rather than be the cause of bloodshed. Now he was the chosen favourite of the generous-hearted king, Roderick the Liberal, who not only made him his chief counsellor but raised him to a

* Compare Mr. C. W. Boase's article on Merlinus, or Merlin, in D. C. B. "The real bard was probably the Merddin, son of Morvryn, whose patron, Gwenddolew, a prince in Strathclyde, and an upholder of the ancient faith, perished A.D. 577 at the battle of Arderydd, fighting against Rhydderch Hael, who had been converted by St. Columba to Christianity. Merddin is here said to have undesignedly killed the son of his sister Gwenddydd, to have become deranged in consequence, and to have fled into the wood of Caledon, where he is said to have met with S. Kentigern."

position of almost royal magnificence. He submitted to it all, feeling, no doubt, that his high place was a vantage-ground from which to serve the cause which lay nearest his heart; but in his personal habits he remained as self-denying and ascetic as in his earliest youth.

The time came when he could no longer go about the country on foot preaching, but to the last he retained the power of setting others to work, and under his direction missionaries were sent forth to the Orkneys, to Norway, and, there is reason to believe, even to Iceland. One beautiful picture of the old man in the evening of his days has been preserved for us—his reception of the great abbot of Iona, S. Columba. The meeting was prepared for on both sides with all the pomp that would have befitted a royal visit. Columba came accompanied by a host of disciples whom, as he drew near the spot, he divided into three bands, to await the coming of the aged bishop. Kentigern's numerous train of followers was divided in like manner, and marched forward in solemn array, singing as they went; and as the two peaceful armies came in sight of one another the followers of Columba began to chant the words of the 84th Psalm: "The holy shall go from strength to strength." At the close of the long procession came S. Kentigern, and as S. Columba's eyes fell upon his approaching figure he burst out into the poetical language that flowed so readily from his lips: "I see a fiery pillar, like a golden crown starred with gems, descending upon his head." The old chronicler thus sums up his account of the meeting: "When these two god-like men met, they naturally embraced and kissed each other, and after a banquet of divine words and heart to heart communion in holy things, they afterwards refreshed themselves with bodily food." As a memorial of that day they exchanged croziers, and S. Columba bore back to his island home the short crooked staff of rough wood which was S. Kentigern's simple insignia of office.

Before another year had passed Columba had been called to his rest, and Kentigern knew that his time on earth could not be long. "Blessed Kentigern," says Jocelyn's life of him, "overcome by excessive old age, perceived from many cracks in it, that the ruin of his earthly house was imminent;" but to him the thought of change brought no terrors—"for," as Jocelyn elsewhere says, being now "close to the shore, driven into the harbour of a certain inward quietude after so many dangers of the sea, he cast out the anchor of hope with the ropes of his desire well bound, and reaching even to the inside of the veil, whither Jesus Christ had gone before."

He collected his disciples around him and gave them wise and fatherly counsels for their future life: he gave to them one by one the kiss of peace, and when in the passionate helplessness of their grief they besought him to pray that they might die with him, he answered them with failing breath, in words that were characteristic of his long life of unfaltering submission to the Divine Will: "The will of the Lord be done in us all, and do with us as He best knoweth, and as is well-pleasing unto Him." So

S. Kentigern passed away; but the memory of his widespread acts of tenderness has lived for more than a thousand years, is living still; and there is a sense in which we may well echo the words of his old biographer that, "for those who love what they know of his character and example . . . he is still present as a powerful helper."

His most conspicuous memorial, no doubt, is S. Mungo's Cathedral in Glasgow, or, more truly, the great city of Glasgow itself, and in other parts of Scotland there are a goodly number of churches bearing his name. These, however, lie outside our province, and we must turn to the dedications to S. Kentigern south of the Tweed. Of these there are nine, all curiously local in their distribution—for all, with one exception, are to be found in Cumberland. The vicar,* who now ministers in S. Kentigern's church of Crosthwaite—a parish which bears in its very name the memory of the *cross* in the *thwaite* or wood raised on the spot where the saint stood to preach—writes as follows of this interesting group of churches: "In our own diocese the missionary journeys north and south made by the good and great man are mapped out for us by his church and well at Irthington, his church at Grinsdale; at Caldbeck, whose well for baptism and whose illuminated fourteenth-century missal with its office for S. Kentigern's day written on the fly-leaves, still remain to us; at Castle Sowerby with the well in the Vicarage gardens; by the name of the parochial district Mungrisdale, and possibly the parish of Kirkland in the extreme north of Cumberland; by our own ancient parish church with its stained windows to S. Kentigern, and the traditionary name of the well near the Girls' National School at the Hi or Holy Hill; by the church of Bromfield, with its well in the field to the north of the sacred building, and its window representing the bishop in extreme old age as reproduced from a seal in the British Museum; and by the church at Aspatria with its well in the glebe field."

All these churches, it will be observed, celebrate the missionary bishop under his baptismal name of *Kentigern;* but there is a church nearer the border which commemorates him under the fond Scottish designation of Mungo, "the dear one."† The church in question is that of Simonburn in Northumberland, which in some lists is given as "S. Simon." There is little doubt, however, that this is a mistake, for antiquarians are agreed that Simonburn derives its name, not from the Apostle, but from Sigmund, a Saxon warrior (see vol. i. p. 72). "The church," says a writer in the *Archæological Journal*,‡ "is one of the most ancient foundations in Northumberland, having traditionally been founded by the disciples of Kentigern, otherwise Mungo. A well near the church called Mugger's Well suggests a corruption of Mungo—and this having in all probability been the true dedication it has lately been resumed."

We may gladly welcome the revival of any lost dedication to this single-hearted missionary, the dearly-loved S. Kentigern.

* The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.

† A well at Knaresborough also commemorates him as S. Mungo; but there is no evidence of any church to S. Mungo at this place.

‡ Vol. 42.

S. Aidan, B. Aug. 31, 650.

What S. Ninian did for the lowlands of Scotland, and S. Kentigern for Cumberland and Wales, that S. Aidan did for Northumbria, and, through the far-reaching influence of that powerful Northumbria, for the whole of England. In the famous words of the late Bishop Lightfoot: "Not Augustine, but Aidan is the true Apostle of England." *

Like Ninian and Kentigern, Aidan was Celtic in origin and training; yet by his large-hearted tenderness and delicate tact he won his way among the people of another nation—those rude Saxons whose very speech was at the first unknown to him.

If we had a life of Aidan, written by a personal disciple, we should doubtless have many a story of his sayings and doings, as we have of Ninian and Kentigern; but all our knowledge of him comes from Bede—from one, that is to say, who knew him only by report, and who was opposed to him on the most burning question of the day. It is difficult for us of the nineteenth century to realize the vehemence of the passion that raged round this question of the Roman and Celtic methods of computing Easter, but we know from the records of those times how it sundered friendships and raised up insuperable barriers of prejudice. It does infinite honour, therefore, to both Bede and Aidan that such a portrait of Aidan as is sketched for us in the "Ecclesiastical History" should have been drawn by a devoted adherent of the Roman party.

"I have written this much," says Bede, at the close of his memoir of this first Bishop of Lindisfarne, "concerning the person and works of the aforesaid Aidan, in no way commending or approving what he imperfectly understood in relation to the observance of Easter; nay, very much detesting the same; . . . but like an impartial historian, relating what was done by or with him, and commending such things as are praiseworthy. . . . To say all in a few words, as near as I could be informed by those that knew him, he took care to omit none of those things which he found in the apostolical or prophetical writings, but to the utmost of his power endeavoured to perform them all. These things I much love and admire in the aforesaid bishop; because I do not doubt that they were pleasing to God." †

Bede begins his history of Aidan at the first point where it enters into his scheme—that is, at the moment when King Oswald's victory over the heathen Penda had once more driven back the forces of heathendom, and left the field open for Christian effort. It was to the Church at *Iona* that Oswald looked for aid in this crisis, and in reply to his request a missionary was straightway sent forth. But his mission was a failure, and he soon returned home, declaring that he had not been able to do any good because of the "barbarous and stubborn disposition" of those to whom he was sent. Then Aidan, who was also present in the council, gently taxed him with having used an unwise severity, and having neglected the

* Sermon preached in Newcastle Cathedral, November 19, 1887.

† E. H.

apostolic precept to feed his tender hearers "with milk and not with meat." It was, in a different form, the same thought that the wise Gregory the Great had sought to impress upon the first missionaries to England, when he reminded them that he who tries to ascend to the highest place must rise "by steps, not by leaps." The elders of Iona saw in Aidan's sympathetic speech a sign that he himself was fitted to take up the charge: he was accordingly consecrated bishop and sent forth to the kingdom of Oswald.

From the first there sprang up between Oswald and Aidan a friendship that expressed itself in an active co-operation in all good works. The picture of the young king interpreting to his people the words of the foreign evangelist is one on which we love to dwell, but it belongs more fitly to that king's own story (CH. XXXIX.).

And with Oswald's successor, Oswin (CH. XXXIX.), the bond was not less beautiful: both princes stood in a sort of filial relation towards their much loved bishop; they took not his advice merely, but his reproofs, and he on his side yearned over them with a tender love mingled with profound admiration. Aidan might, if he had so willed, have lived altogether in the royal palace near Bamburgh, where a veritable prophet's chamber with its adjoining oratory was fitted up for his use; but though he gladly availed himself of this and similar provision in other houses when he was going about the country preaching, he preferred for himself and his companions the independence of a separate abode.

The rocky island of Lindisfarne, better known to us by its later name of "Holy Island," may have first attracted him by its likeness to his own sea-girt home at Iona. So near to the mainland was it, that at low tide the passage could be made on foot, while at high water the bishop and his little band of students were secure against all interruption from the outer world.

The education of these lads was a very important part of Aidan's work. Some of the number were slaves, ransomed by himself, but particular mention is made of "Aidan's twelve boys of the English nation, whom he received when first made bishop, to be instructed for Christ," and it may be that these were the sons of the rich Saxons, sent to Lindisfarne for their education at the wish of the king. The same training was given to all, and those who were fitted for it were in due time advanced to the priesthood, but Bede distinguishes Bishop Eata (CH. XXIII.) as having been "one of Aidan's twelve boys," as though there were something peculiarly intimate in the relations between him and these twelve.

S. Aidan had good helpers in this undertaking in the brethren whom he had brought with him from Iona; and such help was the more needed, as the nature of his work required him to be constantly moving about. He traversed the whole of his vast ill-defined diocese, "preaching the word in season and out of season." Studiously simple in all his ways, he journeyed for the most part on foot. It was a sore stumbling-block to his Northumbrian friends that the holy bishop could never be brought to

appreciate the difference between a good horse and a bad—nay, more, that he avoided riding altogether, except in cases of extreme urgency; but they forgave much to one whom they so truly loved and revered. The perfect sincerity and consistency of the man deepened the impression already made by his earnest preaching. Rich men gladly made him steward of their wealth, knowing how wisely and unselfishly he would spend whatever was entrusted to him. He freely accepted their hospitality on his journeys, but it was observed that he satisfied his hunger on the simplest fare, and then would rise up in haste to return again to his work. "At that time," notes Bede, "many religious men and women stirred up by his example, adopted the custom of fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year." He in return freely welcomed his entertainers to his monastery at Lindisfarne, but it was plainly understood on both sides that while his guests were free to share in the ordinary repasts of the household, no special provision would be made for them: it was rather for spiritual food that they resorted to Holy Isle—"to pray, and to hear the Word of God;" and the king himself, when he came, seldom did more than enter the church with five or six servants, and then, "having performed his devotions departed."

So for seventeen years Bishop Aidan lived among his people, ever becoming more and more tenderly beloved by rich and poor alike. The gifts of the rich were largely expended in building churches throughout the district, and in supplying a body of itinerant mission clergy, who went about from place to place, preaching and ministering the Sacraments. And wherever one of these men went, stranger though he might be, he found himself cordially welcomed for love of his master Aidan. He was joyfully received "as God's servant, and the inhabitants would flock together to hear from him the word of life."

Anecdotes of Aidan are, as we have said, not very plentiful, but Bede in his talks with men and women who remembered the good bishop, has gleaned for us one or two. One of his informants told him, on the authority of the man to whom the incident befell, how once on the eve of a sea voyage, this man had come to the bishop to bespeak his prayers, and how S. Aidan had forewarned him that he should meet with rough weather, and had at the same time provided him with a phial of oil, bidding him in the hour of danger cast it upon the waves. All fell out as had been foretold, and the ship was in the greatest peril, when the traveller bethought him of the forgotten gift. He threw the oil upon the troubled waters, which presently sank to rest, so that the ship returned home in safety.

Far more striking is the oft-repeated story of S. Aidan's prayer at the time of the Mercian invasion. The dreaded enemy Penda was ravaging the kingdom, and Bamburgh, "the royal city," having long held out against him, he determined to reduce it by fire. From his island home two miles distant Aidan could see the gathering smoke and the leaping flames, and "with eyes and hands lifted up to heaven," he cried in

anguish, "Behold, Lord, how great evil Penda does." Scarcely had he uttered the words when the wind changed, turning the flames no longer upon the city, but "upon those that had kindled them, so that some being hurt, and all frightened, they forbore any further attempts against the city."

There is no spot in all England—not even Lindisfarne itself—so bound up with the memory of Aidan as this "royal city" of Bamburgh. There he came, on the last of his many journeys, to that palace of the king's, where he was wont to sojourn. His heart was heavy within him, for he had just heard of the murder of his beloved sovereign, Oswin. He was sick in body as well as soul, yet he would not seek the comfort of his accustomed chamber—possibly he shrank from taking the hospitality of the new king, Oswy, the instigator of Oswin's death, and therefore chose rather to lodge in a tent that was set up for him against the western wall of the church. It was the last day of August in the year 650. He did not own himself to be ill—only sorrowful. He went outside the tent, and was standing leaning upon a post by the wall of the church, and there death suddenly overtook him. His disciples carried back the body to Lindisfarne, but the church where he was laid to rest was hardly more sacred to those who loved him than the spot where he had fallen asleep. Twice in after times the little wooden church was burnt down and rebuilt, and twice the post on which Aidan had leaned in his dying moments escaped uninjured. At the second re-building it was decided to move the precious relic so as to bring it within the church, "and the people coming in," says Bede, "were wont to kneel there, and implore the divine mercy."

The existing parish church of Bamburgh is the one and only ancient dedication to S. Aidan. Whether or not it occupies the precise site of the church, "not far from the city," of which Bede speaks, we may fairly regard it as the direct representative of that house of God where this unwearying servant of the Cross rested from his long years of labour.

It is at first sight surprising that S. Aidan should be so inadequately commemorated, but there is much to explain it. Northumbria was proud of her native-born saints—her Oswalds, her Cuthberts, her Wilfrids—and the fame of these three eclipsed the glory of the Celtic Aidan. And there was more than this. After Aidan's death the Easter controversy burst forth with a vehemence that his holy presence had held in check. Bede pays high tribute to the Celtic bishop's true greatness of soul when he says: "This difference about the observance of Easter, whilst Aidan lived, was patiently tolerated by all men, . . . for he was deservedly beloved by all, even by those who differed in opinion concerning Easter." But when his restraining influence was withdrawn, when the memory of his gentle personality was fading away, when the fiery Wilfrid was the leading figure in Church politics, then things indifferent assumed an importance out of all proportion to their true worth; and Aidan was dimly remembered only as a Scot—as an upholder of the Celtic heresy. To the humble-minded Aidan such neglect would have signified little; but to us it is matter

for reproach that we should have been blind through all these centuries to the claims of so true a saint. We have been strangely slow to recognize him, but Aidan is one of those saints who can well afford to bide their time, and now we see signs that he is beginning to be estimated aright. Students of English Church history, as they turn back again and again to the rich stores of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," study with new care the portrait of the Scottish Aidan, and feel with Montalembert * that in his whole gallery he has given us no more eloquent or attractive sketch than this.

From the venerable church of S. Aidan at Bamburgh we turn to the modern dedications in this name. A Theological College at Birkenhead, which has for its object the training of young men for the ministry, has been most appropriately named S. Aidan's. In addition to this we have at least a dozen modern churches dedicated to the great missionary bishop, several of which are situated, properly enough, in Northumberland and Durham. The incumbent † of one of these new churches—that of Boston in Lincolnshire—thus sets forth the reasons why S. Aidan was chosen as the patron saint: "He has been chosen, because to him and to his disciples the greater part of England, and this part of England in particular, owes its final establishment in the Christian religion. . . . By 686 A.D. all England had been converted to Christianity by the agency of the two missions of which S. Augustine and S. Aidan were the respective earliest teachers. To S. Augustine belongs the honour of the first comer, to S. Aidan that of the more extensive worker; . . . but while S. Augustine is duly honoured, S. Aidan is unduly forgotten; a dishonour to him which is not creditable to the inhabitants of the Northern and Midland counties."

Such neglect, however, is not likely to be of long continuance. S. Aidan has already made his way into Lincolnshire, into Lancashire, and into Gloucestershire, and it may be predicted, with tolerable confidence, that the number of dedications in his honour will only be added to as the years go on.

* "Moines d'Occident."

† Rev. N. Green-Armytage. Parochial leaflet: issued 1891.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SAINTED ROYAL FAMILY.*

SECTION I.—CHILDREN OF BRYCHAN ACCORDING TO THE WELSH LISTS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
	S. Dubricius. See CH. XXXII.				
239	S. Dingat, C.	November 1	——	1	
240	S. Aroan, or Arvans, C. (poss. Arthen)	—— ...	——	2	
240	S. Cleodicus, or Clydog, C. ...	August 19 ...	482	2	
240	S. Tudy, V.	—— ...	——	1 parish	
241	S. Wenn, Wem, or Gwen, V.	—— ...	——	2	
241	S. Mawnanus, or Mawnan, C.	—— ...	——	1 *dd.*	
241	S. Advent, or Dwynwen, V. ...	January 25	Fifth cent.	1	
242	S. Keyna, Kayne, or Ceinwen, V.	October 8 ...	——	1	
244	S. Austell, or Hawstyl, C. ...	—— ...	——	1	

SECTION II.—CHILDREN OF BRYCHAN ACCORDING TO THE CORNISH LISTS.

245	S. Nectan, C.	June 17 or February 14	Fifth cent.	3	
246	S. Clether, or Cledredus, C. ...	—— ...	——	1	
246	S. Brannoc, C. (poss. Brynach, or Bernachus)	April 7 ...	——	1	
247	S. Julian, or Juliana, C. ...	—— ...	——	1	
248	S. Menefrida, or Minver, V. ...	July 13 or 24, or Nov. 24	Fifth cent.	1	
248	S. Enodoc, or Wenedocus, C.	March 7 ...	——	1	
248	S. Teath, or Tetha, V. ...	—— ...	Fifth cent.	1 parish	
249	S. Mabena, or Mabyn, V. (poss. S. Mabon, CH. XXXII.) ...	February 15	Fifth cent.	2	
249	S. Wennap (poss. Weneu, V.), or Veep	——	——	1	
249	S. Morwenna, V.	July 6 ...	——	1	
250	S. Marvenne, or Merewenna, V. Abs. (poss. S. Merryn. CH. LI.)	August 12 or May 13	——	1	*See also dd.*

MANY a chance inquirer, seeking to identify some unfamiliar saint's name either in Cornwall or on the borders of Wales, is informed that the saint

* The chief authorities for this chapter are Borlase's "Age of the Saints in Cornwall," Rees's "Welsh Saints," and Mr. C. W. Boase's various articles in the D. C. B.

in question was "a descendant of Brychan;" and then comes the further inquiry, Who was this Brychan who hast cast so mighty a shadow, and what can we learn concerning these unknown men and women who have stamped their names upon so many of our parishes?

Not much, truly; and yet the study is not wholly without its points of redeeming interest; for these unknown names do at least witness to a host of good servants of God—"Lights of the world, in their several generations," as the Scottish prayer for the Church militant has it. To the obscure and forgotten members of this widespread clan we may apply, more aptly perhaps than to any other of our saints, the words of the Son of Sirach: "And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been born, and their children after them. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten."

Welsh tradition places the sons and daughters of Brychan at the startling number of forty-nine, and the addition of the saints recorded in the separate Cornish lists would swell the total to something over seventy. Neither of these two statements is much more credible than the other, not even if we accept the later glosses as to the number of Brychan's marriages—but what then? Are we altogether to reject the tradition of fourteen centuries, and to refuse to believe that there was ever any such saintly family in existence; or shall we rather try to reach the nucleus of historic truth round which all these mythical accretions have gathered?

And first we must distinguish between the Welsh and the Cornish traditions, giving the preference to the former as being earlier and more authentic than the latter. In South Wales, saints who are reputed to be "sons and daughters of Brychan" may in all reasonable probability be regarded as really belonging to one great clan; but in Cornwall, the term "children of Brychan" seems to have been loosely used to indicate the Welsh devotees—both men and women—who in the fifth and sixth centuries flowed in such large numbers into this corner of Britain. The fame of the "family of saints" had spread across the Bristol Channel, and all comers from Wales who bore the characteristics of that renowned clan were looked upon as spiritually, if not naturally, children of the mighty Brychan. Hence a confusion which has been the despair of many an archæologist, and which has been but partially unravelled even by such able and patient inquirers as Mr. Rees, Mr. Borlase, and Mr. Boase. The utmost that can be attempted here is so to group together the two great divisions of the descendants of Brychan as to give to these numerous and obscure saints a certain measure of unity and coherence.

But before entering upon the endless difficulties of the genealogies, let us inquire something concerning this Brychan, whose name is so constantly brought before us, though he himself has no part or lot in our church dedications. If we may trust tradition, he has left his mark very plainly upon the map of Great Britain, for Brecon and

Brecknockshire are supposed to take their name from him. He was a king, or chieftain, and is believed to have lived in the first half of the fifth century. The only direct memorial of him, beyond the names of the Welsh town and county, is an ancient carved stone at Llanspyddyd in his own Brecknockshire, which bears to this day the name of "Brychan's stone." In the Cornish parish of Endellion there is a Celtic cross of very early workmanship on which are inscribed the words, "Broechan hic jacet." Antiquarians are of opinion that the cross cannot be of earlier date than the seventh century, and so cannot refer to our Brychan, but, in any case, it may have been through him that the name found its way into Cornwall.

The extent of Brychan's surprising family has greatly exercised the Welsh annalists. The number of his children is variously given from twenty-four to forty-nine, and it is further stated that he had three wives. But it was not the size of his family, but rather its sanctity, which made it famous; and the glory of this sanctity is in some degree due to the old chieftain himself, for we are told in the Welsh *Triads* that Brychan educated his children and grandchildren so as to fit them "to shew the faith in Christ to the nation of the Cymry where they were without faith." It was surely a lofty ideal of education, and the sixty churches that remain to this day, either within the Principality or close upon its borders, bearing the names of the children of Brychan, are a standing proof that these descendants of the old chieftain—these warriors, bishops, anchorites, consecrated maidens—did, in some degree, however rudely and imperfectly, strive to fulfil this ideal, and did succeed in making the Brecknockshire of the fifth century "a great centre of missionary enterprise." *

Section I.—Children of Brychan according to the Welsh Lists.

S. Dubricius. By far the most interesting and important member of the family is Dyfrig, or Dubricius, the Archbishop of Llandaff, whose name is still held in honoured remembrance throughout the Principality; but his story has already been told in another place (CH. XXXII.), and we therefore pass on to his less known brothers and sisters.

S. Dingat, C. Nov. 1. And first we have Dingat, or Dingad, who has given his name to the Monmouthshire parish of Dingestow (*i.e.* the place, or stow, of Dingat), the spot where he is traditionally affirmed to have been buried. The same name reappears in the Carmarthenshire village of Llandingad—"the church of Dingad"—which is supposed to have been founded by this saint. He is stated to have belonged at some period of his life to the famous monastery of S. Cadoc the Wise (CH. XXXII.), but, if so, it can only have been in his old age, for the

* Mr. Boase in D. C. B.

veteran abbot must have stood to Dingat in the relation of either nephew or great-nephew; still, Cadoc's career is known to have been an astonishingly long one, and in so large a family as the mighty Brychan's generations get curiously intertangled; therefore, it is not in itself impossible that the great-uncle may have served under his renowned great-nephew.

S. Aroan, or Arvans, C. (poss. Arthen).

The fourth son of Brychan was one Arthen, who is said to have had a church dedicated to him in Monmouthshire which was demolished by the Saxons. Is it possible that in this obscure prince *Arthen* we may look for our otherwise unknown *Arvan*, or *Aroan*, the saint who has stamped his name upon the two Monmouthshire parishes of St. Arvans and Cwmcarvan? This much is evident, that the name has to some extent been distorted already, for there seems no doubt that the same person is intended by the names both of church and parish, and that the difference in form is purely accidental.* Arthen might very easily be corrupted into Arvans; while the fact that the saint had one church in the county is all in favour of his having others; but we have no certainty to go upon, and this is merely a suggestion.

S. Cleodicus, or Clydog, C. Aug. 19, 482.

A more traceable saint than Arvans is Cledog, or Clydog, who is thought to have been a grandson of Brychan. He appears to have migrated from Brecknockshire into Herefordshire, and it was there—at the place now named from him *Clodock*—that he met his death. The accounts call him a martyr, but it is probable that the term must be understood in its widest sense; for if we may trust the mediæval legend concerning him, he was murdered out of jealousy by a chieftain of those parts, who was infuriated by finding himself supplanted in the eyes of his lady-love by the charms of the royal stranger. His remains were buried close to the spot where they were discovered, and the parish still retains in its name of Clodock the memory of the unhappy young prince. The church is traditionally said to have been founded by him, but it is more likely that it sprang up after his death, on the spot where the so-called martyr lay buried. This same saint reappears in the Herefordshire parish of Longtown, which was formerly a chapelry under Clodock. In both these churches he is commemorated under his Latinized form of *Cleodicus*. At Longtown the local saint was for a time superseded by a later dedication to S. Peter, but the church has now reverted to its original patron.

But if the sons of Brychan are complicated the daughters of the family are a hundred-fold more complicated, and in trying to unravel them we have for the most part nothing to go upon but a series of most ingenious guesses. Yet even these guesses are interesting as throwing a little light upon the several parishes.

S. Tudy, V.

Fourteenth upon the Welsh list of Brychan's daughters stands a certain unknown *Tydie*, whom Mr. Borlase is disposed

* In the map to Camden's "Britannia" the parishes are spelt *St. Aruans* and *Cymcaruan*.

to identify with the still more unknown *S. Tudy*, whose name survives in the Cornish parish of St. Tudy. Unfortunately the feast-day of St. Tudy is no longer traceable, and neither does the Princess Tydie possess a separate feast-day of her own; therefore, we are deprived of one of our most valuable helps in determining the identity of the saint in question.

S. Wenn, Wem, or Gwen, V.

Gwendoline, or Gwen, has been a favourite Christian name in Wales for centuries. Among the first bearers of it were the sainted wife and granddaughter of our Brychan. With the wife we have no present concern, but the younger Gwen is the patron saint of Talgarth in Brecknockshire (in some lists she will be found as *S. Gwendoline*), where she was said to have been martyred by the Saxons; and she reappears at more than one place in Cornwall under the name of Wenn, or Wem. She is the patron saint of Morval. There was formerly a chapel of S. Wenn in the parish of St. Kew; this has been demolished, but her name is indelibly stamped upon the parish named from her St. Wenn, or, as it appears in Domesday Book, *San Winas*.

S. Mawnanus, or Mawnan, C.

There has been much difficulty in accounting for the saint whose name is found in the parish of St. Mawnan, and every point touching this dedication—even to the sex of the saint—has furnished matter for dispute. Leland states that he was a monk, and others have sought to identify him with S. Meugan the Welsh bard (CH. XXXII.); but Mr. Boase suggests that the name may be a corruption of *Mwynen*—a daughter, or, more strictly speaking, a granddaughter, of Brychan.

But even the most ingenious piecing together of scattered notices does not help us to any very distinct realization of this saint, and therefore the parish may be congratulated on having an additional dedication—given at some time previous to the Reformation—to S. Stephen the Martyr. S. Stephen's Day has been adopted as Mawnan feast, and thus if the inhabitants of Mawnan are at fault about their original patron, they may make their boast in their great scriptural patron, S. Stephen.

S. Advent, or Dwynwen, V. Jan. 25, fifth cent.

If the name of "Advent," which was borne by another daughter of Brychan, suggests thoughts of the holy Advent season, it is well, for the history of the saint herself is most obscure; but there seems tolerably good ground for identifying her with a certain *Dwynwen*, the foundress of a church in Anglesea, called Llanddwynwen. At first sight there is not much likeness between Advent and Dwynwen, but if we get back to the older form of the name, *Andewin* (*i.e.* "Llan-Dewin," or "the church of Dewin"), the resemblance becomes more apparent. Two Cornish parishes have been attributed to this saint, Advent itself and Ludgvan.

In the case of Ludgvan we are, as we shall presently see, much assisted in our endeavours to unravel the tangle by the date of the parish feast; but unhappily for us the parish of Advent has lost all memory of its feast-day. It would seem that time has robbed the Princess Dwynwen of one of the churches that was hers by right—for Ludgvan now counts

S. Paul as its patron—but if we may trust Mr. Borlase's ingenious conjecture, the parish of Ludgvan is but another corruption of *Llan-Dwynwen.* The uncouth-sounding name is found under various spellings, one of which, *Lu-dewin*, favours the Dwynwen theory, always supposing—as Mr. Borlase is inclined to do—that "Lu" is a contraction of "llan," or church. But there is a further reason for connecting the original saint of Ludgvan with Brychan's daughter Dwynwen. The Princess Dwynwen is known to be commemorated on January 25, and on inquiry it appears that Ludgvan Feast is kept on the Sunday nearest to January 25,* a day which may equally stand for S. Dwynwen or for S. Paul the Apostle. Are we to suppose, then, that the feast has taken its rise from S. Paul? It is in the highest degree improbable. As we have before seen (vol. i. p. 56), ancient dedications to the Apostle Paul are rare in all parts of England, and are least of all to be looked for in a county so devoted to its own national saints as Cornwall. It may be suggested that the S. Paul in question is possibly the Breton bishop, S. Pol de Léon, who gives his name to the Cornish parish of St. Paul (CH. XXXVII.). But this will not help us here, for S. Pol de Léon is commemorated in March, not in January. But if we assume the original patron to have been the Apostle, why does the feast fall in January instead of June, for our January festival of the Conversion of S. Paul was unknown until the twelfth century, and long after that date the English practice was still to commemorate him together with S. Peter at the end of June?

The most probable explanation would seem to be that Ludgvan went on celebrating its feast long after it had ceased to have any recollection of its royal patroness, S. Dwynwen, and that at some period subsequent to the Reformation, when the feast of the Conversion of S. Paul had become a familiar institution, a new meaning was given to the old meaningless feast-day. Thus in course of time the church would naturally come to be regarded as belonging to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, even though it may never have been formally dedicated to him.

It is hardly likely that the old obscure patroness will ever be restored; but before dismissing this Dwynwen, or Advent, it may be noted that there is one touch of romance about her, since, according to the old Welsh bards, she was the patron saint of lovers.

S. Keyna, Kayne, or Ceinwen, V. Oct. 8.

However familiar the name of S. Dwynwen may have been in the ears of Welsh and Cornish lovers of the fifth century, it has ceased to convey anything to ordinary people of the nineteenth; but her reputed sister, S. Keyne, on the other hand, is known to hundreds of Cornish tourists, while her legends may be read in the pages of Murray's Handbook. To re-tell the legends of S. Keyne, as preserved by Friar Capgrave, is a comparatively easy task: it is easy to point to the Cornish well which is the subject of Southey's well-known ballad, "The Well of S. Keyne;" but it is not easy to sift the grains of historic truth out of the legends of five different counties, even

* So Mr. Borlase, but the Truro Kalendar gives it as January 22.

under the skilful guidance of such writers as Mr. Borlase, Mr. Rees, and Mr. Baring-Gould.

All these authorities are agreed that the original of the semi-mythical Keyne is to be looked for in one of the members of the Brychan clan, Ceinwen, or Ceneu, by name. It is a matter of detail not essential to our inquiry whether these are two names for the same person, or two distinct personages commemorated on the same day. The important point for us is that S. Ceinwen's feast-day is October 8, for this furnishes us with a clue that connects her with the Cornish parish of Kenwyn, whose feast is on the Sunday nearest to October 9, or, to put it in mediæval phraseology, "on the morrow of S. Ceineu's day." The parish church of Kenwyn is professedly dedicated to that favourite Celtic abbot, S. Kebi (CH. XXXII.), but we cannot doubt that it is Ceinwen, the daughter (or rather granddaughter) of Brychan, who has named both this parish and that of St. Keyne.*

Cein-Wyryf, or "Keyne the Virgin," as she was designated, is perhaps the most popular of the daughters of Brychan; her popularity is testified by three churches ascribed to her in Wales, besides those in Cornwall. According to tradition, she desired to lead the life of a solitary, and having journeyed across the river Severn and made choice of a certain wooded spot, she besought the king of that country to allow her to establish herself in that place; and when he would fain have discouraged her by reason of the poisonous snakes that there abounded, she made answer that she feared them not, because her trust was in the Almighty; and behold! at her prayer all the serpents and vipers were changed to stone. The scene of this miracle has been sought at Keynsham in Somerset, which, according to old Camden, owes its name to "Keina, a devout British virgin, whom many, through an over credulous temper, believed to have changed serpents into stones, because they found in the quarries thereabouts some such little sporting miracles of Nature. And I," adds he, "have seen a stone brought from thence, like a serpent . . . and such kinds of stones of all sizes are found frequently in their quarries." †

If the name of S. Keyne is really the origin of the name *Keynsham*, the ammonites with which this district abounds may well account for the rest of the story; but Mr. Baring-Gould is inclined to transfer all the legends of this saint to Cornwall, and make the Druidical remains round about the Cornish village of St. Keyne do duty for the enchanted serpents. He would thus give a Cornish background to the meeting between S. Keyne and her famous nephew, S. Cadoc, because S. Cadoc is described in the story as lighting upon "his blessed aunt S. Keyne" while he was making a pilgrimage to *St. Michael's Mount*. The name naturally suggests Cornwall, but Mr. Rees points out that there is also a St. Michael's Mount near Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, and that at no great distance is to be found the Brecknockshire parish of *Llangeneu*, or *Llangenny*, where the church is dedicated to a *S. Ceneu*. According to

* The date of St. Keyne's feast is now lost.

† "Britannia."

the legend, S. Cadoc was distressed at finding his aunt—or great-aunt—in this lonely spot, so far from home and kindred, and besought her to return home with him. She refused, but afterwards, at the bidding of an angel, "the holy maid returned to the place of her nativity." The legend is not worth pursuing; nor must we pause to consider the two churches to this saint in the Island of Anglesea; but enough has been said to show the wide extent of her fame, and that there is no inherent improbability in identifying the Cornish S. Keyne with the legendary foundress of Keynsham.

When we come to Kenwyn in Cornwall legend is silent, and we have no clue beyond the name of the parish and the date of the village feast; but when we come to St. Keyne, with its old church and its curious well—both of them bearing the name of the famous virgin—tradition speaks again, and tells how the well was a gift from the saint to the inhabitants of the district in token of her gratitude for the church which they had built her. This well is covered over with masonry of such strength and antiquity that in former days five forest trees grew on the top of it, of which two remain to the present day. It does not appear whether it was S. Keyne who endued the waters with the peculiar properties with which they have for centuries been credited, of giving the upper hand to the husband or wife who first drinks thereof. It is this superstition which is the occasion of Southey's ballad, and which still attracts tourists to the spot, and helps to keep alive the memory of S. Keyne.

S. Austell, or Hawstyl, C.

Even the most ingenious conjectures fail to throw much light on the unknown man or woman whose name is impressed upon the Cornish parish of St. Austell. Various surmises have been at different times brought forward, but they have but very little foundation. Perhaps the most plausible is the suggestion made by Mr. Borlase, that the original of our unknown "S. Austell" is to be sought in *Hawstyl*, a daughter of Brychan, who is said to have lived at Caer Hawstyl, and to have founded the church of Llanhawstyl, a church which has been conjecturally identified with Aust, or Awst, in Gloucestershire.

If we find one daughter of Brychan in Cornwall there is no reason why we should not find others, and, as Mr. Borlase points out, the name of the parish was at one time spelt *Awstle*, which comes "very near indeed" to the name of Brychan's twenty-fifth daughter. The church of St. Austell was re-dedicated in the closing years of the thirteenth century to the Holy Trinity, and St. Austell's feast is now kept on Trinity Sunday.

The four sons—Dubricius, Dingat, Arthen, and Cleodicus—and the six daughters—Tudy, Wenn, Mawnan, Advent, Keyne, and Austell—are the only undoubted members of the great Brychan clan whose names are to be found in connexion with churches outside Wales. There are plenty of *Welsh* churches commemorating other members of this gigantic family, but with these we have nothing to do; and there are plenty of other Cornish saints who claim to rank among the children of Brychan, but

their names are none of them to be found in the old Welsh lists, but have come down to us through the Latin lists of monkish writers of the Middle Ages. One of these Cornish lists was copied by William of Worcester (fifteenth century) from the Kalendar of St. Michael's Mount: the other, which is slightly different, was found by Leland (the sixteenth-century antiquarian) in the mediæval life of S. Nectan.

Mr. Borlase is of opinion that these lists are not of higher antiquity than the thirteenth century, but no doubt they embody earlier traditions; and they have a certain value on the ground that most of the twenty-four names there given can be recognized in some one or other of the existing Cornish parishes. If the agreement were more distinct than it is, the suspicion might arise that the lists had been drawn up with a view to accounting for the parishes; but the correspondences between them, though real enough, are not very apparent, and cannot be traced without most careful search—while even the most careful search will not always avail to bring the two into line.

The title of "Children of Brychan" bestowed on these four and twenty obscure saints is, as we have before said, purely misleading: their only connexion with Brychan would seem to be that being Welsh devotees, they came to be regarded as belonging to that powerful clan which had given so many saints to the Church; and truly in a spiritual sense they may be called "children of Brychan," for they had the missionary zeal which was the heritage of his descendants to the third and fourth generation.

With this preface we turn to the examination of the Cornish lists, and it may as well be confessed at the outset that the task is not a very exhilarating one to any but the born archæologist. If the human interest was scanty in the records of the actual descendants of Brychan, it may be said to be altogether lacking in the records of his spiritual descendants, and when the name of some Cornish parish has been more or less successfully identified with some name in William of Worcester's list—in itself no easy task—there is not much more to be done.

Section II.—Children of Brychan according to the Cornish Lists.

S. Nectan, C. June 17 or Feb. 14, fifth cent.

The first saint of this second section of the descendants of Brychan, Nectan, or Nectanus, by name, appears to be in some sort an exception to what has just been said, for he stands out rather more conspicuously than the rest of his brothers and sisters; but when we have discounted the accidental circumstances that caused his name to be held in remembrance, we shall find that our knowledge of the man himself is not more real than of the other saints contained in this category.

It may be noted, however, as an unusual distinction, that he has a separate day of his own, though there is some difference of opinion as to

the true day. As a rule, these Cornish "children of Brychan" have no separate day assigned to them, though occasionally it may be inferred from the date of the village wake. One tradition records that Nectan was a hermit of singular piety; another that he was a martyr, and that the marks of his blood might yet be seen upon the stones of his sacred spring. This spring was near the spot which the saint, whoever he may have been, had made peculiarly his own—the promontory of Hartland in Devonshire. There his relics were preserved, and there in the eleventh century, Gwitha, the wife of Earl Godwin, and the mother of King Harold, founded a college of secular priests as a thank-offering to S. Nectan, by whose intercessions she believed that her husband had been saved from shipwreck. In course of time the college was turned into an Augustinian priory, but through all its changes the church at Hartland preserved the name of its first patron, S. Nectan, and S. Nectan's it remains to this very day.

Nor is Hartland the only dedication that we find in this name. Probably the influence of the priory is sufficient to account for both of the others—the one at Welcombe in Devonshire, and the other a chapel of S. Nighton, or S. Nectan (it appears to be spelt indifferently), in the Cornish parish of St. Winnow.

His feast is still kept in remembrance at Launceston on June 17th, though there are no traces of any existing church or chapel to him in that town.

S. Clether, or Cledredus, C.

In the Cornish life of S. Nectan mention is made of a certain Cleder, or Cleather, another member of the family of Brychan, who is probably the patron of the Cornish parish of St. Clether between Launceston and Davidstow, in a part of Cornwall very largely influenced by the Welsh saints.

S. Brannoc, C. (poss. Brynach, or Bernachus). April 7.

At Braunton in Devonshire a very fantastic legend still lingers of the royal patron, "the king's son from Calabria," who is said to have come from Italy to Braunton in the year 300, and to have been warned in a dream to found a church upon the spot where he should first meet with a sow and her young. This somewhat unromantic sign, which was duly obeyed, seems better suited to an Irishman than to an Italian prince. We may very safely dismiss both the Calabrian theory and the date A.D. 300, and look for S. Brannoc among those Welsh and Irish saints who flocked into Cornwall during the fifth century.

"S. Brynach the Irishman," as he is popularly called, looks as though he might very reasonably be identified with this S. Brannoc. The Welsh pedigrees show that he was an Irishman who intermarried with the great family of Brychan, and later legends amplify the statement, making him the spiritual instructor of the mighty chieftain; or—as some accounts say—the tutor of Brychan's children, more particularly of his son, that Clether just mentioned. Many churches in different parts of Wales are attributed to him,* and it would be perfectly natural to find a trace of his

* "Welsh Saints."

presence in Devonshire also. His church—if it be his—is situated not far from that of his brother-in-law, S. Nectan, at Hartland in Devonshire; and other members of the family with whom he was so closely linked are to be found all around, including his special disciple, S. Clether.

S. Brynach's fame was so great that he was admitted into the Roman Kalendar, where he is commemorated on April 7, under the name of "Bernachus, Abbot and Confessor."* In Leland's time Braunton church still boasted a memorial of the saint and his legend, which has long passed away. "I forbear," says he, "to speak of S. Branoch's cow, his staff, his oak, his well, and his servant Abel, all of which are lively represented in a glass window of that church." †

S. Julian, or Juliana, C.

This saint must be ranged midway between the sons and daughters of Brychan, by reason of the extreme obscurity that overhangs the question of sex.

The church of Maker claims as its patron one "Julian," or "Juliana," ‡ and the parish of Luxulyan is supposed to derive its name from *Lan-Julian*, or "the church of Julian." Julian is a sufficiently well-known name in the Roman Kalendar; we have at least two saints of that name commemorated elsewhere in England, but neither S. Julian the French bishop (CH. XXIV.), nor yet S. Julian the Hospitaller (CH. XV.), is likely to help us here.

Again, it has been suggested that Julian is a corruption of *Sulien*, and that the true patron is Sulien, or Silin, a Welsh abbot (CH. XXXII.); but some writers have sought to find the clue in the Julian, or *Juliana*, who is enumerated among the "Children of Brychan according to the Cornish lists."

But there is another and more important church than the one at Maker which also claims as its patron a S. Juliana. This is the ancient church in Shrewsbury, commonly miscalled "S. Julian's," but very plainly proved by a chain of documentary evidence, beginning with Domesday Book and carried on by a long series of Wills and Charters to the closing decade of Henry VIII.'s reign,§ to have been originally dedicated to a "S. Juliana." In the absence of any certain information, this unknown Juliana has been sought in a virgin saint of Nicomedia (CH. LI.), martyred in the fourth century, and commemorated on February 16; but the intimate connexion existing between Wales and Shrewsbury—which was, indeed, the capital of the Welsh kingdom of Powys—suggests the possibility that a Welsh princess may be found in a town which certainly at one time possessed a church to another now forgotten Welsh saint, S. Tyssilio (CH. XXXII.); but against this theory it must be urged that the descendants of Brychan are seldom or never found so far north as this; and in spite of all attempted explanations the question remains a hopelessly perplexing one.

* Harris Nicolas.

† Murray's "Devon."

‡ So Borlase's "Age of the Saints;" but "S. Macra" in Clergy List, 1896.

§ "History of S. Julian's Church in Shrewsbury," Owen and Blakeway.

Luxulyan has solved the problem for itself by giving its allegiance, whether rightly or wrongly, to *S. Juliot*, the mother of S. Cyril. Both mother and child are held in considerable reverence in Cornwall (see CHS. XIII. and XVI.); and Luxulyan, like another Cornish parish,* which was in doubt about its dedication, adopted as its patrons "SS. Cyricus and Julitta." The feast-day of Luxulyan is still observed on June 24, the festival of these two martyrs, according to the old reckoning. The adoption of the new patron at St. Veep is known to have been formally made in 1336, and perhaps the change at Luxulyan may have taken place about the same period. One is inclined to wish that Maker and Shrewsbury would follow the example of Luxulyan, and make it absolutely clear to the world in general what particular S. Julian or S. Juliana it may be that they intend to honour.

S. Menefrida, or Minver, V. July 13 or 24, or Nov. 24, fifth cent.

The name *Menfre*, in Leland's "Itinerary," has been identified with the parish of St. Minver, or, as it was still called in the time of Henry VIII., "St. Menifryde." All that we know of Menefrida comes from a single sentence quoted by William of Worcester from a Kalendar at Bodmin: "Sancta Menefrida, virgo non martir, die 24 Novembris." St. Minver feast, previously to 1434, was observed on July 24, but at that time it was for some unknown reason changed to July 13, on which day it is still kept. The distinction between the two forms of the name, Minver and Menefrida, is maintained—the parish being known by the first designation, the church by the second—but both names refer to the same saint.

S. Enodoc, or Wenedocus, C. March 7.

S. Enodoc, who has given his or her name to a chapel in the above-mentioned parish of St. Minver, ought in strictness to be ranked among the "Untraceable Saints," inasmuch as the very question of sex is undecided; but as this saint has the distinction, so rare among these obscure descendants of Brychan, of a day to himself, he shall not be banished to the company of the Untraceable. William of Worcester noted the day in the Bodmin Kalendar under the heading of "S. Wenedocus, March 7." It has been conjectured that S. Enodoc may possibly be a corruption of "Gwenddydd," one of the daughters of Brychan according to the Welsh lists.† In any case, S. Enodoc must not be confused with a saint of a somewhat similar name, Enodorus (CH. XXXVI.), who is supposed by Mr. Boase to be of Irish extraction.‡

S. Teath, or Tetha, V. Fifth cent.

In like manner the name *Tedde*, in the Cornish lists of Brychan's daughters, has been translated into *Teath*, but no one ventures to speak with any degree of certainty as to this saint; and in spite of the many conjectures that have been expended upon her, obscure she is, and obscure she is likely to remain. The Cornish parish of St. Teath which takes its name from her keeps its feast on Whit Tuesday, and thus we are deprived of all clue to her possible day.

* St. Veep.
† Borlase.
‡ D. C. B.

S. Mabena, or Mabyn, V. (poss. Mabon). Feb. 15, fifth cent.

S. Mabena, or Mabe, who gives her name to the parish of St. Mabyn, and possibly also—though this is doubtful—to the parish of Mabe, conveys very little meaning to our generation; so little, indeed, that Mr. Borlase is inclined to regard the true patron as being not one of the family of Brychan at all, but rather the Welsh saint *Mabon* (CH. XXXII.), the brother of the well-known Bishop Teilo, who has given his name to the church of Llanfabon in Glamorganshire. But such was not the traditional belief in Cornwall some four centuries ago concerning this saint: then she was believed to be a daughter of Brychan, and there were legends still current about her that are unknown to us; for when in the year 1530 "the married women of St. Neot's" put up in their parish church a window at their own expense—a window which is still to be seen—one of the four lights represented S. Mabyn with her hands clasped on her bosom, bearing on her lap a dead child, and underneath the inscription: "Sancta Mabena, ora pro nobis." * From the date of the wake at St. Mabyn her day is inferred to be February 15.†

S. Wennap (poss. Weneu, V.), or Veep.

Yet another daughter of this house is perhaps to be found in the S. Wennap, who gives name to the parish of Gwennap. The Cornish lists mention a *Weneu*, who has been conjecturally identified with our unknown S. Wennap; and it has further been suggested that the same name may underlie the puzzling *St. Veep*, the parish which, five hundred years ago, adopted SS. Cyricus and Julitta in place of its own obscure patroness (p. 248). The whole matter is involved in great difficulties.

S. Morwenna, V. July 6.

The year before the married women of St. Neot's had put up their window, "the young women of the parish" had made a like offering, and one of the principal figures in their window was the famous chieftain Brychan. In the lower lights are twenty small female figures, among whom are to be distinguished two more of Brychan's daughters, Morwenna and Marvenne, otherwise Merewenna. S. Morwenna is regarded as the patron saint of Morwenstow, but all we know of her beyond the appearance of the name "Morwenna" in the Cornish lists is comprised in a single sentence of William of Worcester, in which he makes mention of "Sancta Norwinna the virgin." The

* The description of the sixteenth-century windows at St. Neot's is taken from Gorham's "Antiquities of St. Neot's," a work published in 1820, before the windows had undergone restoration. They were then in a very dilapidated condition, and Gorham conscientiously notes where blanks occur in either the designs or the inscriptions, and has therefore some claim to be trusted. The restored glass differs in some important respects from his description: S. Morwenna (see *post*) is missing altogether; and the figure previously subscribed *Sancta Mabena* is transformed into an unmistakable *Mater Dolorosa;* while the crowned figure, with the martyr's palm in one hand and an open book in the other ("a figure displaying a book," as Gorham briefly says), now bears the legend, *Sancta Mabena ora pro nobis*, instead of its earlier *Sancta Maria*. In all probability the restoration, carried out 1825–1829, set right what was but an accidental misplacing of the two inscriptions, but since Gorham wrote before the original glass had been touched, it has been thought best to leave his account as it stood.

† D. C. B.

possible identity of this saint and the Irish Modwenna is considered elsewhere (p. 157).

S. Marvenne, or Merewenna, V. Abs. (poss. Merryn). Aug. 12 or May 13.

Morwenna's sister, Merewenna, or Marvenne—if indeed she be not, as some have conjectured, the same saint under a slightly different name—is a somewhat less shadowy personage. At any rate, in Leland's time there was still current concerning her the tradition that she was an abbess; and William of Malmesbury makes mention of a certain Merewenna, who was buried at Romsey, who may be our saint. Her solitary dedication is at Marhamchurch in Cornwall. This parish used in the Middle Ages to be written *Merwynchurch*, a form which showed much more plainly than the present one its connexion with S. Merewenna. Her feast-day has been supposed to be August 12, on which day Marhamchurch still keeps its wake; but Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "Kalendar of Saints," gives "May 13, Merwine, virgin and abbess." It has been suggested that our S. Merewenna of Marhamchurch is the unknown saint who gives name to St. Merryn near Padstow—a question which is discussed more fully elsewhere (CH. LI.).

The twenty saints enumerated in this chapter do not embrace all those who have at some time or other been assigned to the great clan of Brychan. Some, like Dubricius the bishop and Guron the hermit, will be found elsewhere.

It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that though some one account of this most perplexing family may prove to be more scientific and correct than another, no two independent accounts will ever be found to correspond exactly; but it is hoped that enough has here been written to show how powerful a factor in the religious history of both Wales and Cornwall was the band of active-minded Christian men and women who are collectively spoken of as "the Children of Brychan."

CHAPTER XXXV.

OTHER CELTIC ROYALTIES.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
251	S. Tewdric, or Theodoric, K.M.	January 3 ...	470	2	
252	S. Goven, Q.	——	Fifth cent.	1	
252	S. Melorius, or Melor, M. ...	January 3 ...	cir. 411 ...	2	*See also dd.*
253	S. Geraint, or Gerrans, K.C. *S. Just.* See CH. LI.	August 10 ...	596	1	
254	S. Constantine, K.M. ...	March 9 or 11	Sixth cent.	2	*See also dd.*
256	S. Branwallader, B.	January 19 ...	——	—	*See fourfold deds.*
257	S. Kingsmark, or Cynfarch, C.	——	——	1	
258	S. Cadwaladr, K.C.	October 9 ...	664	1	

It has often been observed how many of our *Saxon* saints are of royal blood, but the remark applies still more forcibly to the *Celtic* saints. All the genuine descendants of Brychan are, as we have already seen, of royal blood, and so are many of the Celtic bishops, abbots, and hermits; and now we have before us some eight additional royalties not included in any of the foregoing categories.*

The first place upon our list shall be given to a husband and wife, King Tewdric and Queen Goven.

S. Tewdric, or Theodoric, K.M. Jan. 3, 470.

There is a good deal of doubt about the precise date of this king; some authorities would place him in the sixth century, as a contemporary of the famous Bishop Teilo (CH. XXXII.); others even later than this; but Professor Rees,† though not denying the many chronological difficulties in the way, is yet inclined to assign him to the fifth century.

Tewdric, sometimes called Theodoric, was a chieftain of South Wales, a descendant, so it was claimed, of Caractacus, but, at any rate, belonging to a family who maintained their supremacy over Glamorganshire till the time of the Norman Conquest. In his old age he resigned the reins of government into the hands of his son, and retired to Tintern to give himself up to the exercise of religion. In this peaceful fashion he must

* Principal authorities for this chapter: Borlase's "Age of the Saints in Cornwall," Rees's "Welsh Saints," and Mr. Boase's articles in D. C. B.

† "Welsh Saints."

have expected to end his days, but a sudden invasion of the Saxons from beyond the Severn threatened the safety of his son's throne, and the old king came forth from his quiet retreat to take part in the defence of his country. A battle was fought in Monmouthshire, not far from the modern Chepstow, in which Tewdric received a mortal wound. In his last moments he besought his son to build a church on the spot where he had fallen. This was accordingly done, and the place came to be known as *Merthyr Tewdrig*, or *Martyr* Tewdric.* It has since been corrupted into *Matherne*. There can be no manner of doubt as to the identity of the S. Tewdrig who is to this day the patron of Matherne.

It would be pleasant to believe that it was this same old warrior-king who is commemorated under the name of Tewdwr at Mynyddyslwyn in this same county of Monmouthshire, at no great distance from Matherne. Ecton gives the patron as *S. Tudur*, and a Welsh saint so named is to be found at Darowen in Montgomeryshire, but Professor Rees is doubtful "whether the same person is intended." In some lists† the patron of Mynyddyslwyn appears as "S. Tewdwr," and the relationship of this parish to both Matherne and Tintern—two places associated with the history of Tewdrig—suggests the possibility that *Tewdwr* may after all be but another form of Tewdrig, and that Matherne and Mynyddyslwyn may in truth have a common patron. If the feast-day at Mynyddyslwyn could be traced, the problem would at once be solved, for Tewdrig the king is commemorated on January 3, and Tudur, or Tudyr, the saint of Darowen, on October 15.

S. Goven, Q. fifth cent.

In the neighbourhood of Monmouth, not very far distant from her husband's parish of Matherne, is the church of Tewdrig's wife, Queen Goven. Her name remains stamped upon the village of *Llangoven*, and she has likewise a chapel in Pembrokeshire, but this is all that we can glean concerning her.

S. Melorius, or Melor, M. Jan. 3, cir. 411.

Melor, or Melorius, a Cornish prince, is commemorated on the same day as Tewdric the Welsh king, and is assigned to the same century, but here the resemblance ceases, for the Welsh warrior, in spite of all the difficulties as to his date and pedigree, is a real historic feature, whereas the martyred Cornish child has been relegated by the best authorities to the category of "mere legend."

At one time, as we shall see, his story was exceedingly popular, but even William of Malmesbury acknowledges it to be of very uncertain value; and the compilers of the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," who give so large a place to obscure Cornish saints, have not deemed S. Melorius worthy of mention.

The legend, as preserved in the pages of Capgrave, tells how the orphan child Melor was cruelly ill-treated by his wicked uncle, who cut off his right hand and shut him up in one of the Cornish monasteries. The boy

* Cf. "*Merthyr* Tydvil"—the scene, according to tradition, of the martyrdom of a certain Tydfil, or Tydfyl, a daughter of Brychan.

† Clergy List, 1896.

was furnished with a silver hand, and it is recorded, as one of the marvels concerning him, that when he went nutting in the woods, he made free use of his silver hand. As the boy grew older, his wicked uncle's jealousy increased, and in time he bribed Melor's guardian to smother him. The circumstances of the murder were gradually embellished with miracles of the usual type, and the ill-fated boy became an object of veneration, very much in the same way as the child-king, S. Kenelm (CH. XVI.), who is so popular in the West of England, and whose story not a little resembles that of the Cornish Melor.

The church at Mylor near Falmouth is dedicated to "S. Melor," and Mr. Borlase has no doubt that the parish itself bears the name of the young prince. The saint of Linkinhorne near Liskeard is likewise S. Melor, and it is difficult to resist the conviction that the saint is the same in both instances, but the authorities have not pronounced with equal decision upon this second point. Linkinhorne has no known feast-day to help out our surmise, and Mylor feast is but an indifferent guide, for whereas it used to be celebrated on August 21, it has now been transferred to the end of October. It so happens, by the way, that October is a month that has some degree of connexion with S. Melor, for though he is usually commemorated on January 3, the day of his death is said to have been October 1, and in Harris Nicolas* he appears on that day under the name of *Milers*.

It is not surprising that we should find the Cornish prince Melor in his proper home, Cornwall, but we find him also where he is less to be looked for, at Amesbury in Wiltshire, and the history of his introduction into this part of England is curious. In 973 we read of a Benedictine monastery being founded at this place by Queen Elfrida, the widow of Edgar, in token of her remorse for the murder of her stepson, Edward the Martyr. Elfrida placed her foundation under the twofold protection of "SS. Mary and Melorius," a name which the beautiful abbey church of Amesbury still bears to this day. The legend of the innocent boy-martyr, Melorius, must have been familiar to the Lady Elfrida, and when her guilty conscience was awakened, she may well have seen in it the counterpart of her own dark story, and have recognized in the hapless young prince of Cornwall a type of her own equally innocent and hapless stepson. And so the legend of S. Melorius became established at Amesbury; but to us of the nineteenth century it has been altogether overshadowed in interest by another Amesbury legend—the legend of the repentance of Arthur's queen, Guinevere.

S. Geraint, or Gerrans, K.C. Aug. 10, 596.

The mention of Guinevere brings us by a natural sequence of ideas to our next saint, a Cornish king who bears the very Tennysonian name of Geraint.

There are, unfortunately for us, two sainted individuals of this name. We have, first, Geraint, the son of Erbin, the famous hero of Welsh story and ballad, and the subject of Tennyson's Idyll, who belongs to the opening

* "Chronology of History."

half of the sixth century, and probably owes his claim to saintship to his having fallen in battle against the pagan Saxons ; and secondly, Geraint, or Gerennius, another Cornish king, who died in the closing years of the same century. This second Geraint is, unfortunately, a much less famous personage than his warlike predecessor, and yet, if we trust local tradition, much more likely to be the patron of the parish of St. Gerrans. The village is still full of traditions concerning him. An earthwork a little to the north of the church goes by the name of *Din-gerein*, that is, "the castle of Gerein ;" and *Veryan Carn*, or *Beacon*, a hill some three hundred feet above the sea, has from time immemorial been accounted the place of his burial. A weird belief had gathered round it that King Geraint was here laid in state, crowned and armed, with a golden boat with silver oars ; and so deep-rooted was the local belief that something more than common must there be hidden, that the opening of the barrow (in 1855) must have brought disappointment to many. A stone chest containing ashes—the ashes, as it was supposed, of King Geraint—was duly found, but none of the hoped-for relics were forthcoming.

The only recorded circumstance relating to this saint is his intercourse with S. Teilo, Bishop of Llandaff (CH. XXXII.). In the life of S. Teilo we are informed how, when that celebrated bishop was making his way from Wales into Brittany at the time of the terrible visitation of the Yellow Plague, he visited Geraint, and promised further that he would return to him before he died. Seven years later Teilo received an intimation that his friend lay dying, and he returned to Cornwall in time to minister to him the last sacraments. The year of Geraint's death is thus fixed as 596 : the day is merely a matter of inference from the date of St. Gerrans's feast-day, which was formerly observed on the second Sunday in August.

It is unsatisfactory to be obliged to end our account of S. Geraint by acknowledging that the learned writer of the "Age of the Saints in Cornwall" thinks it impossible to distinguish between the two Geraints, and pronounces, after giving a summary of their respective histories : "We can make no more out of it than this, and must let the accounts stand side by side, and hope that such a person did really exist at all who founded the church of Gerrans."

S. Just. See CH. LI.

S. Constantine, K.M. March 9 or 11, sixth cent.

"Constantine" suggests thoughts of the first Christian Emperor of Rome, but it is not Constantine the Great with whom we have to do, but Constantine, King of Cornwall, more properly perhaps *Cystennyn*, though the Latinized form of his name was in use even in his lifetime. This Constantine of ours has a peculiar interest, because he links together not only English counties so distant the one from the other as Cornwall and Staffordshire, but also the three kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland, having with each one of the three his own personal bond of union.

Our first notice of S. Constantine is in the pages of his contemporary, Gildas, who in his epistle (bearing date 547) apostrophizes him in language

of the severest censure. Gildas is always a pessimist, but it must be acknowledged that the portrait he draws of our future saint is a dark one—his horrible perjuries, his unholy life, his sacrilegious murder of "two royal youths" within the very precincts of the church itself, "and," cries he, bitterly—"previous to this wicked deed not one worthy act could he boast of." Then, passing from the tone of denunciation to that of appeal, he passionately implores the king to come to Him who wisheth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted, and bids him take "as it were a taste of the heavenly hope, so shalt thou perceive how sweet our Lord is."

When next we hear of Constantine, he had indeed "tasted of that hope." The Constantine of the Aberdeen Breviary and of the monkish writers is a very different man from the Constantine of Gildas's epistle, but we have no means of bridging over the gap—a gap of forty years according to some of the annalists—between the date of the epistle and that of his conversion. Nor do we know with certainty the steps that led to his change of life: whether it was conscience that was at last tardily awakened, or whether it was only (as the monkish accounts of him would make it appear) that excessive grief for the death of his wife made life so empty to him that he determined to lay aside his royal dignity and hide himself in some monastery.

Our next picture of him is as a monk in some unnamed Irish monastery, where for several years he laboured humbly as a lay-brother, carefully concealing his rank. A single story there is belonging to this time which sounds too natural to have been an invention. One day, as he sat at work in the granary grinding corn, the strangeness of his present lot flashed across him, and with a sort of laugh he asked himself aloud: "Is this then King Constantine of Cornwall who wore helm and bore shield, who drudges thus at a hand-mill? It is the same and not the same."* Now, it happened that his soliloquy was overheard by one of the brethren, who naturally made haste to impart his discovery to the abbot; and the end of it was that Constantine was placed among the students, and when he had been sufficiently instructed was ordained priest, and sent forth—like many another Irish monk—as a missionary into Scotland. There he laboured under the great Abbot Columba, and there, in the Island of Cantire, he met a martyr's death.

The reverence with which S. Constantine is regarded in Scotland is shown by many a church bearing his name. It is natural and right that he should also be held in remembrance in his own kingdom of Cornwall. One parish—that of *Constantine*—bears his very name, and Mr. Borlase adds that there are chapels dedicated to him in the parishes both of Illogan and of St. Merryn. Devonshire also was within the limits of Constantine's kingdom, and at Milton Abbas in this county we find the church dedicated to "SS. Constantine and Elidius."† This association of King Constantine with a Welsh bishop leads us to observe that, according to

* Baring-Gould, March 11.

† *Elidius*, i.e. Teilo.

one of the lives of S. David, our saint was not without personal connexion with Wales also, for it is asserted that he entered S. David's monastery at Menevia; but it is difficult to say at what part of his history this could have taken place. There is a church in Carnarvonshire, *Llangystenin*—"the church of Constantine"—which we would gladly ascribe to this saint, but Mr. Rees* considers it to be of late origin, and is more inclined to assign it, though with much hesitation, to Constantine the Great, or it may be to even a third royal Constantine with whom we have nothing to do.

It is no matter of surprise to find this Celtic saint in Cornwall or Wales, Ireland or Scotland, but it is a matter of considerable surprise to find him giving his name to the Staffordshire village of *Thorpe Constantine*. Our first instinct is to refer such a dedication to the Emperor Constantine, but in the opinion of local antiquarians, this, too, must be placed to the account of the King of Cornwall. Dr. Cox† says: "It seems almost certain that none of the three dedications in this name refer to Constantine the Great, but rather to S. Constantine, King and Martyr, British Prince," etc. It is not impossible, though we have no present means of proving it, that the dedication may have sprung from an actual personal connexion with the saint. The most convenient and natural route in those days for a traveller passing from Ireland to Scotland would have been by Chester, and along the line of the great Roman road into Yorkshire, and the Bishop of Bristol‡ points out that a very slight deviation from his course would bring him into Staffordshire. It is quite possible, therefore, that S. Constantine may have made some stay in the Staffordshire village that now bears his name, and that its inhabitants may have delighted thus to associate themselves with the royal monk, whose romantic history must have been told from mouth to mouth long before it became stereotyped in the Aberdeen Breviary.

A further light might be thrown upon this matter if the feast-day at Thorpe Constantine could be ascertained. King Constantine's proper day, according to the Aberdeen Breviary and the *Acta Sanctorum*, is March 11: William of Worcester gives it as March 9, on which day the Cornish parish of Constantine keeps its wake; while at S. Constantine's chapel in St. Merryn the feast is on the Sunday nearest to March 10.

S. Branwallader, B. Jan. 19.

Another British prince, little known to us, but evidently a considerable personage in his own day, was S. Branwallader, one of the four patron saints of Milton Abbas in Dorsetshire. "SS. Mary, Michael, Samson and Branwallader"—so ran the invocation in the tenth century and onwards; but at a later period the fourfold burden seems to have been too much, and the church was known for a while simply as "S. James the Great." This is not the only occasion on which the local S. Samson has had to yield place to S. James the Apostle.§ The late Mr. Kerslake observes that "the dedication of Milton is almost a

* "Welsh Saints."

† "Lichfield Year Book," 1884.

‡ Private letter.

§ Colesborne in Gloucestershire—S. Samson *or* S. James.

history of itself. It is one of the compound or stratified class that have accumulated with enlargements of the sanctuary, and the addition of new altars." * The place first comes into prominence, and receives its distinctive affix of "Abbey," when King Athelstan (about 933) made it into a Benedictine monastery, in atonement for a certain murder. "But there can be little doubt," to quote Mr. Kerslake again, that "before it became an Abbey, there was already a sanctuary here in the name of S. Samson, on which the others have afterwards been accumulated. . . . It can hardly be doubted that Athelstan found the Celtic dedication already associated with the spot which he chose." † We need not pause to consider at length the two scriptural dedications—S. Michael, the favourite saint alike of Celtic and of Roman Christians, or S. Mary, "the crowning expression of Catholic and monastic supremacy over those of tribal or local origin." ‡ It is more to our present purpose to inquire, as William of Worcester in the fifteenth century set himself to inquire of a Dominican friar at Exeter, what can be gathered of the personal history of S. Branwallader. It is but little. He was a king's son, said the friar, buried at Branston, eight miles from Axminster,§ and a Confessor. Another mediæval antiquarian ‖ had learnt that he was "a holy bishop;" and his name appears in one of the Breton liturgies of the eleventh century, and in the Kalendars of both Winchester and Malmesbury.¶

But in spite of these various marks of honour, Milton Abbas is the only known dedication to S. Branwallader; and Milton had some right to this distinction, for, according to the showing of an eleventh-century inventory, the abbey possessed, not only "the arm and staff of S. Samson the Bishop," but—greater glory still—"the head of S. Brangwalator the Bishop." **

S. Kingsmark, or Cynfarch, C.

S. Kingsmark has the honour of a mention in Spenser's "Faerie Queen." †† Students of that work may remember how Prince Arthur amused himself in the Castle of Alma by studying the chronicles of his predecessors among the British kings, and they may likewise remember that the very lengthy paraphrase of Geoffrey of Monmouth's history—for such it really is—was more entrancing to Prince Arthur himself than to the general reader. However, in this poetic epitome of British history our saint has his place under the name of *Kinmarke*, and his descent is carefully traced out through four or five generations, from the hapless King Lear, through his wicked daughter Regan and Regan's sons, as follows:—

> "Next great Gurgustus, then fair Caecily,
> In constant peace their kingdoms did contayne:
> After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne."

---

* See "The Welsh in Dorset."—*Dorset Antiq. Club*, vol. 3.

† Though not belonging to the earliest age of Celtic dedications, when churches were named only from their actual founders.

‡ Kerslake.

§ Conjecturally identified with Branscombe near Sidmouth, which may take its name from him.—Kerslake.

‖ Cressy.

¶ D. C. B.

** Kerslake.

†† Book II, x. 24.

Kinmarke will be sought for in vain in all martyrologies; but in Rees's "Welsh Saints" it has been suggested with much probability that he may be the same as the Welsh *Cynfarch*, whose name is still to be found, in conjunction with that of the Blessed Virgin, in one of the churches of Denbighshire. Rees says concerning him: "Cynfarch, a chieftain of North Britain: he who afterwards became a saint in Wales. His wife was Nefyn, a grand-daughter of Brychan."

S. Kinmarke's solitary dedication in this country is a chapelry in the Monmouthshire parish of St. Arvans (CH. XXXIV.)—his contemporary and connexion by marriage—where he is to be found under the name of *Kingsmark*. He is not commemorated upon any given day.

S. Cadwaladr, K.C. Oct. 9, 664.

"Cadwaladr the Blessed," as he is called in the Welsh *Triads*, fitly closes this chapter, for to him belongs the melancholy distinction of being the last of the kings of Britain. No saint has been more hardly used than this peace-loving, uninteresting son of a famous and turbulent father, for he has been confounded at both ends of his career with different personages of his own name, till he himself has been well-nigh lost sight of.*

And, first, he has been confounded with his terrible father, the mighty Cadwallon, or Cadwaladr (unhappily for us there are eighteen forms of this name, which are used indiscriminately)—that Christian unworthy of the name, of whom Bede speaks in terms of such severe condemnation.† This Cadwaladr it was who defeated King Edwin at the battle of Hatfield, and extended his supremacy from North Wales into Lancashire and Cumberland, and even so far as to the city of York itself; he it was who was finally overthrown by Oswald in the battle commonly called "the Heavensfield" (A.D. 634).

"Cadwallader," says one writer,‡ "claims attention in ancient British history. In him terminated the last series of 'kings of Britain,' who with diminishing lustre were reckoned to have held supreme sway over the native race from the most ancient times, and to have handed on the sceptre of Arthur."

But, in truth, it would seem that the line of British kings did not actually end with this Cadwaladr, for he left a son of the same name, our S. Cadwaladr, who for some thirty years enjoyed a portion at least of his father's dignities. It can only have been a small portion, for Oswald speedily won back the supremacy that for a brief while had been held by the British king; but Oswald's glorious reign lasted for only a few years, and it does not appear that his successor made a like claim, so that Cadwaladr the Second has every right to be regarded as the last king of the Britons. It may well be that there was all the less temptation to interfere with him because he claimed so little. In his peace-loving disposition

* In the history of Cadwaladr the writer has mainly followed Professor Rees ("Welsh Saints"), who seems to give a more consistent and better supported account of him than is done by any other historian.

† E. H.

‡ D. C. B., "Caedwalla" (1).

he seems to have been the very opposite of his father, and the even tenor of his life was not broken by any remarkable events.

But the Christianity which with his father was but a name was to him a reality. He gave shelter to the fugitive Christians who sought refuge in his domains from the pagan Saxons,* and he rebuilt a ruined church in Anglesea where his grandfather had been buried—a church that is still named from him *Llangadwaladr*. It was by such deeds as these that he earned for himself the epithet of "blessed," and the distinction of ranking in the Welsh *Triads*, together with S. Tewdrig and a certain Gwrthefyr, as one of the three canonized kings of Britain.

S. Cadwaladr's quiet, beneficent life ended in 664, when he fell a victim to a most destructive plague that was then raging throughout Britain and Ireland. Such, at least, is the plain statement of the historian Nennius;† but the later chroniclers—Geoffrey of Monmouth more particularly—have helped to discredit our poor hero's authenticity by a lengthened account of his miraculous summons to Rome, and his death in that city, at a date very difficult to reconcile with the known facts of his career. The explanation of this unnecessary and apocryphal appendix may be discovered by a reference to the history of Caedwalla, King of Wessex (a much more famous personage than our gentle prince), who did, in truth, leave his kingdom to go on pilgrimage to Rome, and there ended his days, at the date wrongly assigned to the Welsh sovereign. The source of the confusion seems so obvious that we need not dwell further on it, but may merely in passing call attention to the strange lot of a saint whose identity is so little recognized that he is credited alike with the vices of one namesake and the virtues of another.

By his own countrymen his memory was fondly cherished, and as late as the twelfth century a belief, fostered by the old Welsh poems, still lingered, that Cadwaladr would some day reappear, expel the Saxons from Britain, and restore his people to their former glories. It must be admitted, however, that such warlike deeds are more what might be looked for in Cadwaladr I. than Cadwaladr II.; but, probably enough, in the course of centuries, the warlike father and the pious son became blended into one whole. Whether, however, as warrior or as saint, Cadwaladr has stamped his name upon no less than three parishes, two in Wales and one in England. There is the Llangadwaladr in Anglesea before spoken of; Llancadwalladr in Denbighshire; and then another *Llangadwaladr* in Monmouthshire, which is, however, more generally known nowadays by its alternative appellation of Bishton. The old name of the parish has fallen into disuse, but the memory of its patron is still preserved by the dedication of the church to S. Cadwaladr.

* Sharon Turner.

† The passage in Nennius is as follows: "During his reign (*i.e.* Oswy's) there was a dreadful mortality among his subjects, when Catgualart (Cadwaladr) was king among the Britons, succeeding his father, and he himself died amongst the rest." Concerning this, Mr. Rees observes: "If the words of Nennius, the oldest authority by whom he is noticed, be rightly interpreted he must have died of the plague in his own country."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IRISH AND WELSH SAINTS IN CORNWALL.

SECTION I.—IRISH SAINTS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
264	S. Wynner, Gwinear, or Fingar, C. ...	March 23 ...	cir. 450	1
264	*S. Phillack, or Piala, V.*	March 23 ...	Fifth cent.	—
265	S. Germoe, C.	June 24 ...	,,	1
265	S. Breaca	June 4 ...	,,	1
265	S. Levan, C.	Day doubtful	,,	1
266	S. Moran, or Maruan, C.	——	,,	1
266	S. Wendron, or Gwendron, C.	——	,,	1
266	S. Uny, or Ewny, C.	February 1	,,	1
267	S. Ives, Ia, Hia, or Ewe, V.	October 27 ...	,,	3
268	S. Erth, Herygh, or Urith, C.	October 31 ...	,,	2
269	S. Elwyn, or Alleyn, C. ... ... Cf. *S. Allen*, CH. XXXII.	February 22	,,	1
269	S. Gwithian, or Gothian, C.	cir. November 1	,,	1
269	S. Crewenne, V.	February 1 ...	,,	1
270	*S. Senan.* See CH. XXXII.			
270	S. Carantoc, or Cairnech, C.	May 16 ...	——	1
271	S. Feock, C.	——	——	1
271	S. Enoder, C.	——	——	1
271	S. Mewbred, C.	——	——	1
272	S. Buriena, V.	May 29 ...	Sixth cent.	1
272	S. Piran, Kerrian, Kieran, or Keverne, A.	March 5 ...	——	5
275	S. Goran, or Guron, C.	April 7 ...	——	1
275	S. Rumon, or Ruan, B.	January 4 ...	Sixth or seventh cent.	4
276	S. Menaacus, Mancus, or Marnach, B.	——	——	3 *dd.*
276	S. Fimbarries, or Finbar, B.	September 25	cir. 633	1
278	S. Disen, or Disibod, B.	July 8 ...	cir. 674	1
	S. Day. See CH. LI.			

SECTION II.—WELSH SAINTS.

279	S. Gluvias (poss. Glywys, C.)	——	——	1
279	S. Petroc, or Petrox, B.	June 4 ...	——	14
	S. Creed. See CH. LI.			
281	S. Hydroc, C.	May 5 ...	——	1
281	S. Illogan, C.	Day doubtful	——	1
281	S. Kew, V. (poss. Ciwg)	February 8 ...	——	1
281	S. Collen, C.	May 20 ...	——	1

CAMDEN, the Elizabethan antiquarian, in his survey of Cornwall, observes: "This Country did all along pay so much Veneration to the Irish Saints

as well as their own, that, between both, there was hardly a town but what was consecrated to some one of them."* The remark is true enough in a general way, but it fails to take account of two large classes of saints who have helped to swell the Cornish Kalendars—the saints from Brittany, and the yet larger number from Wales. The native-born saints of Cornwall bear but a small proportion to those of foreign extraction. Cornwall cannot claim to be "the land of saints" in the same sense as either Ireland or Wales; but the difference of country was as nothing in her eyes compared with the oneness of race, of speech, and, above all, of faith. To all those Celtic saints who poured into the peninsula from beyond the seas she gave an ungrudging welcome; and her generosity has had its reward, for the foreign saints to whom she thus opened her doors have become so completely naturalized in Cornwall, that on all sides they are thought of and spoken of as "Cornish saints." Their names are familiar to any one who knows Cornwall, from the way in which they have been stamped upon the parishes—St. Ives, St. Austell, St. Gluvias, and so forth; and yet, in spite of this external familiarity, there is no class of saints from whom we feel ourselves so far removed in understanding and sympathy. With the Welsh saints and the more celebrated Irish saints the case is widely different: strangely unlike ourselves no doubt we should find them in their manners and customs, but yet in the orderly discipline of those great monastic colleges there is much into which we could enter with a strong sense of fellowship. The common prayers offered at stated intervals, according to the forms of a carefully drawn up liturgy; the intellectual pursuits; the study of classical authors; the writing of books; the instructing of the young; the more primitive outdoor occupation of cultivating the land; the improvement of communication by the engineering of roads—all this reveals a state of civilization with which we have many points of contact.

And more than this: the lives of these Welsh saints, though overlaid with miracles, yet record a sufficient number of sayings and doings so plainly genuine in their character as to put us at once into relation with the men or women to whom they are attributed. There is a marked individuality in the sayings of S. Cadoc, for example, which wholly distinguishes them from the sayings of the Irish S. Bridget; and these again are quite unlike those of S. David's gentle clinging scholar, S. Maidoc.

But when we turn to the multitude of obscure Irish and Welsh saints, who in the fifth century came pouring into Cornwall, driven by an impulse as irresistible, and to us as inexplicable, as that which prompts the migration of birds, our sense of fellowship fails us. We seem to have nothing in common with these strange-looking devotees, whose history and habits and ways of thought are all unknown to us. There are legends, it is true, and we turn to them, but they give us little help—less than we have already gained from the meagre historical records, which do at least throw some light on the kindred and country of these strangers.

* "Britannia."

They are but poor petrified things, these legends of late date. Starting from some basis of fact—such as the simultaneous influx of a great number of Irish immigrants into a given district of Cornwall—they proceed to fabricate all manner of apocryphal additions. The saints are floated over on a mill-stone, or in a stone coffin, or an altar, or on a leaf; or seven hundred and seventy-seven of them arrive in one boat, and so forth. Or let there be a tradition that some of the number fell victims to the fury of the rulers of the land, and in the description of their sufferings detail will be heaped upon detail, without adding anything whatsoever to our real knowledge of the supposed martyrs. In the Acts of these Cornish immigrants, there is, for the most part, a wearisome lack of individuality: but if we trace these same immigrants back to their Irish home, we may chance to stumble upon some speech of theirs, some trivial anecdote, which is worth more to us than all the mechanical accounts of their martyrdoms. We may withhold our belief from the amazing dragon that one saint leads in triumph; yet it is pleasant to know that others of these saints were not blind to the beauties of the common things around them, but marked as we do the first signs of spring in the hanging catkins of the hazel bushes.

So to Ireland we turn, and we learn something of the "Three Orders of Saints" recognized in that country, and discover that the saints in Cornwall with whom we have most to do were the *hermits*, who constituted the *third* (or lowest) *Order*. We perceive that their rigid, comfortless lives, though not lived under the inspiring influence of a large community, were lived in obedience to a sternly defined rule. We can gather some notion of their strange outward appearance from the descriptions given of their brethren of the *second Order*, who lived in community—as, for example, at Iona. We can picture to ourselves those quaint figures in their white tunics covered by a large-hooded cape of skins, or of natural wool. These hoods when thrown back revealed heads from which the hair was all shaven away in front in uneven zigzags running from ear to ear, while on the shoulders behind the dark locks fell untouched. So they pass before us in long procession, carrying with them, doubtless, the treasured hand-bells, which play so conspicuous a part in the history of all Celtic saints; but it is a voiceless procession. They utter no word by which we can judge of their thoughts and beliefs; they pass before us in dumb show, but still there is nothing by which we may gauge their inner life. Yet wait and watch. Look away from the poor hillside caverns which they have chosen for their own miserable abodes, and turn to the rude places of worship which these men set themselves to build. Rude indeed they are, at the first glance little better than sheepcotes; but as the shifting sand, which has preserved for us some precious specimens of these primitive buildings, rolls away, we can trace the foundations of a separate addition plainly intended to serve as a baptistery; and straightway the missing bond of fellowship between us and them is riveted, for now we know that they and we alike own "one Lord, one faith, one

baptism." Narrow, ignorant, unenlightened, these anchorites may be: they will not, like S. Martin or S. Boniface, put forth their whole strength against the local superstitions that beset them on every side: very possibly they may only give them a new colour; but for all that we know now that they have a definite message to deliver, that they bring to the land of their adoption something higher and truer and holier than anything the inhabitants have known before. Many causes may have contributed to their coming—they may have come to avoid persecution at home; or because the place where they dwelt was become too strait for them; or because they had in them that passion for travelling which ran in the veins of all the finest of the Celtic saints; but having come, they looked upon themselves as in possession of a sacred trust. It was theirs to make known, by life or by death, the faith in which they believed; and their life of constant privation, their singular garb, their miserable dwellings and insufficient food, were all adopted of set purpose, as attracting to them the reverent regard of the surrounding people.

Section I.—Irish Saints in Cornwall.

The labyrinth of names is made much more intelligible by the discovery that very many of these saints are connected one with another by ties of blood or acquaintanceship, which makes them fall into natural groups. Thus local tradition represents some dozen or more persons as having come over together and landed at one given spot in North Cornwall. The tradition is faithfully borne out by the way in which these names are repeated within a small given district. Sisters came with their brothers; not a few women were there in that adventurous band. In the two higher Orders of saints women were not esteemed of much account, and it is not easy to see what place they held in the third Order. But from the way in which the names of the women, like those of the men, are associated, each with a separate parish, it seems probable that they too lived as anchorites—that hard, lonely life which must have taxed the strongest man, far more the delicate frame of a woman. And on the very spot where these hermits passed their painful lives, a church afterwards sprang up which bore their names, and recalled the memory "of some martyr whose relics reposed beneath the altar, of some confessor who had suffered there for his Master's sake, of some holy ascetic who in silent self-chosen austerities had woven a ladder there of prayer and penance, on which the angels of God were believed to have ascended and descended." *

We now turn to the several histories of some of these Cornish founders; premising only that the identification of many of the names is purely conjectural, and that the various feast-days are in many instances differently given by different authorities. There is reason to suppose that the first important immigration of Irish saints into Cornwall took place

* Froude's "Short Studies," *Lives of the Saints.*

about the middle of the fifth century, but all attempts to fix a more exact date have failed. In dealing with this dark and remote period, it is vain to expect accuracy of detail; the utmost we can hope for is to put before our minds a fairly truthful representation of its main outlines.

S. Wynner and his Companions.

S. Wynner, Gwinear, or Fingar, C. March 23, cir. 450.

According to the legend, the leader of the first and largest of these bands of immigrants—a company that is said to have amounted to the surprising total of seven hundred and seventy-seven—was an Irish prince, best known as *Fingar*, but in Cornwall translated into Wynner, or Gwinear. He is represented as having been one of S. Patrick's friends. Just as among the Welsh saints "Father David" is the central figure, so here the men tend to group themselves round S. Patrick, the women round S. Bridget. Persecution broke out in Ireland, instigated, so some commentators * have ingeniously supposed, by the piratical Irish chieftain Coroticus, who is known to history through the letter of remonstrance addressed to him by S. Patrick (CH. XXX.). After a first hasty flight to Brittany, S. Fingar returned to Ireland, and organized his immense party of Christian refugees. This time they made for Cornwall, and landed at the mouth of the Hayle river in what is now St. Ives Bay. Gradually the new-comers dispersed themselves over the surrounding country; not going to any great distance from one another, but keeping almost entirely, as is shown by the distribution of places that bear their names, within what is known as the district of the Land's End.

S. Fingar's legend, which, however, is pronounced to be "quite unhistorical, except perhaps so far as the names are concerned," † represents him and his companions as being cordially received by the peasantry, who listened gladly to their teaching. But soon the rumour of their arrival reached Theodoric, King of Cornubia, "by whose orders Fingar himself and many of his party were massacred." The legend is elaborate but commonplace in its account of the dying charges of the saint and the miracles that followed his death. Theodore of Cornwall, like S. Fingar's former persecutor, has been identified with the Irish Coroticus, but nothing is really known of him, and Mr. Borlase says that Theodore, or Tewdwr, is a name "well known as a persecutor in the Legends." ‡

The name of S. Fingar, or Wynner, is preserved by the parish church of *Gwinnear*, built, it may be supposed, on the spot where he suffered martyrdom.

S. Phillack, or Piala, V. March 23, fifth cent.

S. Fingar's sister, S. Piala, who accompanied him and shared his fate, has been supposed to have given her name to the neighbouring church of Phillack; but for many centuries the acknowledged patroness of this church has been the

* O'Hanlon's "Irish Saints," February 23; Baring-Gould, March 23.

† Mr. Boase in D. C. B.

‡ "Age of the Saints."

Roman matron, S. Felicitas (CH. XIII.). Leland, the antiquarian of Henry VIII.'s time, had access to many legendary lives now lost to us, from which he made some extracts, and he gives us a list—fortunately, only a brief one—of certain of the seven hundred and seventy-seven immigrants, whose names appear in company with those of S. Fingar and his sister.

S. Germoe, C. June 24, fifth cent.

One of the number was a certain Irish king or chieftain, Germoe, who has left a memorial of himself in the parish of the same name. In the churchyard is "a curious canopied seat (possibly an altar tomb) known as S. Germo's chair, which may," says Mr. Boase,* "have taken the place of an earlier one."

S. Breaca. June 4, fifth cent.

The very next parish to Germoe is Breage, which commemorates a female saint, Breaca, who, if local tradition is to be trusted, occupies the somewhat singular position of nurse, possibly foster-mother, to the chieftain Germoe. According to the life seen by Leland, she was before leaving her native Ireland associated with the celebrated S. Bridget; but Cornwall remembers her only in her more homely vocation, and an old couplet in the Cornish language speaks of "Germoe a king, Breage a midwife." Mr. Borlase observes that "nurses of saints, as well as of pagan heroes, are often mentioned in Irish romance."

S. Levan, C. Day doubtful, fifth cent.

According to a popular tradition of no historic value whatsoever, S. Breaca had a hermit brother named Levan, who gives his name to the parish of St. Levan, near the Land's End. Nothing is really known of him. It has been suggested that he may possibly † be identified with a very mythical Irish bishop of the name of Livinus (November 12, 606), who went as a missionary into the Netherlands, and there met a martyr's death. St. Levan feast is kept, not in November, but on the Sunday nearest to October 15; but this does not prove much, for, as we have already seen (vol. i. p. 14), Henry VIII. made an attempt to lessen the number of holidays, by causing all parish feasts to be held on the first Sunday in October. Then again, the change of Style in the eighteenth century would introduce a fresh element of confusion, thus obliging us to look with suspicion on all village feasts claiming to be observed in the first half of this month.

However this may be, the Cornish folk would have none of the martyred bishop for their patron, but clung to the image of a certain jovial hermit—probably utterly unlike the ascetic original—round whom in the course of centuries many trivial anecdotes have grouped themselves. One of these may serve as a specimen. "He caught only one fish a day. But once, when his sister and her child came to visit him, after catching a chad, which he thought not dainty enough to entertain them, he threw it again into the sea. The same fish was caught three times; and at last the saint accepted it, cooked, and placed it before his guests, when the child was choked by the first mouthful, and St. Levan saw in the accident

* D. C. B. † Ibid.

a punishment for his dissatisfaction with the fish which Providence had sent him. The chad is still called here 'chack-cheeld' = choke-child." *

Various relics of S. Levan are still shown—the famous well upon the edge of the cliff, so much frequented by sufferers from toothache and kindred ills; the ancient stone in the churchyard,† an object of much superstitious veneration; the headland overhanging the sea from whence he was wont to fish. All these are within his own parish of St. Levan; but it has been suggested that the little seaport town of Porthleven, on the opposite side of Mounts Bay, but close to the parish of Breage, may also bear his name, and may have been "a favourite haven for this patron of fishermen, particularly when on a visit to his sister, S. Breaca." ‡ It is only right to add that in other traditions of this saint the sister is not Breaca at all, but Manaccan.

S. Moran, or Maruan, C. Fifth cent.

The unknown Maruan, or Maruanus, who is mentioned as having come over to Cornwall with S. Breaca, has given rise to considerable discussion. Some have identified him with the equally perplexing saint who has given his name to St. Merryn § (CH. LI.); some with S. Mawnanus of Mawnan ‖ (CH. XXXIV.); while Mr. Boase ¶ considers him to be the "S. Moran" to whom *Lamorran* near Truro is dedicated, a parish that in the twelfth century appears as Lanmoren, that is, the church of Moren. None of the three explanations are satisfactory, as none of the three parishes lie within the area specially devoted to S. Breaca and her companions. Unluckily, Lamorran has lost all memory of its feast-day, and so gives us no clue towards determining its true patron.

S. Wendron, or Gwendron, C. Fifth cent.

The saint who gives his name to the parish of Wendron would be to us absolutely nothing but a name were it not that a sixteenth-century writer ** happens to mention that in his time the parish contained a chapel called "Mertherum, or Uni Gwendron." *Merthyr* is a well-known Celtic prefix meaning "martyr," specially applied to the churches built over the graves of martyrs (cf. Merthyr Tewdrig and Merthyr Tydfil ††). "Uni" was another of the immigrants of whom we shall have more to say presently; but concerning the association of the word "Martyrs" with the two names of Uni and Wendron, Mr. Borlase observes that, possibly according to tradition, both S. Uni and S. Gwendron may have been "of the party who fell a prey to the tyrant of the district." Nothing else is known of S. Wendron, not even his day.

S. Uny, or Ewny, C. Feb. 1, fifth cent.

S. Uny was plainly a person of much more note in his day. In an old map of Cornwall printed in 1722,‡‡ the chapel in Wendron parish just referred to is marked under the name of "Merther *Uni*." Besides this, his name was associated with two

* Murray's "Cornwall."
† Borlase.
‡ Ibid.
§ Baring-Gould, October 27.
‖ Borlase.
¶ D. C. B.
** Norden, quoted in Borlase.
†† CH. XXXV., "S. Tewdric."
‡‡ Camden's "Britannia."

important churches, those of Lelant and Redruth; and though Redruth was at some subsequent period re-dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the original patron is clearly shown by the old pre-Reformation appellations of the respective parishes, *Ewny* Lelant and *Ewny* Redruth. The old map before mentioned marks the first of these two places by its full designation of *Uni Lelant*. The parish feast of Lelant is still observed on the Sunday next to February 1.

S. Ives, Ia, Hia, or Ewe, V. Oct. 27, fifth cent.

This same day, February 1, serves for the feast of St. Ives, now a separate parish, but formerly a chapelry dependent upon Lelant. S. Hia, or Ia, was a sister of S. Uny—such, at least, was the information imparted four hundred years ago by the public notary of Tavistock to an inquiring stranger—that William of Worcester* to whose antiquarian researches we owe not a little of our knowledge concerning these Cornish saints. Her legend, which was still extant in the time of Henry VIII., represents her as having been the daughter of an Irish nobleman, who "sailed upon a leaf after S. Gwinear and his sister Piala." Apparently this fairy craft moved more swiftly than the boat with its seven hundred and seventy-seven passengers, for when these reached the shore they found themselves welcomed by S. Ia. She persuaded "one Dinan, a great lord in Cornwall, to make a church at Pendinas," that bay which, in memory of her, is now called "St. Ives Bay." Up to the sixteenth century the town that sprang up on the promontory retained its original name of *Pendinas*, and was still so designated in Camden's "Britannia," but was even then beginning to be displaced by the name of the Irish virgin. Leland gives it as "the town of St. Iës," † which more nearly approaches to the original form of the name than the present, which has been insensibly assimilated to that of the better-known *St. Ives* in Huntingdonshire (CH. XXV.).

According to her legend, S. Ia was anciently commemorated, together with several of her fellow-immigrants, on October 27. The present church of St. Ives near Lelant was re-dedicated to S. Andrew, probably at the time of its rebuilding early in the fifteenth century. It is just possible, as Mr. Baring-Gould suggests,‡ that the otherwise untraceable parish of *St. Ewe* in South Cornwall, which in the fourteenth century was spelt "Iwy," and which is pronounced "Eve," may also be referred to S. Ia; but if so, the connexion was lost in the Middle Ages, when the church was said to be dedicated to "S. Eustachius" § (CH. XIV.), and, moreover, St. Ewe lies beyond the ring of churches specially associated with the Hayle Bay immigrants.

Curiously enough, besides St. Ives in the Land's End district there is another parish of St. Ive near Liskeard, on the opposite side of the county, which cannot possibly be referred to the Irish S. Hia. It is sometimes ascribed to a popular Breton priest of the fourteenth century (commemorated May 19), a certain S. Ive, who began life as a lawyer, and was known

* See Borlase.
† Quoted in Borlase.
‡ October 27.
§ Borlase.

as the "advocate of the poor." * His claim to fame is summed up in the Latin couplet: "Advocatus et non latro, Res miranda populo"—a lawyer and not a robber; a marvel to the people.† But however much the inhabitants of St. Ive's parish may have delighted to regard the Breton lawyer as their patron, the thing is impossible, for S. Ive, or Yve, of Brittany only died in 1303, and was not canonized till some thirty years later; and St. Ive's church must have existed before this time, inasmuch as it was founded by the Knights Templars,‡ and their Order was abolished in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Undoubtedly the name is of far higher antiquity than this. Mr. Boase § thinks it may possibly come from a certain *Iron*, or *Iona*, one of the most obscure of the reputed children of Brychan, whose name is altogether wanting in the Welsh lists, but appears in Leland's.

On the other hand, it is quite possible that the place-name may have gradually suggested an association with the celebrated Persian bishop, S. Ivo. There is little doubt that this has been the history of the surprising dedication to S. Ives at Leadgate in Durham (CH. XXV.), and Mr. Boase is probably correct in saying with regard to the Cornish dedications—including an extinct chapel of S. Ia, or Ye, at Camborne—that "the Persian S. Ivo has much influenced these similar names." ‖

S. Erth, Herygh, or Urith, C. Oct. 31, fifth cent.

A further result of William of Worcester's inquiry was to elicit the information that S. Uny and S. Ia had another brother, Herygh by name. Very near S. Uny's church at Lelant is the church and parish of St. Erth—written in the old documents "ecclesia St. Erci"—which is supposed to keep the memory of this third member of the family. The village feast is still observed on the Sunday nearest to All Saints' Day, a date which agrees sufficiently well with the saint's traditional festival, October 31.¶ But we have not yet done with this saint. William of Worcester follows his fortunes eastward, and declares that not only is this Herygh the patron of the Devonshire church of Chittlehampton, but also that he is buried in S. Paul's Cathedral,** London. The acknowledged patron of Chittlehampton is a certain mysterious S. Urith; but other writers than William of Worcester—even the late learned antiquarian, Mr. Kerslake—have been inclined to identify this S. Urith with the brother of Uny and Ia. On the other hand, from the ancient forms of the name, *Ercy*, or *Ericus*, he has been identified with S. Erc, the Bishop of Slane, who figures in the history of S. Bridget (p. 154), and whose day is November 2; but we have no hint that the Munster bishop ever left his own land. It is impossible to speak with any certainty of S. Urith, but at least we seem to be safe in assuming that he was of Irish extraction. In the absence of all real knowledge very bold conjectures have been hazarded; such, for example, as

* Baring-Gould, May 19.
† Ibid.
‡ Murray's "Devon."
§ D. C. B.
‖ Ibid.
¶ Mr. Boase in D. C. B.
** Can William of Worcester have been confusing his "S. Ericus" with S. Erkenwald, Bishop of London?

Leland's statement that "he suffered the next year after Thomas Becket;" * or old Camden's succinct contribution to the controversy: "Chettlehampton, a small village where Hierytha,† kalendar'd among the She-saints, was bury'd." ‡

S. Elwyn, or Alleyn, C. Feb. 22, fifth cent.

The comparatively modern church of S. Elwyn in the rapidly increasing mining village of Hayle, on the estuary of the Hayle river, commemorates another member of the immigrant band, a certain *Elwinus*, who is mentioned both in the life of S. Breaca and in Leland's list. It is difficult to see what was the motive for reviving so obscure a saint, unless, indeed, there was a local tradition of any older chapel on this spot; but, at any rate, S. Elwyn is obviously more in his right place here, on the estuary of that river which plays so important a part in the history of the landing of the Irish immigrants, than he is in a second parish which is commonly attributed to him, that of St. Allen's near Truro. St. Allen lies so far away from the district possessed by the companions of S. Wynner that some writers incline rather to the theory which identifies him with a Breton saint of a later generation (see "S. Allen," CH. XXXII.).

S. Gwithian, or Gothian, C. Cir. Nov. 1, fifth cent.

On the eastern shore of St. Ives Bay is the parish of Gwithian, which has a very special interest of its own. The church has unfortunately adopted a corrupt form of the name —*S. Gothian*—while the parish adheres to the more correct *Gwithian;* this suggests the idea of two distinct saints, but in reality there is but one. Tradition numbers S. Gwithian among the victims of the tyrant Theodoric, and one of the localities, specified in the legend of S. Ives as "a village called Conetconia," has been with good reason identified with Connerton in this very parish of Gwithian. "Formerly," as we are told by an antiquarian of the last century,§ "it was a considerable town with its two churches; but this town," adds the same writer, "is now buried in the sand." The "blasts of sand" that covered the once thriving town concealed something yet more precious. In the year 1828, a farmer, who was digging in the sand near to the existing church, accidentally discovered a tiny building which was soon seen to be a Christian church—rudely built, indeed, but showing by the narrow chancel, the rough attempt at an arch, and, above all, by the adjoining baptistery,‖ that it had been constructed in conformity with some well-established type. With reverent eyes may we gaze upon those now ruined walls, for they are the walls of the most ancient Christian church that England possesses, reaching back in all likelihood to the time—more than fourteen centuries ago—when the Irish hermit, S. Gwithian, built his little church among the sand-hills.

S. Crewenne, V. Feb. 1, fifth cent.

In Crowan, the next parish to the one named from S. Breaca, we find S. Crewenne, a female saint of whom nothing is known beyond the mention of her name in the lists of S.

* Quoted in Murray's "Devon."

† Another of the endless variations of this saint's name. He is also locally known as "S. Wuth."

‡ "Britannia."

§ Dr. Milles, quoted in Borlase.

‖ Murray's "Cornwall," and Borlase.

Breaca's fellow-travellers. Her feast is kept, like S. Uny's, on February 1, the eve of the Purification; but there is always reason in the case of obscure saints commemorated on great festivals to suspect that the day was chosen at some later period when the original day was no longer known: compare, for example, S. Erth on the eve of All Saints' Day, and S. Gwithian on or near All Saints' Day.

S. Senan. Some authorities have seen in the S. Senan who is associated with the two Cornish parishes of Zennor and Sennan—both of them in the district of the Land's End—a reference to the "Sininus," an Irish priest, who is mentioned as having been among the Hayle Bay immigrants; but we have chosen rather to identify him with his far more famous namesake, S. Senan of Inis-Cathay, the friend of S. David (CH. XXXII.).

This completes the list of the companions of S. Fingar, so far as they concern us. A few more names have been conjecturally identified with certain places in the neighbourhood, but our business lies only with those saints whose names are still attached to existing churches.

Other Irish Immigrants.

S. Carantoc, or Cairnech, C. May 16. The legend of S. Carantoc, the saint who has given his name to the Cornish parish of Crantock, serves as a common bond between Wales, Ireland, and Cornwall. The mythical Welsh genealogies supply him with a carefully worked out and honourable descent from a great Cardiganshire chieftain; while the Latin life boldly declares that it is "easy to deduce his descent from Mary the Mother of our Lord, than whom no one among the kings of the Britons is counted higher," and adds that, though the eldest son of his father, he renounced all his earthly rights because "he loved a heavenly king more than an earthly kingdom;" wherefore he fled from home, and came to dwell with S. Patrick in Ireland. It may be observed that this links him with those other Irish saints already considered, who grouped themselves round the great national saint of Ireland. And S. Patrick loved him well, and would have kept him near him had there been less need for their several services in evangelizing the heathen around. For this purpose they parted: Carantoc "went to the right part, and Patrick to the left, and they agreed that they should meet once a year."

The mediæval life of this saint is of that aggravating and familiar type which supplies the place of genuine and characteristic traits with stereotyped eulogisms on the saint's universal virtues, and even in the matter of legends presents such as have already figured in half a dozen other lives. For instance, S. Carantoc goes to Arthur's castle on the Severn, and there rids him of a noisome serpent. Mr. Borlase suggests * that the serpent is perhaps intended to be taken allegorically, but certainly every touch of metaphor has disappeared from the prosaic baldness of the legend. Then he throws his stone altar into the sea, and follows it to the place

* "Age of the Saints."

where it is washed ashore, and there builds a church. The seaport is called in the legend *Guellit*, and the site of the church *Carron*, and it is identified with the modern *Crantock*, which Leland, in referring to this legend, calls "Guerith Karanctane." The church of "the saint Karentocus" is mentioned in the Exeter register as of considerable importance before the time of the Norman Conquest. His name appears in Cornwall in various forms, once as *Gernac*, "which is very similar to Cairnech, the Irish form of his name."* Ireland was, after all, S. Carantoc's first love, and it was thither that he returned to die.

The ancient Kalendars give May 16 as his day, and Crantock still keeps its feast on the Sunday nearest to May 16. So, too, at *Llangrannoc*, in the saint's native county of Cardiganshire, where a rough natural seat among the rocks still goes by the name of "S. Crantoc's Chair," the feast is observed on May 27, S. Carantoc's Day, O.S. Traces of this saint are also to be found in Scotland,† though he seems to have had no personal connexion with that country.

S. Feock, C.

It would be pleasant to be able to accept the theory which makes the Cornish S. Feock one with the celebrated Bishop Fiacc, the friend and disciple of S. Patrick, and the author of a hymn in praise of his master which is still extant. But Mr. Borlase observes that his name is a very common one in Ireland, and says regretfully: "We fear it would be going beyond our tether to import without further evidence the name of the great S. Fiacc to our shores, . . . and we must rest content with allowing that a more obscure personage, of the same name, may have founded Feock."

S. Fiacc the Bishop is commemorated on October 12, and if the parish of Feock kept its feast in October, we might be inclined to regard it as a presumption in favour of the more distinguished patron; but, unfortunately, Feock is one of the many places that keep their wake on the Feast of the Purification,‡ and, therefore, the outside we can safely assert concerning its patron is that he was "an Irish devotee." §

S. Enoder, C.

Even less is known about another of these Irish devotees, the S. Enoder who has given his name to the parish of St. Enoder. His exact date is unknown, but he is said to have died in Cornwall late in the fifth century. He has no stated day, but St. Enoder feast, according to its rather complicated rule, is always held on "the Sunday nearest to the last Thursday in April." ‖ In Domesday Book the church appears, not as "S. Enoder," but in the ancient Celtic form of *Eglos-enuder*,¶ or "the church of Enoder." The prefix is tolerably common in Wales, and is not unknown in Cornwall (witness Egloshayle and Egloskerry), but is far rarer than the other form of the same word, "lan."

S. Mewbred, C.

Of equally unknown date, and almost equally obscure, is the hermit-saint, Mewbred, or Meubredus, the patron of

* Borlase.
† Forbes.
‡ Truro Kalendar.
§ D. C. B.
‖ Truro Kalendar.
¶ Mr. Boase in D. C. B.

Cardynham near Bodmin. The only authority for him is the ever-useful William of Worcester, who informs us that he was the son of an Irish king, that his body lies in a shrine in Cardynham church, and that his feast is on the Thursday next before Pentecost.* The actual feast-day in Cardynham parish is Whit-Sunday.†

S. Buriena, V. May 29, sixth cent.

A spark of romance is imparted to the virgin-saint, Buriena, the patroness of Buryan, by the theory which identifies her with "a beautiful maiden" of Donegal, known as "Bruinsech the slender," who is mentioned in one of the Irish lives of S. Piran (see *post*) as having been a favourite with S. Piran's widowed mother, and as having been carried off from her cell by a neighbouring chieftain.‡ The Cornish version of her history is very meagre, and only states that she was the daughter of an Irish king who settled near the Land's End; but a strong point in support of the identification of the two maidens is this—that the Irish S. Bruinsech § (sometimes called *Bruinet*) is commemorated in the martyrology of her native Donegal on May 29, the day given by both the *Acta Sanctorum* and a certain English martyrology of the seventeenth century to S. Buriena of Cornwall. This is a coincidence too remarkable to be lightly overlooked, even though other martyrologies give June 4 or June 19. The parish of St. Buryan ‖ does still keep its feast in May, but in the wrong half of the month, on "Old May Day" (May 12), not on May 29.

S. Buriena's church attained to considerable importance in the days of the Saxon Athelstan, who is said to have made it collegiate. A mediæval tradition tells us that, by the merits of the virgin Buriena (whether in life or after death does not appear), "the son of King Gerontius" was cured of a disease that he had; but, as there were three Cornish kings of that name, this does not throw much light upon the date of our saint. If, however, she is really connected with S. Piran, we are probably correct in assigning her to the sixth century.

S. Piran, Kerrian, Kieran, or Keverne, A. March 5.

After all these painfully obscure saints it is a great satisfaction to come upon a name like S. Piran—a name which conveys much to those who know anything of the history and legends of the Celtic Church. There are no less than seventeen sainted individuals in the Irish Kalendars answering to the name of *Kieran*, but among these S. Kieran, Abbot of Saighir, stands pre-eminent, distinguished by the proud title of the "Firstborn of the Saints of Ireland." This is he whom Cornish archæologists have been eager to identify with their *S. Piran*. The difference of initial letter counts for little in their eyes. In S. Kieran's own country the name is variously spelt with a "C" or a "K;" while in Scotland we find it with a "Q"—*Queranus*.¶ The Cornish change of "K" into "P" is shown

* Mr. Boase in D. C. B.

† Truro Kalendar.

‡ Borlase.

§ D. C. B., "Buriena" and "Bruinsech."

‖ Known up to the time of the Norman Conquest as *Eglos-Berrie*—"the church of Buriena."

¶ Forbes.

by the analogy of other words to be a not uncommon transmutation, and if in Cornwall the saint is more often met with as Piran than as Kieran, in the city of Exeter his "K" is restored to him, and he appears as *Kerrian*.

But a still stronger link of evidence is to be found in the respective feast-days. S. Kieran's Day is marked in all the standard Kalendars as March 5; on that day he is still honoured in his native island, Cape Clear; on that day his festival is still kept in two at least of the Cornish parishes that preserve the name of Perran, otherwise Piran.*

We will assume, therefore, that our Cornish saint is identical with the famous Irish abbot; and further—bearing in mind the fundamental principle of early Celtic dedications, that churches were named from none but their actual founders—we shall give much weight, the silence of the Irish mediæval lives notwithstanding, to the Cornish traditions that represent him as having migrated into Cornwall and there died.

The usual tendency of Irish biographers to bring all their saints into line with S. Patrick results in endowing S. Piran—to make use of the name by which he is best known in England—with a life stretching over three centuries; but by dismissing S. Patrick and tracing out the numerous less important saints said to have been S. Piran's contemporaries, we arrive at the reasonable probability that he lived in the first half of the sixth century. He is said to have built his first church on Cape Clear Island, where a church on the spot still bears his name, and a roughly carved stone cross hard by is traditionally accounted his workmanship.

Afterwards, like so many of the Irish hermits—like Rumon (p. 275) and Modwenna† and Bega†—he fashioned for himself a lonely cell in the depths of a great forest, beside the holy well of Saighir; and here he dwelt, in intimate companionship with the wild creatures of the wood. Gradually the fame of his sanctity drew disciples round him, and a monastery sprang up, over which he ruled as abbot-bishop. The actual diocese of Ossory (which embraces our saint's original settlement at Saighir, or *Seirkieran*,‡ as the modern parish is called) claims S. Kieran for its first bishop; but it is doubtful whether he was in any sense a territorial bishop.

About this time S. Kieran disappears from the Irish annals. Some accounts say he died, and was buried in his own monastery of Saighir; others that he went on pilgrimage to Rome. At any rate, he vanishes from Ireland, only leaving behind him as a precious relic his famous bell. It is by no means unlikely that it was his intention to end his days in Rome, but that his strength failed him, and that he got no farther than Cornwall. At any rate, it is at this point that the Cornish traditions now take up their *S. Piran*. That he should reach the scene of his new labours floating on a mill-stone is a touch so in accordance with Cornish legend as to excite no surprise: the only new feature in the story is that he was chained to his strange boat by a horde of heathen Irishmen.

* Perranzabuloe and Perranuthnoe.

† Ch. xxxi.

‡ In King's County.

The Cornish traditions add next to nothing to the circumstances of S. Piran's life; they say nothing of any churches founded by him, but they plainly assert that he died in Cornwall, and they set forth with much minuteness the situation of the place where he was buried—so many miles distant from the Severn, so many miles from Padstow, and so on. The description answers well to that of the most interesting of all the five English churches that claim S. Piran for their patron—the little ruined sanctuary of Perranzabuloe, or "Perran-in-the-Sands." This little church shared the same fate as the one built by S. Gwithian (p. 269), and lay for centuries hidden—but never wholly forgotten—until in 1835 it was brought to light by the shifting of the sand. In its general structure it much resembles the sister-church of St. Gwithian, but there is a little more attempt at architectural decoration, and that of a kind so closely following certain very early Irish examples as to justify the belief that it is "as old as the latter end of the sixth century, the date, that is, when Piran was still alive."* The church—so much of it as has been left by wanton relic-hunters—is, like that of Gwithian, surrounded by a graveyard; but inside the building, beneath the altar, the discovery was made of a headless human body, which, from its position of special dignity, was supposed to be that of the founder, S. Piran himself. In curious and undesigned agreement with this inference is a thirteenth-century inventory of the valuables in the church of Perranzabuloe, which notes amongst other items the reliquary in which the head of S. Piran was kept.†

Perranzabuloe—or *Lan-Piran*, as it is called in Domesday Book—keeps its feast on March 5. The second Perran, Perran-Arworthal—that is, "the Wonderful"—near Truro, has lost its feast-day; but the sea-board parish of Perranuthnoe—that is, "the Highest"—near Marazion, also keeps its feast on March 5.

In addition to his three Cornish dedications as "S. Piran," we find the saint in Exeter, under his Irish form of "S. Kerrian," the same form under which he is also found at Quimperlé in Brittany. A more disputed dedication is *St. Keverne* in the district of the Lizard; but in some old documents it is designated "Keveran, or *Kieran*," and, what is more to the point, one of the feast-days here also is March 5. As to the argument that it cannot really be S. Piran because there is a tradition that S. Piran and S. Keverne used to exchange visits, this looks suspiciously like a reminiscence of the Irish legends of the like amenities between our S. Kieran and a well-known Irish namesake of his, and is of scarcely more historic value than another local tradition which accounts for three great boulder stones on Crowza Downs, near St. Keverne, by the story that our saint hurled them at S. Just to make him drop the piece of plate which he was surreptitiously carrying off.‡

S. Piran became exceedingly popular in the country of his adoption,

* Borlase.
† Ibid.
‡ The story is told in full by Mr. Borlase, who, however, is inclined to doubt the identity of S. Piran with S. Keverne.

and is to this day regarded by the tinners as specially belonging to their craft, of which he was for so many centuries the patron saint.

S. Goran, or Guron, C. April 7.

S. Goran, the hermit-saint who gives his name to the parish of St. Goran on the south coast of Cornwall, is chiefly noticeable for his connexion with two saints more distinguished than himself. According to a floating tradition recorded in the early part of the eighteenth century, he was an Irishman who came into Cornwall with S. Piran. Leland had gathered that his first settlement had been at what is now Bodmin, but that he had handed over his cell to the Welsh S. Petroc (p. 280), and himself, as we may suppose, withdrew to the spot that now bears his name.*

S. Rumon, or Ruan, B. Jan. 4, sixth or seventh cent.

The hermit-bishop, S. Rumon, otherwise called Ruan, or Ronan, evidently a great notability in his day, and much honoured both in Cornwall and in Brittany, was also of Irish extraction, and seems to have had even more than his share of the national love for woodland solitudes. Every legend of him, whether in Cornwall or in Brittany, connects him with a forest called "the Nemean," or the forest of *Nevet*. Sometimes this Nemean forest is placed in the Cornish district of Meneage (where three of S. Rumon's churches are to be found), sometimes it is in Brittany; but the key to the difficulty is in some measure supplied by Mr. Borlase's explanation that the words *Nemeu* and *Nevet* are both of them corruptions of an ancient Irish word, *Nemed*, which was used to express a sacred grove.† This makes intelligible the reappearance in different parts of the country of what at first sight looks like a proper name, and accounts for the number of places in Devon and Cornwall, as well as in other Celtic countries, in which the prefix *Nymet*, or something like it, occurs; as, for example, "Nymet Tracy," "Nymet Rowland," "Bishop's Nemet" (or Nympton), "Kingesnemet," and the rest.

S. Rumon is said to have been Bishop of Quimper in Brittany, but all the Armorican legends agree with the Cornish ones in making more account of him as a hermit than as a bishop. He has three churches in the district of Meneage (near the Lizard), known as Ruan Major, Ruan Minor, and Ruan Lanihorne. "A much talked of bishop," Camden calls him; and about the year 960, in the reign of King Edgar, his bones were removed to the newly built Abbey of Tavistock, which was dedicated in his honour to "the Blessed Virgin Mary and S. Rumon."‡ Forty years later, the monastery was destroyed by the Danes, and at its rebuilding a new patron was found in S. Eustace (CH. XIV.); but the name was retained in the county by the church of Rumonsleigh, or Romansleigh, in North Devon, a little to the south of Bishop's Nemet.

S. Rumon is commemorated on January 4,§ but also, according to some martyrologies, on June 1 or 8. The parish feasts do not help us,

* D. C. B., "Guron," and Borlase.

† "Age of the Saints," where this subject is fully discussed.

‡ Murray's "Devon."

§ Harris Nicolas.

as the only one which is still observed—that of Ruan Lanihorne—is kept on the second Sunday in September, with reference, most probably, to the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.*

S. Menaacus, Mancus, or Marnach, B.

Another episcopal patron, more perplexing than the last, is Menaacus, the saint of Lanlivery, near Lostwithiel. Mr. Boase conjectures that he was Irish, but our only real knowledge of him comes from William of Worcester, who says: "Mancus, a bishop, is buried in the church of Lanreath, near Fowey; his feast is on the Thursday next before Pentecost." Lanreath is generally supposed to be dedicated to him, but Mr. Boase † says that though he has a chapel in that parish, "the main church is dedicated to Sancredus." Curiously enough, in both cases the Saxon Archbishop Dunstan of Canterbury has been added to the native saint—"a union," says the same authority, that "probably shows the growth of English influence in Cornwall under Edgar." One list of dedications ‡ ascribes yet a third parish, that of Manaccan near Helston, to the same patron, and again couples him with S. Dunstan; but it is generally considered § that the name of Manaccan is derived from the monks who formerly held it. In Camden's "Britannia" the place is spelt "Manacha," not "Manaccan." There has evidently been endless confusion on the score of this unknown bishop. The list before referred to ascribes Lanreath to S. Marnach alone, and Lanlivery to an absolutely untraceable "S. Brevita," and in the prevailing uncertainties there is a positive satisfaction in having anything so solid as S. Dunstan to fall back upon. The various parish feasts are of little assistance: Manaccan is on the nearest Sunday to October 14; Lanreath on the first Sunday in August; Lanlivery on the "Sunday after the first Tuesday in May," ‖ which may possibly be a relic of William of Worcester's "Thursday next before Whitsuntide."

S. Fimbarries, or Finbar, B. Sept. 25, cir. 633.

This saint is claimed as a native by both Ireland and Scotland, but on the whole the Irish claim seems to be the better supported of the two.

According to the Irish legend, then, he was the descendant of a king of Ireland with an unpronounceable name, belonging, some say, to Cork, but others to Connaught. The saint's real name was *Lochan*, but he was known through life by his surname of *Finbar*, "the white haired," a common epithet bestowed upon many of the Irish saints. The designation was, however, deemed too long for ordinary use, and, accordingly, we frequently find it cut down to its final syllable "Barr."

There is a hazy statement to the effect that Finbar received his education from a fellow-countryman who had enjoyed the privilege of being instructed in Rome by Gregory the Great himself; and next we hear of him setting up schools on his own account—first on a comparatively small scale, and afterwards on a much larger one at a spot in

* Truro Kalendar.
† D. C. B.
‡ Bosworth's Clergy List, 1889.
§ D. C. B., and Murray's "Cornwall."
‖ Truro Kalendar.

Munster then known as *Coreagh-Mor*, or "the marshy place," but now known throughout the civilized world as the city of Cork. He appears to have had the taste for travelling inherent in his nation. He went to Rome, and, like the other saints of his day, visited the venerated S. David at Menevia. He was consecrated bishop—when and by whom cannot be ascertained—and "after an episcopate of seventeen years he died at Cloyne, on September 25, and was buried at Cork, but the year is uncertain ; A.D. 630 or 633." *

There is no reason to doubt the main outlines of S. Finbar's story—that he was an Irish bishop who founded a monastery at Cork, which by its excellence as a seat of learning attracted many disciples, and through their means exercised a powerful influence upon the Churches of Ireland and Scotland. But the real history of his life is so intermingled with poetical figures that it is often difficult to distinguish between the metaphorical and the actual. For example, there is no reasonable doubt that he was a bishop, but the old Irish martyrologies claim for him that he received consecration from none other than Christ Himself.† Again, as another mark of the Divine favour towards him, we are told how the Lord appeared to him and took him by the hand, and ever after that hand shone with such dazzling light that he was forced to keep it covered.‡ We have had occasion before, in the life of S. Patrick, to notice the tendency of Irish biographers to liken their heroes as closely as possible to Moses, and in S. Finbar's covering of his glorified hand we seem to have a recollection of the veil that covered Moses's countenance when he came down from the Mount.

One pretty little story of a lighter type must not be omitted, since it illustrates well the close observation of nature in these old Irish legends. S. Finbar was one spring day sitting under a hazel bush talking with a fellow-saint. When they were separating the friend besought S. Finbar to give him some token that God was with him. And Finbar prayed, and lo ! the catkins on the hazel fell off, and leaves appeared, and ripe nuts were straightway formed.§

S. Finbar's most notable monument is the cathedral at Cork, where he is commemorated under his name of "S. Barr." In Scotland, where no doubt his name and fame were spread abroad by the multitude of Irish missionaries who passed from their own land into Scotland, he is likewise generally known by the last half of his name alone, as in the Island of Barra in the Hebrides, and in the Ayrshire parish of Barr.‖

Our one sole English example is at Fowey in Cornwall (which has, by the way, a later alternative dedication to S. Nicholas bestowed in 1336), and here he has his full designation of *S. Fimbarrus*, a very close approximation to the "Fymberrus" of the early martyrologies. The dedication may have been introduced, like those in Scotland, by the Irish

* Forbes in D. C. B.
† Forbes's "Kalendars."
‡ Baring-Gould, September 25.
§ Ibid.
‖ Forbes.

missionaries who flocked in such great numbers into Cornwall; but as S. Finbar is said, in his life, to have visited Britain, it is quite possible that it may have a direct personal connexion with himself. Fowey feast is nowadays observed on the last day of July,* a date which unfortunately is in no way associated with S. Finbar.

S. Disen, or Disibod, B. July 8, cir. 674.

The roll of Irish immigrants closes with a saint who, though not specially interesting in his own person, is particularly welcome as furnishing a solitary representative of a most interesting class of Irish continental missionaries. S. Gall, S. Columban, S. Fridian, and others are gratefully remembered in Italy and Switzerland, but have left no trace in England. This is hardly surprising, for if they came into England at all it must have been as mere birds of passage. Information of all kinds relating to S. Disen is singularly meagre, and there is no direct statement to the effect that he was ever in England; but Cornwall was such a convenient halfway house for Welsh and Irish travellers journeying to Central Europe by way of Brittany, that his presence in these parts does not demand much explanation. Strictly speaking, it is not in Cornwall that he is commemorated, but in the Devonshire parish of Bradninch, near Exeter—a tiny ancient borough, in its own eyes the equal—nay, rather, the superior—of the county town.†

It is quite possible, then, that the Irish S. Disen may have sojourned at Bradninch for a sufficient length of time to have there founded a church which should hereafter keep his name. Such Christian activity is in accordance with what little we do know of Bishop "Disibod" (this seems to be the more correct form of his name), for we are told that while still living in Ireland, before he began his foreign missionary work, "he wrought hard at the overthrow of rites of unspeakable wickedness."‡ Like the semi-mythical Rumold of Mechlin (CH. XXV.), S. Disibod has been called Bishop of Dublin, but nothing is really known as to the part of Ireland to which he belonged, or as to his parentage. It is further stated that it was on account of the prevalent corruptions in faith and morals§ that he left his own land—surely rather a strange motive for a missionary to put forward—but it seems possible that he was flying from persecution.‖

After itinerating for some time in Germany, S. Disibod settled near Maintz, and founded on a hillside overlooking a tributary of the Rhine a monastery which was first called "Mons Disibodi," and afterwards Germanized into its present form of "Disibodenberg."¶ Here he reproduced the organization so familiar to him in his Irish home, and lived as an abbot-bishop, "without jurisdiction beyond his own monastery,"** ruling over his canons—twelve in number, after the likeness of the Apostolic band. He never returned to Ireland, but lived on in his

* Truro Kalendar.
† Murray's "Devonshire."
‡ D. C. B.
§ Ibid.
‖ Baring-Gould, July 8.
¶ Murray's "Handbook of the Rhine."
** D. C. B.

German monastery till he was past eighty. After S. Disen's time the monastery was considerably enlarged, and its extensive ruins may still be seen.*

S. Day. See CH. LI.

SECTION II.—WELSH SAINTS.

The *Welsh* immigrants who are brought together in this section are a mere handful, no adequate representatives of the immense body of Welsh saints in general, but of a great number of the Welsh saints we have already spoken in previous chapters (XXXII., XXXIV., and XXXV.) : the names that remain are, with the exception of S. Petroc, very obscure, and limited in almost every case to a single parish. Some of them can with difficulty be identified ; but obscure though they may be, Cornwall has clung to them with a fidelity that nothing has been able to shake.

S. Gluvias (poss. Glywys, C.).

As a starting-point we return to the family of S. Woolos the Warrior (CH. XXXII.), and there find a younger brother of S. Cadoc's bearing the name of *Glywys*. He might fairly claim to be commemorated together with his father and brother, but he seems to have been a Cornishman by choice, though not by birth. His surname in the Welsh genealogies—given to distinguish him from his grandfather of the same name—is "Gluvias of Cornwall," and the one church outside Cornwall founded by him is at a place in Monmouthshire called *Coed Cerniw*,† or "the Cornishman's Wood." It seems reasonable to connect this S. Glywys with the parish of St. Gluvias, near Falmouth, but it is only a matter of conjecture. The Welsh Gluvias is not credited with any festival, and the Cornish parish keeps it feast on the first Sunday in May, a date from which no inferences can safely be drawn.‡

S. Petroc, or Petrox, B. June 4.

Owing to the number of his churches in Devon and Cornwall, S. Petroc has attained an importance out of all proportion to what we know of the man himself. We cannot even speak with certainty as to his nationality. Ireland, Cumberland, Wales, and Cornwall—all have claimed him for their own. According to the mediæval life of S. Cadoc, he was a brother of S. Woolos, and an uncle of the great S. Cadoc himself (CH. XXXII.), but this relationship finds no confirmation in the Welsh pedigrees ; and another early Welsh authority —the "Book of Saints"—plainly states that he was "the son of Clement, a Cornish prince."

But even granting that he was of Cornish birth, it appears that he had been absent for so many years from his native land that he must have returned there almost as a stranger. His legend—which is late and worthless—makes S. Petroc "the furthest travelled of all the Saints, extending his voyage from Jerusalem to India." § His legend also tells us that he

* Murray.

† The existing church is dedicated to All Saints.

‡ Borlase, D. C. B., Rees's "Welsh Saints."

§ Borlase.

studied for twenty years in Ireland before settling in Cornwall; but from the mention of the "Wallenses," or Welshmen, who were his companions, from the fact that two churches in Wales bear his name, and from the methods of evangelization which he adopted, we are inclined to believe that his associations were more with Wales than with Ireland. In spite, however, of all uncertainties as to S. Petroc's early history, "his actual presence in Cornwall and the important influence he exerted in organizing the monastic body, are facts beyond dispute." *

The place in Cornwall that above all others is connected with S. Petroc is Bodmin. Here in after time was, for a while, the seat of the Cornish bishopric: here was the most highly esteemed of all the many churches dedicated to this saint: here his venerated relics were preserved, and here to this day may be seen the precious ivory reliquary, whose theft in the Middle Ages by an Armorican convent caused so tremendous an outcry that Henry II. was obliged to intervene personally to insist upon its restoration.

But all this happened at a much later day. When S. Petroc first came to the spot it was marked only by a hut inhabited by an Irish hermit named Goran, or Guron (p. 275). S. Goran vacated his hermitage in favour of the new-comer,† and established himself in a yet more lonely corner. S. Petroc succeeded to the Irishman's hermitage, but he had no thought of reproducing his solitary manner of life. The hermitage was made into an abode suitable to the needs of himself and his companions, on the pattern, it may be, of those episcopally ruled monastic colleges so common in Wales.

But Bodmin, though the most important of the places associated with S. Petroc, is not the first in order of time. The little seaport of Padstow, on the estuary of the Allen river, is generally supposed to have been the landing-place of the saint, and from its alternative names of *Petrockstow* and *Aldestow*—*i.e.* "Old Stow"—both of them occurring in documents of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it has been inferred that S. Petroc's earliest settlement was at this place; and that afterwards, for fear of pirates, or from some other cause, he found it desirable to migrate further inland, and so came to Bodmin.‡ The question is a much disputed one, but this seems on the whole the most probable explanation.

The churches dedicated to S. Petroc are, as we have seen, very numerous. It is impossible to decide which, or even how many of them, were of his own immediate foundation; most likely not a few of them were of considerably later date, and owed their name, not to the saint himself, but to their dependence on the mother-church of Bodmin. Such connexion there certainly was with Hollacombe in Devonshire, and also with the famous Padstow.§

Four of the dedications to S. Petroc are in Cornwall—at Bodmin, Padstow, Trevalga, and Petrock Minor, more commonly called "Little

* Borlase.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid.
§ Mr. Boase in D. C. B.

Petherick." Devonshire has more than double the number, bringing the total up to thirteen. In addition to his churches in England and Wales, S. Petroc is reported to have a dedication at some unknown place in France.*

S. Creed. See CH. LI.

S. Hydroc, C. May 5. The same doubt as to the point of nationality overhangs the unknown Hydroc, or Ydroc, who has given his name to the parish of *Lanhydrock* near Bodmin; but in this instance there is no interesting after history to repay careful research. The ever-useful William of Worcester merely says that he was "a confessor," and notes his day as May 5, but Lanhydrock no longer keeps any feast.

S. Illogan, C. Day doubtful. S. Illogan is just as unsatisfactory as his predecessor. William of Worcester gives us small help here, only observing that "S. Ullugham of Cornwall lies near Redruth," which is indeed the situation of the existing parish of *Illogan*. It has been suggested that S. Illogan may be identified with the unknown "S. Illog," commemorated in the Welsh Kalendars on August 8, and the patron of a church in Montgomeryshire; † but unluckily the Cornish parish of Illogan is one of the many that keep their feast in October, on the Sunday nearest to October 18.

S. Kew, V. (poss. Ciwg). Feb. 8. In like manner the perplexing patron of St. Kew in North Cornwall has been identified with another Welsh name that to English eyes would seem to have little in common with it —*Ciwg*; but when this strange combination of letters is pronounced in correct Welsh fashion the similarity is fairly obvious. Somersetshire has a parish named *Kewstoke*, which, in spite of an existing dedication to S. Paul, may with strong probability be ascribed to the same obscure patron as the Cornish St. Kew.‡

Of the Welsh Ciwg nothing more is known than his pedigree and the fact that he was the founder of a church in Glamorganshire that bears the name of *Llangiwg*.§

According to the Exeter martyrology, S. Kew's Day was February 8, and the saint is there described as "S. Kywe, virgin;" but the date of the actual parish feast is the Sunday nearest to July 25, that is, S. James's Day. In old documents the parish appears, not as "St. Kew," but in the more ancient form of *Lanow*,‖ still pointing, however, to the same origin.

S. Collen, C. May 20. The saint who gives name to the parish of St. Colan is said in the Welsh lists to be commemorated on May 20, but in Cornwall this exact date is ignored, and St. Colan parish enjoys the distinction of having a more complicated feast-day than any other place, for the rule that governs it is that it must fall "upon the first Sunday in May after a clear Thursday, *i.e.* Thursday later than May 1." ¶ If our saint be the same as the Welsh Collen, who gives name to a church

* Rev. J. Adams on "S. Petrock."—*Journ. of Institute of Cornwall*, No. IX.
† "Welsh Saints."
‡ D. C. B.
§ "Welsh Saints."
‖ Borlase.
¶ Truro Kalendar.

in Denbighshire, he can, according to some of the genealogies, boast a very noble descent from the great King of Strathclyde, Roderick the Liberal, who figures so largely in the history of S. Kentigern * (CH. XXXIII.).

And so at length we draw to the close of our long and tedious task. The saints brought together in this chapter none of them attain to the first rank. We miss the freshness and originality of such master minds as S. Patrick and S. Columba and S. Bridget. The characters are lacking in interest, and this want is not supplied by any very striking or romantic interest of circumstance. We have not here the hand-to-hand struggle with heathenism that meets us in the life of S. Patrick; the strivings and triumphs of S. Columba's poet-nature as he passes into exile and carries on his great work; the tender grace of S. Bridget's womanly ministrations:—of all this we have nothing. Yet this ought not to surprise us. It has passed into a commonplace that missionary work of the second and third generation lacks the fire and romance of the pioneer days, and we know that it must ever be so; but how transitory, how unavailing would be the work of the founders, if it were not followed up by the patient labours of lesser men, content year after year to remain in the place where they were set, faithfully repeating to the best of their ability the teaching of the greater men whom they are proud to call their masters. They are not great in themselves, these Celtic missionaries of a later day: we can see in many of them their narrowness, their limitations, their tendency to stereotype customs and enforce rules without consideration of ever-changing needs; but this much at least may be said of them—they had the greatness to recognize the greatness of others, and to their faithful ministrations the Church in Cornwall owes much.

* "Welsh Saints."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SAINTS OF LESSER BRITAIN.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
284	S. Corentin, B.	May 1	Fifth cent.	1
284	S. Wynwalloe, or Wonnow, A.	March 3, trans. April 28	——	4
286	S. Breock, or Brioc, B. ...	May 1 or August 8 ...	——	2
287	S. Sithney (poss. Sezni, A.)	March 6 and September 19	——	1
287	S. Melan, Melanius, Mellion, or Mellon, B. ...	November 6 and January 6	Sixth cent.	3
287	S. Paternus, or Padarn, B. (cf. S. Maddern). (*a*) Paternus of Vannes, B.	——	——	2
288	(*b*) Paternus of Avranches, B.	April 15 ...	Sixth cent.	—
289	S. Maddern (cf. S. Padarn)	April 16 ...	cir. 565	—
	S. Samson. See CH. XXXII.	——	——	1
289	S. Budoc, B.	December 8 ...	——	2
290	S. Paul, or Pol de Léon, B.	March 12 ...	——	Doubtful.
291	S. Mewan, or Mevan, A. ...	June 15 or 21 ...	——	1 *See also dd.*
292	*S. Machutus, or Malo, B.* (cf. S. Mawes)	November 15 ...	627 Anglican Kalendar	Doubtful.
292	S. Mawes, or Mauditus, B. (poss. Machutus) ...	——	——	1
293	*S. Meriadoc, B.*	June 7	Seventh cent.	—

It is impossible to study the history of the Church in Cornwall without being struck by the constant and close intercourse, not only with Wales, which is natural enough, but with the countries beyond seas—Ireland on the one side, and the Armorican peninsula, known as "Lesser Britain," on the other. It is amazing to picture to one's self the poor wattle boats with their covering of skins, and then to read of our saints crossing and recrossing the water with a frequency and freedom that seems more fitted to the days of regularly appointed mail steamers. So perpetual was the ebb and flow that it is often a matter of real difficulty to decide to which side of the water a given saint should be rightly assigned. Even a mediæval writer of the twelfth century * seems struck by the constant coming and going between Greater and Lesser Britain, and compares it in rather elaborate language to the swarming of bees—"for as the winter bee-hive,

* "Life of S. Padarn."

when the pleasant spring excites the mind of the bees, sends out the principal swarm that it might collect honey elsewhere; so Armorica, the serenity of religion increasing, sent out multitudes of saints to the country from which they originally came."

We have seen something already of this free intercourse as between Ireland, Wales, and Cornwall (CH. XXXVI.): we come now to the saints of "Lesser Britain," whose names are in like manner graven in the annals of the Cornish Church. One point of difference must, however, be noted at the outset: the Breton or Armorican missionaries of a later date brought with them their own Kalendars of Gallican saints, and introduced the fashion—then foreign to Cornwall—of naming churches in honour of saints who had no personal connexion with them—a practice that was unknown to Cornwall in her golden age of saints. That the saints here commemorated may have visited Cornwall is likely enough—of S. Corentin it is expressly said that he did so—but as regards the rest, we cannot say with any certainty that they were the founders of the churches that bear their names. We know positively that many of them came originally out of Wales into Brittany, but whether they completed the circle by returning into Cornwall we cannot tell.

S. Corentin, B. May 1, fifth cent.

We pass now out of the range of influence of the Irish and Welsh Churches into that of the Gallican Church. It is not of S. Patrick or S. Bridget or S. David that the Armorican saints make their boast, but rather of S. Martin and S. German—though the British-born S. Samson of Dôl still serves as a bond between the different countries. It was the great missionary-bishop, S. Martin of Tours, who consecrated S. Corentin and sent him forth into Cornwall, in those days an ample field for missionary zeal. Brittany claims S. Corentin as Bishop of Quimper, and it is likely enough that this may have been his headquarters. Possibly it was here that he educated the young Cornish prince Melorius (CH. XXXV.), who is said to have been brought up "in Cœnobio S. Corentini." * S. Corentin's one parish in Cornwall is Cury, anciently called *Corantin*. There can be no doubt as to its true dedication, which is plainly set forth in fourteenth-century documents; though, by a curious clerical error, it has been repeatedly ascribed to S. Ninian (CH. XXXIII.).

S. Wynwalloe, or Wonnow, A. March 3, trans. April 28.

In the days when the world was more accustomed to reckon by Saints' Days than by the days of the month, various *memoria technica* must often have been employed for remembering the successive order of the festivals. In East Anglia, seventy years ago, a fragment of some such artificial aid was still current in the following couplet, which gives the festivals for the opening days of March:—

"First comes David, then comes Chad,
Then comes Winnold as if he were mad." †

* Mr. Boase in D. C. B.

† Forby's "Vocabulary of East Anglia," 1830.

S. David and S. Chad are of universal fame, but the third name is less familiar. There can be little doubt, however, that it points to the Armorican abbot, *Wynwalloe*, who, Celtic saint though he be, was entitled to remembrance on the part of all good Catholics, seeing he was distinguished by a place in the Kalendar of the Roman Church. The last word of the couplet must not be taken to imply any imputation on the sanity of the saint; some sacrifice of sense was required by the exigencies of the rhyme, and it was plainly better to make him mad than bad!

A most bewildering saint truly is this, with the varying versions of his history and the fifty different forms of his name,* ranging from Buennoc to Winwalloe, with such varieties as Gunwalloe, Ouignoually, Valois, and Wonnow! What the original form was cannot now be told, but it is said to have been derived from the Celtic *Gwen*, "white," and to have been bestowed upon him by reason of his exceeding beauty.

By birth and association Wynwalloe belongs to Brittany, but he was born of Welsh parents who had settled in Armorica. The boy was most carefully brought up, and at the age of fifteen was placed for further instruction under the guidance of a certain holy man, who, according to some accounts, was none other than S. Corentin (p. 284). Like his master he is said to have come into direct contact with S. Martin. Local tradition has preserved with great minuteness the memory of each spot connected with this favourite saint. His birthplace, the successive places of his retirement—all these are still pointed out; while a stone cross near the seashore, known in the Breton speech as "the cross of the thousand sails," recalls a hasty exclamation of the boy Wynwalloe when he beheld a fleet of pirate boats bearing down upon the coast, and cried out: "I see a thousand sails!" † In the sharp encounter that ensued he took his part, not with carnal weapons, but with most earnest prayer; and when victory was assured to the defenders of their country, he persuaded his father to mark his thanksgiving by building a monastery on the battlefield.‡

Having duly passed through his probation, S. Wynwalloe became the head of a monastery of his own. He was not immediately successful in finding a suitable site, but in the end he established his community at Landevennec, a rocky headland a little to the north of Brest. Here the remainder of his life was spent, and here he was buried; though at a later date—probably in the ninth century—his body was translated to Ghent, and ultimately to Montreuil-sur-Mer in Picardy.

The interesting point for us is whether S. Wynwalloe was ever in Cornwall, or whether his dedications at Gunwalloe and Landewednack were merely bestowed in after times by Armorican immigrants to whom his name was dear. While there is no reason why he should not himself have founded the Cornish churches that bear his name, it must be admitted that there is no hint of his ever having left his own land, and there are two

* D. C. B.

† Baring-Gould, March 3.

‡ Ibid.

slight indications that somewhat favour the theory of a later date. It is hardly possible to doubt that the strange-sounding name of *Landewednack* —the most southerly parish in England, by the way—is an imitation of the Breton *Landevennec*; * reproduced most likely in the days when the parent house had attained to sufficient standing to strike out offshoots across the sea. Then, again, it is noticeable that the neighbouring parish of *Gunwalloe*, which plainly takes its name from this saint, keeps its feast, not on March 3, but on the last Sunday in April. This date agrees well with the feast of the translation of S. Wynwalloe's remains on April 28,† a festival that was not instituted till many centuries after his death. There is an accidental appropriateness in the near neighbourhood of S. Wynwalloe's parish of Gunwalloe to the parish of Cury, which belonged to his old master, S. Corentin.

In addition to a chapel of S. Wynwalloe in the parish of St. Cleer,‡ we have a third parish church dedicated to this saint; not in Cornwall this time, but at Wonastow in Monmouthshire, where he appears as "S. Wonnow." This is one of the fifty recognized forms of his name; but the question of identity is settled still more plainly by the alternative form of the ascription to "S. Winwaloch." §

S. Breock, or Brioc, B. May 1 or Aug. 8.

A curious illustration of the close intercommunication between the different branches of the Celtic Church is to be found in the fact that S. Brioc, a not very celebrated Breton bishop of the fifth or sixth century, has given his name to churches, not only in Brittany and Cornwall, but in Scotland also, at places as far removed one from another as Montrose in Forfar and Rothesay in the Isle of Bute.‖ The one country where we most naturally look for him, and look in vain, is Wales, where, according to his not very trustworthy Acts, he was born. What brought him into Armorica is not known; but he must have come over while he was still young, for he is said to have been educated by S. German. It has been disputed whether this S. German was indeed the famous Bishop of Auxerre, or his namesake of Paris, who lived about a century later; but there are certain touches in the Acts which seem to point to the earlier date, and therefore to the great S. German.¶

S. Brioc was active and successful in evangelistic work, and gained favour among the chieftains of Armorica, one of whom gave him land at the mouth of the river Gouet ** whereon to found a monastery. This monastery afterwards became the seat of a bishopric, and by its name of *St. Brieuc* preserves to this day the memory of its founder.

* Bishop Forbes is of opinion that the name of *Landevennec* comes from some earlier and forgotten saint. He suggests a certain Scottish "Devinic" (commemorated November 13); but this association was already lost by the time the name was transmitted to Cornwall, and for our purposes S. Wynwalloe may be regarded as an all-sufficient patron.—See "Scottish Saints," *Devinic.*

† So the Truro Kalendar; but Mr. Borlase gives his feast-day in his Cornish parish (presumably Gunwalloe) as March 3.

‡ Borlase.

§ D. C. B.

‖ Forbes.

¶ D. C. B.

** Baring-Gould, May 1.

S. Brioc's day is variously given as August 8 and April 29; but the festival that is most remembered in connexion with him is May 1, the day on which, in the ninth century, his remains were translated to Angers. This is the feast-day in the Cornish parish of St. Breock on the Camel river—and not there only, but also at Rothesay in the Isle of Bute, where "S. Broc's Fair" is still kept on the first Wednesday in May.*

Lezant near Launceston is also sometimes ascribed † to S. Breock, but here the feast-day has been forgotten.

S. Sithney (poss. Sezni, A.). March 6 and Sept. 19.

The parish of Sithney near Helston may possibly take its name from Sezni, or Sesin,‡ the abbot of a monastery in Brittany, known from its founder as *Guic Sezni;* but the identification is very uncertain, and the feast-day at Sithney —the first Sunday in August—does not agree with either of S. Sezni's two festivals of March 6 and September 19.

S. Sezni's legend makes him an Irishman who migrated from Ulster to Brittany. The sainted abbot of an Armorican monastery is a highly probable patron for a Cornish church, but the connexion cannot be proved. Oddly enough, the name of this long-forgotten saint—whoever he may be—was of late years revived in the person of a small parishioner of St. Sithney, who was baptized by the name of his birthplace, "Sithney."

S. Melan, Melanius, Mellion, or Mellon, B. Nov. 6 and Jan. 6, sixth cent.

The two parishes of Mullion near the Lizard and St. Mellion near Liskeard have a common patron in S. Melanius, Bishop of Rennes. From his life it is plain that he was an earnest hardworking man, fulfilling diligently the diverse duties of his office, whether by attending ecclesiastical councils—as at Orleans in 511 §—or in extirpating the last remnants of heathenism in his diocese,‖ but his useful career is not marked by any very striking events. The Roman Kalendar commemorates him on January 6, but in his native Brittany he is remembered on November 6, and it is the Sunday nearest to that day which is still observed by his Cornish parish of Mullion. St. Mellion has, unluckily, forgotten its feast-day.

S. Paternus, or Padarn, B. (cf. S. Maddern¶). (*a*) S. Paternus of Vannes, B. April 15, sixth cent.

Around the name of this saint endless perplexities have gathered. According to the most generally accepted version of his story, he was a native of Brittany who came over to Wales at the time when the steadily growing power of the Franks brought about so large a migration of his fellow-countrymen. Wales completely adopted him, ranked him with her favourite native-born saints, David and Teilo, and gave him the honour of accompanying these two on their surprising pilgrimage to Jerusalem (CH. XXXII.). There is no doubt whatever that the half-dozen churches in Wales, known as Llanbadarn the Great, Llanbadarn the Small, etc., are intended for this saint.**

* Forbes.
† Clergy List, 1896.
‡ Borlase, D. C. B.
§ D. C. B.
‖ Baring-Gould, January 6.
¶ P. 289.
** "Welsh Saints."

Twenty-one years later, after doing many wonderful things in Wales, and having a very serious difficulty with King Arthur—in which that hero shows himself in a less creditable light than is usual, even in these legends—our saint accepted a pressing invitation to return to his native land, and became Bishop of Vannes, one of the seven dioceses into which Brittany was then divided. One of the seven bishops, by whom he was cordially welcomed, was our old acquaintance, S. Samson of Dôl; but with his other colleagues S. Paternus seems later to have had some very grave misunderstandings. Some sort of reconciliation was effected, but nevertheless it resulted in his leaving Vannes and ending his days among the Franks. As to the details of this quarrel we know nothing, and must be content to accept the statement of the life that "Padarn suffered much from envious and false brethren."

It is to this S. Paternus of Vannes—commemorated both in Wales and Brittany on April 15—that our two English churches are generally supposed to be dedicated; but, unluckily, the matter is complicated by the existence at the same period of another Armorican bishop of the very same name, S. Paternus of Avranches, whose claims must also be considered.

(*b*) S. Paternus of Avranches, B. April 16, cir. 565.

The scanty details of the life of the second S. Paternus are simpler, more straightforward, and, it may be added, much duller, than those of his more travelled namesake. What we know of him we owe to the same writer who has given us the lives of S. Radegund, S. Rémi, S. Médard, and others.* His useful, quiet life was almost entirely passed in different parts of Normandy and Brittany, and the longest journey we have any record of his undertaking was to Paris to be present at the Council held in that city about the year 557, where his signature is to be seen attached to the Canons of that Council, together with that of his colleague, S. Samson of Dôl.†

Step by step we can follow him as priest and abbot, and at last as bishop. We hear of the many monasteries he founded, and of his missionary labours among the heathen peoples who still lingered in many of the country districts; but the details are wanting which would give life to all this bare recital of facts. He was already seventy years of age when he was made Bishop of Avranches, but his old age in no wise interfered with his activity, and the last thirteen years of his life "were spent in building and restoring churches and relieving the poor."‡ He died at Easter-time, about the year 565, and was buried in one of the churches of his own foundation. He became popular in Normandy—on account, no doubt, of his many benefactions to the Church—and "was taken as patron of many Norman churches."§

The question now presents itself which of these two Armorican bishops is the patron of the respective Devonshire and Cornish parishes of North and South Petherwin? It will be observed that there is not a shadow of

* Venantius Fortunatus; cir. 530–600.
† D. C. B., "Padarn."
‡ D. C. B., "Paternus" (9).
§ Ibid.

evidence that either of these men had any personal connexion with the parishes where they are commemorated; but if we admit that the Roman practice of naming churches from other than their actual founders may in course of time have been allowed in Cornwall, we see at once that a far larger range of choice becomes possible than in the earlier days. Under such circumstances, it is obvious that the one S. Paternus would be as suitable as the other, and the difficulty of deciding between them is still further enhanced by the fact that their festivals are kept on two successive days in April. S. Paternus of Vannes has been usually regarded as the more probable patron of the two, on account of his known popularity in Wales; but there is no necessary connexion between the Cornish and Welsh dedications, and there is quite as much to be said in favour of the claims of his namesake of Avranches, the munificent church-builder, whose name may well have been handed on into Cornwall by some of his foundations in Normandy or Brittany. The tangle is never likely to be satisfactorily unravelled, and we must be content to leave it as it is. There is still, however, one additional perplexity connected with the subject that we must just refer to.

S. Maddern.

Besides the two dedications at North and South Petherwin, S. Padarn, or Paternus, is believed by some to be identical with the unknown *S. Maddern* of Madron parish, on the strength of an entry in the pre-Reformation registers preserved among the episcopal documents at Exeter, where the saint is spoken of as "Madern alias St. Patern." * Mr. Borlase does not himself incline to this theory, since Madron feast is kept on Advent Sunday, and not in April, as by good rights it should be. He thinks it possible that there was originally some Welsh or Irish saint on the spot, long since forgotten, and that "the change to S. Padarn may possibly be due to late Armorican influence." † Notwithstanding the doubt as to his identity, the unknown S. Maddern obtained great celebrity on account of his wonder-working well, where, as late as the seventeenth century, miracles were held to be wrought.

S. Samson.

Of this important saint enough has been said elsewhere (CH. XXXII.).

S. Budoc, B. Dec. 8.

It seems probable that S. Budoc was a Breton saint, and one of the successors of S. Samson in the see of Dôl. Those who desire to read the fantastic story of his birth at sea, and of his being washed ashore at Youghal, will find it told at length by Mr. Baring-Gould.‡ It was doubtless on the strength of this legend that Leland pronounces him "an Irish man who cam into Cornewalle and thear dwelled." §

In some of the lives of S. Wynwalloe, Budoc is mentioned as having been the teacher of that saint; but other lives supply other names, and a comparison of dates shows that at any rate it cannot have been S. Budoc of Dôl, who lived much too late. His proper feast-day is December 8,

* Borlase.
† Ibid.
‡ December 8.
§ Borlase.

but in Brittany he is commemorated on November 18, and it is most likely some dim remembrance of this day that causes his Cornish parish of Budock near Falmouth to keep its feast on "the Sunday next after November 19." S. Budoc has another church and parish, near Plymouth, named from him *St. Budeaux*. Can it be that Bude Bay and Bude Haven on the north coast of Cornwall derive their names from the same source?

Whether or not the saint had any personal connexion with Cornwall we cannot tell; in any case, there is nothing surprising in these south-country dedications to the Breton saint; but it is very curious and unexpected to find that as late as the thirteenth century S. Budoc had a church in Oxford. Anthony Wood the antiquarian, writing about 1660, quotes various mediæval notices of it up to its "re-building" in 1265, but adds, "it hath for several hundreds of years past been demolished."* With Oxford S. Budoc can plainly have had no personal connexion, and we can only take it as an illustration of the widespread popularity of his legend.

S. Paul, or Pol de Léon, B. March 12.

Three more of the innumerable cousins of S. Samson of Dôl now demand our attention—S. Paul of Léon, S. Mevan, and S. Machutus. The most noted of the three was the first, whose name still survives in the existing French diocese of St. Pol de Léon.

S. Paul de Léon, like S. Samson himself, was a pupil of S. Illtyd, but when he left his native Wales and migrated into Brittany—very possibly on account of the Yellow Plague—he made no attempt to reproduce the community life to which he had been accustomed, but dwelt as a hermit, first among the quiet moors, afterwards on a little island near Brest. His sister sojourned with a number of holy women on another island farther south, and there is a pretty story of her beseeching him, out of her boundless confidence in the efficacy of his prayers, to pray that the approach to her rocky home might be so far changed as to render it less perilous to life. "Ah, my sister," he made answer, "thou hast asked what is beyond my strength; but let us together beseech the Lord to be gracious, and grant thee thy desire." So together they prayed, and lo! "the sea began to retreat, and leave yellow sands, where all had been waters before." A stretch of land formed into a sort of avenue by the double rows of Druidical stones is still shown on the island, and goes by the name of S. Paul's Road.†

But this peaceful life was not to last for ever. Companions gathered around him seeking his instructions, and in course of time he became the superior of a regular monastery, near Vannes. At heart S. Paul was always a hermit, and it was a real grief to him when, much against his inclination, he was appointed first Bishop of Léon. The duties of the episcopate were so little congenial to him that he gladly relinquished them as soon as he had trained up a suitable successor.

In the extreme westerly corner of Brittany, close to the sea, lies the "ancient and almost deserted" cathedral city, which "in its remote position

* "Antiquities of Oxford," vol. ii. † Murray's "Brittany."

near the seashore, in its decayed state, and in its ancient edifices, reminds one of St. Andrew's in Scotland, and St. David's in Wales." * By its very name of "St. Pol de Léon," this little deserted city keeps in remembrance its first bishop, the S. Paul, or S. Pol, to whom its beautiful cathedral is of right dedicated.

There can be very little doubt that this hermit-bishop was the original patron of some of the half-dozen churches of "S. Paul" that are to be found in Devon and Cornwall; but, as has been shown elsewhere (CH. XXXII.), this subject branches out into so many complications that there is little hope of their ever being thoroughly cleared up. It has been suggested that the Cornish dedications to S. Paul are "as a rule to the Breton bishop, S. Paul de Léon, as those in Wales are to the preceptor of S. David, Paul the Aged" † (CH. XXXII.); but there are certainly many exceptions to this rule, for close investigation not seldom shows that the name of S. Paul is of comparatively late bestowal, given in honour of the Apostle, in succession to some forgotten Celtic saint; as, for example, at Kewstoke in Somerset (vol. i. p. 58), and at Ludgvan in Cornwall.‡

Egloshayle in Cornwall and Churchstanton in Devonshire, together with S. Paul's church in the city of Exeter, may perhaps claim S. Paul of Léon as their true patron, and, as Mr. Boase says,§ "the parish of Paul in Mount's Bay is probably named from him," but more than five hundred years ago it formally took for its patron S. Paulinus of York (vol. i. p. 370).

There remain Staverton and Ashwater in Devonshire, but both of these are confused with alternative dedications; ‖ while Philleigh, in the same county, may possibly have assumed its present name only at the period of its rebuilding in 1732.

It is most unsatisfactory not to be able to give our Breton bishop his due in this matter, but we can only repeat that the doubt is not one that is ever likely to be solved.

S. Mewan, or Mevan, A. June 15 or 21.

Another cousin of S. Samson of Dôl is S. Mewan, or Mevanus, who is said to have accompanied that distinguished man into Brittany, and there founded a monastery that afterwards bore his name of "St. Méen," and attained to considerable importance, becoming, as it has been said, "the home of every pilgrim from the shores of Britain." ¶ It was a monk of St. Méen's who caused the disturbance described elsewhere by stealing S. Petroc's relics from the church at Bodmin (CH. XXXVI.). It is highly probable ** that it is this saint who is commemorated in the parish of St. Mewan in South Cornwall. Apparently also the same saint recurs in the neighbouring parish of Mevagissey, an awkward-sounding compound embracing the two saints to whom the church claims to be dedicated—S. Mevan and S. Issey. It has been shown elsewhere (p. 204) that S. Issey (both this name and that of S. Mevanus are spelt in many different ways) may perhaps be the same as the

* Murray.

† Precentor Venables in *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

‡ CH. XXXIV., "S. Advent."

§ D. C. B., "Paulus" (35).

‖ S. George; S. Peter ad Vincula.

¶ Borlase.

** D. C. B.

Welsh *S. Teilo*, "a contemporary of St. Mœn, and in all probability (since both were friends of Samson) a friend and companion." Mr. Borlase, the writer just quoted, further suggests that the union of the two names in Mevagissey "may point to the fact that they were labouring together in the mission field."

According to the *Acta Sanctorum*, S. Mevan the Abbot was commemorated on June 21, but some French Kalendars give him on June 15, a date which agrees fairly well with Mevagissey feast, June 29.* St. Mewan feast is on the Sunday nearest to November 13, and so gives us no help at all.

S. Machutus, or Malo, B. (cf. S. Mawes). Nov. 15, 627.

The place assigned to this saint in our Prayer-book Kalendar makes it necessary to give a brief notice of him, even though it is very doubtful whether he has a single church in all England. It really is hard that this obscure saint should be one of the only two Celtic saints recognized in our Anglican Kalendar. S. David is there, as he has good right to be; but S. Patrick, who should have been with him, is left out, while this little-known Machutus is admitted.

S. Machutus was a Welshman belonging to a family which gave many saints to the Church—among them S. Samson and S. Maidoc already mentioned; but by an odd chance his native name has been merged in the Latinized "Machutus" and its French derivatives. At the age of twelve the little Welshman was put to school at a monastery, which is conjectured, on reasonable grounds, to have been that of *Aleth* in Brittany—a place well known nowadays to tourists under the saint's own name of "St. Malo." A story is told of the saint's school-days which agrees well with the natural features of the place, and the extraordinary heights to which the tides are known to rise upon that part of the coast. One day he was playing on the shore with his schoolfellows, and, being tired, he threw himself down on a heap of seaweed and fell asleep. The other children returned to the monastery without missing him, and it was not until the tide was already high that search was made for him. Sands and rocks were already covered, but there on the top of the waves rode the little island of seaweed on which sat the boy, safe from all harm.† When he grew up Machutus became a great favourite with the old abbot, and in course of time he succeeded him, and became bishop of the see.

S. Mawes, or Mauditus, B. (poss. Machutus).

It is possible that this Machutus is the patron of "S. Mawes" chapel in the parish of St. Just-in-Roseland. Leland, who never missed an opportunity of gleaning information about these obscure saints, had been told that the saint in question was "a bishop of Brittany whose name was Mauditus," and he could add on his own account that at St. Mawes he had seen a picture of him, in which "he was painted as a schoolmaster." *Mauditus* is not an impossible corruption of Machutus, but the name was clearly a standing perplexity, for in one old document the name of the chapelry figures as *S. Madeh.*

* Truro Kalendar.

† Baring-Gould, November 15.

Maclorius and *Maclovius* are other forms of this saint's name with which we in England have nothing to do; but "Malo's Moor," in the Cornish parish of Mullion, may very well owe its name to our saint.*

S. Meriadoc, B. June 7. seventh cent.

Last in order of time comes S. Meriadoc, Bishop of Vannes, who need not detain us long, since he has been for centuries ousted from his rightful parish of Camborne by S. Martin of Tours. When exactly the change of dedication took place does not appear to be known; but it is plain that the original patron was only allowed to die out slowly and unwillingly, for though a document of 1343 speaks of "the church of *S. Martin* at Camborne," in another document—dated nearly a hundred and fifty years later (1490)—the church is ascribed to "*S. Meriadoc* of Camborne." † His memory was no doubt kept alive with unusual distinctness by an old miracle play in his honour which is still extant,‡ and which gives some particulars of his life.

It is always matter of regret to lose a rare or unique saint, but there is a certain appropriateness in the Breton Meriadoc having been supplanted by none other than S. Martin—the saint who is a bond of union between Roman and Celt, acceptable alike to both branches of the Church.

* Borlase.
† Ibid.
‡ D. C. B.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ENGLAND'S PROTO-MARTYR.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
294	S. Alban, M.	June 17 ...	cir. 304 ...	25 *See also dd.*

S. Alban, M. June 17,* cir. 304.

A DEGREE of importance, wholly out of proportion to its historical value, attaches to the story of the Roman martyr of Verulam. Critics may point out to us the glaring impossibilities in the narrative, the perplexing inconsistencies with the better authenticated statements of contemporary writers; they may go so far as to declare that the story "even in its most unembellished rudeness is wholly devoid of historic basis,"† and yet there remains firmly rooted in our imagination the vision of a Roman citizen in Verulam, fearlessly laying down his life for his friend—the new-made friend who had taught him, first by example, then by precept, the Way of Christ.

When, more than fourteen hundred years ago (cir. 429), the famous statesman-bishop, S. German of Auxerre, visited the British town which his biographers commonly identify with Verulam, he went to worship in the little church which enshrined the remains of a certain honoured martyr named "Alban." If the biographer of S. German had told us more of this martyr he would have saved us from a world of doubtful conjectures; but the mere statement that the great Gallican bishop treasured up some of the dust from the martyr's tomb and carried it back to Auxerre, and there built a church in honour of S. Alban, is sufficient proof that he held the claims of this martyr of Verulam to be well worthy of veneration. This, alas! is the earliest recorded mention of him whom we look upon as the first British martyr, and even this leaves unbridged a chasm of at least a hundred and twenty-five years between the martyrdom and the first written mention of it; but it seems almost as difficult, on the one hand,

* Properly speaking, June 22, the day on which he is commemorated in the actual Roman Kalendar, but entered in our Prayer-Book Kalendar on June 17, owing to a printer's error between the Roman figures XXII. and XVII.

† See article by Dean Farrar in *Sunday Magazine*, February, 1894. The dean acknowledges, however, that in the visit of Germanus to the shrine of Alban, "less than a hundred and fifty years after the death of Alban," we have "evidence of the bare fact that an Alban may have been martyred in Britain;" but "more than this," he adds, "we cannot say."

to believe that the unbroken tradition of fourteen centuries rests upon absolutely no foundation, as to believe, on the other, all the foolish details so freely added by later chroniclers.

The narrative of Bede, though by no means free from miraculous touches, is less marked by them than the versions of the mediæval writers; and, moreover, it breathes throughout a spirit of unconscious poetry that gives it a beauty of its own. The occasional topographical errors into which he is betrayed—and of which he is never guilty in describing Northumbrian events—show that he is writing without the advantage of local knowledge; but it is likewise clear that he had access to materials lost to us. At the period when Bede wrote (A.D. 731), "peaceable Christian times were restored," and a church, which he praises as "of wonderful workmanship," and "suitable to the memory of the blessed Alban's martyrdom," had succeeded to the humbler church of three hundred years before. But the stately abbey, such as we now know it, had not yet arisen, and the old city of Verulam had not yet been eclipsed by the fame of the younger city that was to spring up beneath the shelter of that abbey, and to perpetuate the name of Verulam's honoured martyr.

The point which has chiefly tended to discredit Bede's narrative is not the miraculous element—which can easily be allowed for—but the initial statement that the martyrdom took place in the Diocletian persecution of 304. Mr. Haddan and other scholars have clearly demonstrated that, thanks to Constantius Chlorus, who, though himself a pagan, showed decided favour towards the Christians throughout the part of the Empire specially subject to his sway, this persecution did not extend to France or Britain; and great stress has been laid upon this argument. It does not, however, seem altogether conclusive. Instances of persecution are only too common in heathen countries, even though no authoritative edict directly encouraging it may have been issued. Occasional persecutions of Christian missionaries in China and Japan at once suggest themselves to the mind; but the parallel fails, because here there is only popular animosity unsupported by any pretence of judicial authority—whereas Alban is represented as suffering according to law. Two explanations suggest themselves: either, as Mr. Haddan himself says, "It is possible that Constantius may have been compelled to allow one or two martyrdoms;" or it is possible that certain of the local authorities, bitterly hostile to the new faith, may have ventured to enforce in particular cases the harsh measures which they knew to be in favour at Rome. It is noticeable that, whether by accident or design, our account of the judicial inquiry agrees well with this latter theory, and represents the pagan governor as sincerely attached to "the worship of our religion."

In Art, S. Alban appears as a soldier, but there is no authority for this statement, either in the narrative of Bede, or in that of the British Gildas, a hundred and fifty years earlier. According to the tradition known to these writers, Alban of Verulam was still a pagan when, "for charity's sake," he gave refuge in his house to a priest who was flying from his persecutors.

During the days that elapsed before the place of concealment was discovered, the pious, prayerful bearing of his guest so won upon Alban that he set himself to learn his secret, and "became a Christian in all sincerity of heart." And when the soldiers entered the house, "Alban immediately presented himself to them instead of his guest and master, in the habit or long cloak which he wore." This cloak plays a very important part in the later versions of the story, for the Latin word *amphibalus* has been taken for the proper name of the priest, and the subsequent adventures of this "S. Amphibalus," and the miraculous conversions wrought by him, are dwelt upon at length by the mediæval chroniclers.* Bede, however, knows nothing of these later inventions, nor is the priest named in his story. He only speaks of him as a "holy confessor of Christ," whose "time of martyrdom was not yet come," and then passes on to S. Alban's examination before the judge, recounting at length the efforts made to induce him to recant, and the "good confession" so bravely witnessed by the new-made believer. Then follows the ever-memorable description of his passing forth, amid the gaze of the assembled multitude, to the place of martyrdom on the brow of the hill that rose on the farther side of the water. The memory of that solemn evening march lingered long in men's minds, and from generation to generation it was told how the dauntless confessor moved on to meet his doom, the waters dividing before him as before another Elijah; and how, followed by the awestruck multitude, he climbed the gentle flower-clothed hill, "worthy from its loveliness to be the scene of a martyr's sufferings."

Camden mentions, upon the authority of some old history of the passion of S. Alban no longer known to us, that "the citizens of Verulam caused an account of his sufferings to be expressed on a marble, which they placed in their town walls, as a public disgrace to him and a terror to all Christians, but afterwards," he adds, "when the blood of martyrs had overcome the cruelty of tyrants, the Christians built a church to his memory, which as Bede tells us was a piece of most admirable workmanship." † It is wholly impossible to identify that first church of S. Alban's in which S. German worshipped fourteen hundred years ago, but the church mentioned by Bede is supposed to have stood—as St. Alban's Abbey stands to this day—upon the very scene of the martyr's death, on the wooded height above the town, called by our Saxon forefathers Holmhurst, but now and for many centuries past known as "Holywell Hill," in memory of the tradition recorded by Bede, that on the brow of this hill S. Alban prayed that God would give him water, and immediately a living spring broke out before his feet.

The number of ancient dedications to this saint, whom old Camden calls "our Stephen," is much smaller than we might expect. To us S. Alban is peculiarly interesting, because he is associated with the early dawn

* For further particulars concerning S. Amphibalus, see CH. LI., "Lost Dedications."

† "Britannia."

of Christianity in these islands, and forms a link with that hapless British Church of which we know so far less than we desire to know. But in all probability it is just this very connexion with the British Church that has hindered S. Alban from attaining to the same popularity that would certainly have been bestowed upon a Saxon martyr of equal importance. Among the multitudes of devout Anglo-Saxon Churchmen whose inspiration came to them from Rome, there were unhappily too few sufficiently catholic-minded to recognize, as Bede so freely did, all that was essentially one, and worthy of admiration, amid differences of race, organization, and ritual. For the most part Anglo-Saxon founders much preferred taking their saints straight from Rome or from Gaul to honouring the great names of the Celtic Kalendars. The Patricks and Davids and Columbas did not appeal to them, and S. Alban, although in fact a Roman, belonged in some sort to that British Church which they were willing as far as possible to ignore.

On the other hand, S. Alban was far less interesting to the British Christians than any of their own multitudinous native-born saints, and neither in Wales nor Cornwall do we find a single dedication in his honour. After Bede's time we hear nothing of S. Alban's church at Verulam for more than a hundred and fifty years, and it is quite possible that the veneration paid to him might have remained purely local if it had not been for the honours heaped upon the shrine of the martyr by Offa, King of the Mercians (793). This Offa it was who founded Hereford Cathedral as an expiation for the murder of the unfortunate King Ethelbert (CH. XXXIX.), whose name it retains to this day. If we may trust tradition, the foundation of the splendid monastery church of St. Albans, and the glorification of the saint whose name it bore, were all a part of the same act of atonement. The various supposed contemporary charters relating to King Offa's endowment of his favourite foundation are now pronounced to be forgeries of a later date; but the Bishop of Oxford, while pointing out their worthlessness as direct evidence, yet sees no reason to reject the generally received belief that Offa was the chief patron of St. Albans, and the founder of the abbey. Ormerod, the Cheshire historian, is of opinion that the very ancient church in honour of S. Alban at Tattenhall in that county—a church mentioned in Domesday Book—most likely owes its name to the influence of this same King Offa. Possibly to him too—or, at any rate, to Mercian influence—may be due another dedication to S. Alban, also in Mercian territory, in the city of Worcester.

Another very early dedication in this name is the City church of S. Alban, Wood Street, which, though handed over in the time of William the Conqueror to the Abbot of Westminster, belonged until that time to the monastery of St. Albans,* and thence obviously derived its name. According to Stow, this church was founded in the time of Athelstan (tenth century). If so, the foundation nearly corresponded with a period

* Godwin and Britton.

of very marked activity in the history of the parent-church, which, under a very stirring abbot, was then rapidly growing in size and consideration. Greater dignities still were heaped upon the abbey a couple of centuries later, when Nicholas Breakspear, a native of Hertfordshire, was raised to the papacy as Hadrian IV. In his new position he was loyal to the English Benedictine house which had been so familiar to him in youth, and he decreed that as S. Alban the Martyr had been the first martyr in Britain, so the abbot of St. Alban's Abbey should have precedence over all his fellow-abbots. We should naturally have expected to find that the patron saint of a great religious house, thus befriended and encouraged alike by kings and popes, would speedily be adopted throughout the kingdom, but curiously enough it is not so. While the Saxon saints Oswald and Edmund number their churches by fifties and sixties, S. Alban can count but nine pre-Reformation dedications, widely scattered over the country from Northumberland to Devonshire.

The Northumbrian dedication at Earsdon is easily explained. Earsdon was appropriated about 1097 to Tynemouth Priory, which in its turn was subordinated to St. Alban's Abbey.* Still more direct was the connexion which grew up early in the twelfth century between St. Alban's Abbey and its dependent priory of SS. Mary and Alban at Wymondham in Norfolk. The priory church—still under the same twofold invocation as of old—now serves as the parish church. Indeed, the nave has always been parochial, but the choir, by means of certain architectural arrangements that appear to have been imitated from the great parent-abbey in Hertfordshire, was screened off for the separate use of the monks.† Possibly there may have been some similar bond between St. Albans and the priory of Worksop in Nottinghamshire, to which the Yorkshire church of S. Alban's at Wickersley was appropriated.

The three remaining ancient dedications in this name are at Withernwick in East Yorkshire, Frant in Kent, and Beaworthy in Devonshire. Camden would add yet one more to the list by making the venerable Yorkshire parish of Almondbury a corruption of *Albanbury*. He tells us that the church in this place (now All Saints) was founded by S. Paulinus, and was by him dedicated to the martyr Alban, but gives no authority for this tradition.

The entire number of pre-Reformation churches dedicated to S. Alban is more than equalled by those founded in the nineteenth century, of which the most notable is the well-known church in Holborn.

One of the points that gives a peculiar interest to this saint, shadowy though he may be, is that he serves in no common fashion to link together various countries of Europe. Coming into these islands from Rome, he represents both Rome and Britain. A century passes, and his relics are carried from Britain to France; and, but a little later, his fame is sung in France and Italy by that courtly poet, Venantius Fortunatus, the friend

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42. † Murray's "Norfolk."

of S. Radegund (CH. XLVI.). So much for our British S. Alban's connexion with Southern Europe; but in Scandinavia, too, his name is familiar. Between us and the Danes there was an exchange of national saints; they gave us their Olaf (CH. XLIII.), and they took home with them our Alban; and the traveller may see to this day at Selje, not very far from Bergen, the ruins of a twelfth-century monastery dedicated to S. Alban.*

* Baedeker's "Norway."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ENGLISH KINGS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
301	S. Edwin, M.	October 12 ...	633 ...	1	
307	S. Oswald, M.	August 5 ...	642 ...	62	*See also dd.*
316	S. Oswin, M.	August 20 ...	650 ...	1	
	S. Rumbald. See CH. XVI.				
	S. Kenelm. See CH. XVI.				
	S. Wyston. See CH. XVI.				
321	S. Ethelbert, Albert, or Albright, M.	May 20	794 ...	15	*See also dd.*
324	S. Alkmund, M.	March 19 ...	800 ...	4	*See also dd.*
325	S. Hardulph	——	809 ...	1	*dd.*
327	S. Edmund, M.	November 20 ...	870 ...	61	*See also dd.*
335	S. Edward the Martyr ...	March 18. trans. June 20	979 ...	3	*See also dd.*
338	S. Edward the Confessor ...	January 5. trans. October 13	1066 ...	14	*See also dd.*
346	Charles, M.	January 30 ...	1649 ...	5	

THE Son of Sirach, in his roll-call of worthies,* begins by bidding us praise "such as did bear rule in their kingdoms." Amongst our dedication-saints we can count no less than ten of our English kings, and to two at least of the number we may fitly apply the words that follow: "Men renowned for their power; leaders of the people."

Eight of the number are honoured with the designation of "martyr"—a title very freely bestowed in England on many a promising victim of an untimely or violent death. In the original sense of the word martyr, that of "witness," the name may fairly be extended to the three earlier kings; but there is only one of the whole number who really died a martyr's death in the ordinary acceptation of the word, notably the young East Anglian king, Edmund, whose name is still kept alive amongst us by the dedications of not a few modern churches as well as ancient ones.

They bridge over a long period of more than a thousand years, these English kings of ours, from the Northumbrian Edwin in 633 to Charles I. in 1649; but it must be owned that there is a long unbroken interval

* Ecclus. xliv.

between Edward the Confessor in the eleventh century and Charles the Martyr in the seventeenth.

S. Edwin, M. Oct. 12,* 633.

First on the list stands Edwin, whose name is for all time associated with Edinburgh, the city that counts him as its founder; and indeed he is not unworthy to be in the forefront. So long as the story of the conversion of Northern England retains for us its interest, so long, too, must Edwin's name be held in remembrance. But, apart from his position as the first Christian king of Northumbria, Edwin is noteworthy as having conceived far more clearly than any of his predecessors that ideal of a united kingdom, which was not, however, to be attained until the days of Alfred. Cardinal Newman ranks Edwin among the saints; † Mr. Green ranks him among the "Makers of England." ‡ From both points of view he is an interesting study.

Edwin was son of that Northern king Ella, or Alla, whose name had once suggested to Gregory the Great the happy omen, "Alleluia! The praises of God must be sung in those parts." The words were prophetic, but it was many a long year before they were to find their fulfilment. Alla died in the faith of Odin and Thor, and his infant son Edwin grew up in the same belief. In the stormy sixth century no helpless child was likely peaceably to inherit his father's throne. Edwin was set aside by his brother-in-law Ethelfrid—known to history by his fierce name of "the Ravager"—and grew to manhood an oppressed subject at his own court. In time, secret mistrust developed into open persecution, and Edwin was forced to seek refuge at the court of the Mercian king, who so far befriended him as to give him his daughter in marriage.

But this refuge was only a temporary one, and from Mercia the exile pushed on into East Anglia, where he found refuge in the palace of King Redwald. It was here that Edwin for the first time came into contact with Christianity, under highly unfavourable circumstances. His protector Redwald, while in the midst of Christian influences in Kent, had allowed himself to be baptized; but on his return home his zeal had cooled, and he sought to propitiate alike his conscience and his heathen subjects by maintaining "in the same temple an altar to sacrifice to Christ, and another small one to offer victims to devils." §

Redwald, so faithless to his God, might well prove faithless to his friends; and it came to Edwin's knowledge that he was inclining to accept Ethelfrid's heavy bribes and to give up the refugee into his hands. The unhappy prince was urged by a friend again to fly. His reply has a true English ring about it, and reveals at once his courage and his deep despondency: "I thank you for your good-will; yet I cannot be guilty of breaking the compact I have made with so great a king when he has done me no harm; but on the contrary, if I must die, let it rather be by his hand than by that of any meaner person. For whither shall I now fly,

* More commonly commemorated on October 4, but October 12 is in agreement with the date given by Bede to the battle of Hatfield, at which Edwin fell.

† "English Saints."

‡ "Making of England."

§ Bede, E. H.

when I have for so many years been a vagabond through all the provinces of Britain to escape the hands of my enemies?" The friend left him; the night drew on, and Edwin still remained seated on a stone without the palace, brooding over his misfortunes. What follows is one of the unsolved mysteries of history. From out the silence the unhappy prince was startled by a greeting from an unknown figure, who drew near to him, and spoke to him openly of his wrongs. Edwin's answers, at first short and cold, grew more confidential as the stranger manifested the most intimate knowledge of his circumstances, and foretold in glowing words the dawn of a brighter day, and his glorious restoration to his kingdom. And then the stranger struck a higher note, and spoke of an unknown way of life, better than aught that Edwin's kindred had ever heard of, and asked whether in this matter likewise he were ready to follow his counsel. The exiled king promised freely to do all the bidding of one who should bring him out of his present troubles. The mysterious visitor then laid his hands on Edwin's head, saying: "When this sign shall be given you, remember this discourse, and do not delay the performance of what you now promise." With that he disappeared, leaving Edwin persuaded that he had talked with a supernatural visitant. Modern historians have supposed that the stranger was no other than Paulinus (CH. XXII.), the future Archbishop of York, a hypothesis which has, however, the drawback of raising as many difficulties as it explains. In any case, the interview made a lasting impression on Edwin's mind, all the stronger, no doubt, because from that very hour his fortunes began to mend. Before he re-entered the palace that night, his first friend brought him word that the fickle Redwald had reconsidered his treacherous purpose, and had determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, and help Edwin to win back his kingdom. Ethelfrid, mighty warrior as he was, was taken at a disadvantage by this sudden move: a battle was fought on the shores of the river Idle in Nottinghamshire, which resulted in the defeat and death of Ethelfrid, and the triumph of Edwin, the rightful king.

For the next ten years Edwin's whole energies were bent on the consolidation and extension of his kingdom. His supremacy gradually extended itself from the Firth of Forth to the English Channel, from the North Sea to the Irish Channel. The power of his arms had reached even to the islands of Man and Anglesey, though Wales still maintained its independence. And it was not by conquest alone that his dominions increased. Upon the death of his old ally, Redwald, the people of East Anglia invited Edwin to succeed him. On this occasion he behaved with considerable magnanimity, allowing Redwald's son to inherit his father's dignities, though reserving to himself the supreme authority.

We see in Edwin a certain care for pomp and outward display. Bede tells us that his banners were not only borne before him to battle, but that even in time of peace when he visited his cities or provinces, the standard-bearer was wont to go before him. It is probable that there was more of policy than of personal vanity in all this magnificence, and that the

far-seeing Edwin was quite alive to the impression of power made upon all who witnessed it. Above all, he gloried in the right to bear the singular banner—the spear surmounted by the tuft of feathers—that marked him out as the *Bretwalda*, or over-lord of the lesser kingdoms. Other kings had claimed this distinction before him, but none had so good a right to it as he. With him it was no empty title. The pacification of his dominions was not less his care than its extension. It was proverbially said that under his reign a woman with her new-born babe might walk throughout the island, from sea to sea, without receiving any harm; and a beautiful proof of his care for his people was to be seen in the brass drinking-cups which he caused to be attached to the springs for the convenience of wayfarers.

Edwin's second marriage with the Kentish princess, Ethelburga, drew closer the alliance between Kent and Northumbria; but it was important in a yet greater respect than this. Ethelburga was a Christian, and brought with her to the North her Christian household, and, above all, her chaplain, the Italian Paulinus, who was allowed the most perfect freedom in propagating his own faith. Much depended on Edwin's attitude towards Christianity, and it is not too much to say that the eyes of Christendom were now turned upon the powerful Northumbrian king. The Pope, Boniface IV., wrote letters alike to Edwin and his queen, exhorting the husband, "the illustrious Edwin, king of the English," to receive "the cup of life and salvation" that was now offered to him; and encouraging the wife to persevere in hopeful prayer, to the end that "the unbelieving husband might be saved by the believing wife." Furthermore, as a mark of his good-will towards both, he sent presents—of which it is difficult to read without a smile—to the king a shirt, "with one gold ornament upon it," and a woollen mantle of some Eastern make; to the queen the truly feminine gifts of "a silver looking-glass and a gilt-ivory comb." Pope Boniface did not live long enough to see his wishes crowned with fulfilment, or even to hear of an event that took place in the royal palace near York in the spring of the following year, and which doubtless made a deeper impression on the king's mind than any letters or presents.

It was on Easter Sunday, 626, that an attempt was made upon Edwin's life by an emissary of the King of Wessex. The assassin obtained admission, on the pretext that he had a message to deliver to King Edwin, and on coming near struck at him with a poisoned dagger. One of the bystanders, "Lilla, the king's beloved minister, having no buckler at hand to secure the king from death, interposed his own body to receive the stroke, but the wretch struck so home that he wounded the king through the thegn's body." * That same night the queen gave birth to her first child. Edwin openly returned thanks to his heathen gods for this mercy, while Paulinus sought to direct his thanksgiving into a higher channel. The king was in some measure influenced by the bishop's words; but his first thought was how he might avenge himself on the treacherous

* Bede, E. H.

King of Wessex. He promised Paulinus that if the God of the Christians should grant him victory over this base enemy, then he would renounce his idols and serve the Christ; and as a pledge of his sincerity, he allowed his infant daughter to be baptized—the firstfruits of the Northumbrian nation.

In time Edwin returned home victorious. True to his promise, he no longer worshipped idols; but his acceptance of the new faith was still delayed. He listened long and carefully to the instructions of Paulinus; what he learnt from him he earnestly discussed with his own most trusted counsellors; and, more than all, he patiently communed with himself, sitting alone for hours together—"silent as to his tongue," says Bede, "but seriously pondering with himself what he was to do, and what religion he was to follow." Montalembert has well observed concerning Edwin: "The history of the Church, if I mistake not, offers no other example of so long and conscientious a hesitation on the part of a heathen king. They all appear equally prompt, whether for persecution or conversion. Edwin, according to the witness of an indisputable authority, experienced the humble efforts, the delicate scruples of a modern conscience."*

In this time of mental perplexity Edwin had fallen back into the old brooding habits that had marked him years before, when he was an exile at the court of Redwald. Now, as then, he was sitting, lost in solitary thought, when Paulinus approached him, and laying his right hand on his head, asked him "whether he knew that sign?" The mysterious visitor of ten years before flashed back on Edwin's memory, and trembling, he sank at the feet of the bishop, who gently raised him, and fervently besought him no longer to delay the performance of that which he had aforetime promised. For himself Edwin made answer that he was both "bound and willing" to receive the faith of Christ; but, with the loyalty to his old friends that was one of the finest characteristics of his nature, he pleaded for opportunity to consult about the matter with his "principal friends and counsellors, to the end that if they also were of his opinion, they might together be cleansed in Christ, the Fountain of Life."†

The assembly of the Witenagemot was accordingly summoned, and a debate—among the most memorable in English Church history—took place. One by one those present were asked their opinion of the new doctrine, and the substance of at least two of the speeches then delivered has been preserved for us in the pages of Bede. The first is the not very lofty argument of Coifi the priest, That the gods of the heathen had done but little for those who had served them most zealously. The second was the poetical and oft-quoted speech of an unnamed chief, who compared the brief life of man passing through this world to the flight of a sparrow—"flying in at one door and immediately out at another," safe for a moment in the shelter of the lighted hall through which it flits, then vanishing out of sight into the dark winter whence it emerged. If, then, this new teaching

* "Moines d'Occident."

† Bede.

contained "something more certain" concerning man's life, "of what went before or what is to follow," then, he concluded, "it seems justly to deserve to be followed." When others had in their turn spoken, Paulinus rose; but we know what he said only through its effect upon Coifi the priest, who, stirred to enthusiasm, made the bold proposal that they should all forthwith abjure their old faith and set fire to the temples and altars, he himself offering to lead the way.

In the full tide of their new-born ardour the procession set forth to the idol temple at *Godmundingham*,* not far from the river Derwent. Missionaries in the South Sea Islands describe to us scenes of like enthusiasm when the islanders, moved with one impulse, have set themselves with a passionate joy to destroy what once they worshipped. But here in Northumbria this sudden act was inspired by the great ones of the nation —the king, the priest, the nobles; and the crowds who beheld it stood amazed and awestruck, not offering either to help or to hinder, but secretly believing that their leaders were all seized with madness.

A time of careful preparation followed upon this fierce excitement, and on Easter Day, 627, Edwin, together with a large number of his countrymen, received baptism in the little church of S. Peter the Apostle at York —the original York Minster. This first church was but a rough wooden building, hastily put up between the time of the Council at Godmundingham and the king's baptism, and from the first it was Edwin's intention to replace it with something more adequate. He did not live long enough to carry his plan to perfection, but he made a beginning, and it is characteristic of the man that he would not allow the old church to be destroyed, but caused "the larger and nobler church of stone" to be built round it, so as to encompass the spot which had become dear to him as the scene of his Christian profession.

The next five years were years of peace. Edwin, still as heretofore, travelled about his kingdom; but now his thoughts were bent on extending, not his own dominion, but that of his heavenly Master; and everywhere and by all means he and his queen strove to second the missionary efforts of the zealous Paulinus. How great and enduring a work was wrought in those five years has been told more fully elsewhere in the history of S. Paulinus (CH. XXII.), but the glory of the conversion of East Anglia belongs of right to Edwin himself, and must find a place here.

It will be remembered that in the days when Edwin was an exile at the East Anglian court, King Redwald, a Christian in name, had relapsed into practical heathenism, and was seeking to serve both Christ and the idols. His son, more honest if less enlightened than his father, had wholly renounced Christianity; but the zeal of the great Bretwalda, who had dealt so generously with him, influenced him in so far that he was now persuaded "to abandon his idolatrous superstitions, and with his whole province to receive the faith and sacraments of Christ." Other causes afterwards combined to deepen the impression made by Edwin, and the

* Conjecturally identified with the modern Goodmanham.

conversion of the East Angles may justly be counted from this time. Pope Boniface's successor, Honorius, wrote a letter of joyful congratulation to Edwin on hearing of the event which Boniface had so faithfully expected, and in it he prayed that "He, who has been pleased to bring you to the knowledge of His Name, may likewise prepare for you mansions in the heavenly country." When this letter arrived, nay, even when it was being written, the great King of Northumbria was dead.

In 633 a twofold revolt had broken out against Edwin's supremacy, the Welsh king Cadwallon having entered into alliance with that dreaded warrior, the Mercian Penda. This Penda—so many of whose children and grandchildren are counted among our Saxon saints—was throughout his whole career the most inveterate opponent of Christianity, and it is to his hand that we owe the death, not only of Edwin, but also of the saintly Oswald. But the revolt was not a purely religious one; it was quite as much political, prompted by jealousy of Edwin's ever-widening supremacy; and thus it was that the heathen Penda found a ready ally in the so-called Christian, Cadwallon, the Welsh king, whose acts of boundless cruelty were sufficient to make the very name of Christian abhorred. It may be that Edwin had, as a modern historian * asserts, weakened his power by his acceptance of Christianity—a step for which the country at large was not yet ripe—and that, therefore, in his hour of need many of his former allies chose to remain neutral instead of coming to his aid.

On October 12, 633, a great battle was fought at Hatfield near Doncaster, which resulted in the death of Edwin and the complete overthrow of his cause. His two sons by his first marriage fell with him: Northumbria was ravaged by the barbarous Cadwallon, and when Paulinus had withdrawn into Kent with his royal mistress and her young children, the newly planted ecclesiastical organization of Northumbria was utterly broken down.

Such was the disastrous ending of Edwin's glorious reign. His kingdom was hopelessly shattered, and it has often been said that the destruction of his power was also the destruction of Christianity in Northern England. With Edwin's successor, Oswald, we have not only a new dynasty, we have also new teachers of Christianity, who drew their inspiration from Iona, not from Rome, and it is too much the habit to speak as though the work of the Roman missionaries had left no more impression on the land than if it had never been. Undoubtedly much of their work had to be done again; but surely it is not just to speak as though the very foundations had to be laid anew; as though the churches founded by Edwin and Paulinus had ceased to exist; as though, in the fearful reaction to heathenism that followed on the defeat at Hatfield, none had remained faithful to their Christian profession; as though all the shepherds had forsaken their flocks. We know that this was not so: we know that the devoted deacon, James by name—that sweet singer of holy memory—who

* Green's "Making of England."

clung to his post throughout the darkest time, and by his faithful teaching "rescued much prey from the power of the old enemy of mankind," was rewarded by living to see peace restored, "and the number of the faithful increased:" we know that Edwin's infant daughter—the first baptized Christian in Northumbria—was able in after life to befriend her countryman, Bishop Wilfrid, the most ardent supporter of Roman uses (CH. XXII.); and remembering all this, we cannot bring ourselves to look upon this first page of Northumbrian Church history as just a beautiful memory, disconnected from all that is to follow, but rather as the true beginning of the whole.

King Edwin's most abiding memorial is his royal city of Edinburgh, traditionally said to have been named from him. He has also left his name on the Nottinghamshire village of *Edwinstowe*, where, however, the church is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Indeed, so far as appears, his only dedication is at Coniscliffe-on-Tees, in the county of Durham, concerning which a writer in the *Durham Archæological Journal** observes: "Coniscliffe means 'the King's Cliff,' so that there is evidently an ancient connexion between the names of church and parish." We have many churches dedicated to less worthy patrons than this first Christian king of Northumbria, and we may well look with satisfaction on this one memorial of him.

S. Oswald, M. Aug. 5, 642.

If Edwin, the first royal upholder of Christianity in Northumbria, is commemorated by but a single church, his great successor, Oswald, "the restorer of the breaches," has been more abundantly recognized, as well by his own generation as by ours. None of our English kings approach him in popularity, save Edmund, the East Anglian martyr; and even Edmund has not impressed his name upon the local topography to the same extent that Oswald has done, who has stamped his name on three at least of our parishes—Oswaldkirk, Kirkoswald, and Oswestry.

Nor is all this reverence for Oswald excessive. In the eight years of his reign he throughout shows himself pure, upright, and brave, a true Christian not less than a brave king. Bishop Lightfoot, in a sermon on King Oswald,† once adapted, as follows, a famous saying of Plato's: "In the Christian ideal of human society kings should be saints, and saints should be kings. The combination," continues the bishop, "is rare. As we have had kings who were not saints, so also we have had saints on the throne who were not kings. Edward the Confessor and Henry VI. were in some sense saints, but they were deficient in kingly qualities. On the other hand, in Alfred of England and S. Louis of France the king and saint are combined. In this small class of kingly saints and saintly kings Oswald takes his rank. He was every whit a king. In a short reign of eight years he placed Northumbria once more, united and organized, at the head of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. He himself became the chosen suzerain of the whole English people. But he was not less a saint.

* Vol. 42. † "Leaders of the Northern Church."

He was profuse in almsgiving; he spent whole hours during the night in prayer. His first and last recorded public utterances were prayers. A cross began and a cross ended his reign."

We know very little of Oswald's early history, except that it was strangely connected with that of his uncle and predecessor, King Edwin. Oswald was one of the children of Edwin's brother-in-law and deadly foe, Ethelfrid the Ravager; and the memorable battle of the Idle, which raised Edwin to his rightful throne, was the cause of Oswald's long exile in Scotland. Oswald was a mere child, probably about eleven years old, at the time when he was taken into Scotland; and as his banishment continued throughout the whole of Edwin's reign, it embraced the seventeen or eighteen most impressible years of his life. The chief influence exercised upon him at this time was that of the monks of Iona. By them the young heathen prince was carefully instructed in the truths of Christianity, and from their hands he, together with twelve of his Northumbrian companions, received holy baptism. We shall see later how faithfully he retained the teachings of his friends at Iona. In this Oswald showed himself of a very different temper from his elder brother, Eanfrid, the sharer both of his exile and of his religious training, who made a fruitless attempt to hold his own against the cruel Cadwallon, and then, in the hope, as it would seem, of appeasing that irresistible warrior, apostatized. His weakness availed him nothing, for he was treacherously slain when he was in the very act of suing for peace, and Cadwallon remained in undisputed possession of Edwin's throne.

Not for long, however; for Oswald, hearing of his brother's defection and death, gathered together a little force, marched southwards over the border, and drew up his army close to the Roman Wall. On the eve of the battle Oswald caused a cross to be hastily made, and with his own hands he held it firm while it was planted in the ground; and this done, he cried to his soldiers: "Let us all kneel and jointly beseech the true and living God Almighty, in His mercy, to defend us; for He knows that we have undertaken a just war for the safety of our nation." It does not appear that there were any Christians in the army other than Oswald and his twelve chosen companions; but it may well be that the calm courage of the young prince stirred his followers to a new enthusiasm; and indeed, Oswald's tone and bearing on the eve of this memorable battle—the "Heaven-field," as it was afterwards called—bring back thoughts of the noblest of the Jewish kings when matched against unequal odds; of an Asa or a Jehoshaphat boldly committing his righteous cause to the God of armies.

When all the preparations were completed, Oswald lay down to sleep in his tent, and in his dream there appeared to him the holy Abbot Columba (CH. XXX.), the great hero of Iona, who seemed to stretch his arms protectingly over the sleeping host, while he encouraged the leader with an assurance of victory. The dream was so deeply impressed upon Oswald's mind that he treasured it up, and long afterwards told it to

Columba's successor at Iona,* through whom it has reached us. And now, as soon as day dawned, he made haste to tell it to his heathen followers, who listened with awe, and promised that if the event of the day should prove the truth of the vision, they, too, would be baptized. Without further delay, Oswald's troops advanced upon the enemy, and obtained, as Bede briefly says, "the victory their faith deserved." Cadwallon fell, and with him the organized resistance of the Britons came to an end. They retreated in utter disorder, and entrenched themselves in the western portion of the island, taking with them memories of that Christianity which by their unrestrained cruelties they had so sorely disgraced.

Oswald's accession to the vacant throne was joyfully accepted by all—Christians and pagans alike. The distracted Northumbria was yearning for peace, and it is a striking sign how deeply the horrors of the previous year had sunk into all hearts, that the chroniclers by common consent agreed to blot out the memory of that "unhappy and hateful" year, the year of the apostasy of King Eanfrid, by "assigning it to the reign of the following King, Oswald, a man beloved by God." † According to this arrangement, Oswald's reign is reckoned at nine years' duration, from 633 to 642, though the battle of the Heaven-field did not take place till 634.

Oswald's first care was to provide for the evangelization of his people. In the province of Bernicia (which corresponds to our Northumberland) there was much new ground to be broken. Bede goes so far as to say that until Oswald set up his cross on the battlefield there had been "no sign of the Christian faith" in all Bernicia. Remembering the missionary labours of Edwin and Paulinus, this, at first sight, seems almost incredible; but it should be remembered that the centre of their work lay in the province of Deira (our Yorkshire), and that they tended southwards into Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire rather than northwards.

It was naturally from *Iona* that Oswald sought help in his great task. The first missionary sent at his request proved himself in no way suitable, and was before long happily replaced by the large-hearted and devoted Aidan. We have already seen in S. Aidan's life (CH. XXXIII.) how close and beautiful was the intimacy between the king and the bishop. We are becoming more sensible, year by year, how much we owe to the holy monk of Iona and his band of zealous workers; but Aidan's influence could not have been so far-reaching or so powerful as it was had he not been so loyally supported by the young king, who, "in all cases humbly and willingly giving ear to his admonitions, industriously applied himself to build and extend the Church of Christ in his kingdom." ‡ Nor was there ever a more beautiful manifestation of the union of Church and State than that which Bede has painted for us, in his description of the preaching of the gospel at this time: "When the bishop, who was not

* Adamnan.
† Bede.
‡ Ibid.

skilful in the English tongue, preached the gospel, it was most delightful to see the king himself interpreting to his commanders and ministers, for he had perfectly learned the language of the Scots during his long banishment."

In the height of his temporal power Oswald showed the same gentleness and sweetness of disposition that had made him beloved in the days of his exile ; and it was his delight to make his high place a vantage ground for ampler charities. One Easter Day, when he was sitting at dinner, with "a silver dish full of dainties before him, and they were just ready to bless the bread, the servant, whom he had appointed to relieve the poor, came in on a sudden, and told the king, that a great multitude of needy persons from all parts were sitting in the streets begging alms ; he immediately ordered the meat set before him to be carried to the poor, and the dish to be cut in pieces and divided among them." * Aidan, who was sitting by, moved with admiration at the king's generous impulse, cried out: "May this right hand never perish"—words which were remembered long afterwards.

Thus Oswald let his light shine before men ; but the spring of all those holy acts was in the hidden life of which few knew—the hours of the night given to intercession ; the habits of prayer and thanksgiving so steadily pursued that they at last unconsciously betrayed themselves in his outward gestures, as in his characteristic way of sitting, with his hands in the attitude of prayer. No man ever made it a reproach against King Oswald that he was negligent in the affairs of his kingdom, yet it was truly said of him that, "whilst governing his temporal kingdom, he was wont to pray and take more pains for that which is eternal"—that heavenly kingdom which had been "unknown to his forefathers."

Capgrave has preserved for us one beautiful tradition which is not found elsewhere, but which is so in harmony with all that we know of Oswald's character that it must not be omitted. "During his reign there broke out a dreadful pestilence among his people, so that nothing was to be seen all around but funerals, nothing heard but the lamentations of the affrighted survivors. This mournful spectacle weighed heavy on the spirit of King Oswald, and he humbly entreated God to take himself and his family and to spare his people. Oswald offered up his venturous prayer, and . . . it was answered. He was seized by the plague with unusual violence, . . . and while he thus lay expecting death, offering his life for the life of others, he beheld in an ecstasy three figures of unearthly form and stature, who came to his bedside and spoke comfortable words to him. At length one of them said : 'Thy prayers and meekness, O King, are accepted with God, and thou shalt shortly be crowned with an immortal crown. But not at present ; God giveth thee now both thy life and thy subjects' lives ; thou art ready to die a martyr for them, but thou shalt soon die far more happily as a martyr for God.' After this the vision disappeared leaving the king full of inward joy and consolation.

* Bede.

His bodily health was now restored; the infection went no further; the plague was stayed." *

All this time Oswald was extending his dominions, so that his supremacy more than equalled that of Edwin. His marriage allied him, not with Kent, but with Wessex. Oswald was instrumental in bringing about the conversion of his royal father-in-law. He was present at his baptism, and stood godfather for him; and—in the quaint language of Bede—"by an alliance most pleasing to God, he first adopted him, thus regenerated, for his son, and then took his daughter in marriage."

As Christianity spread, so too spread the power of the Northumbrian kings, so that, in the words of a modern historian,† "Christianity meant, in fact, either subjection to or alliance with Oswald." But, as the same writer says further: "Heathendom fought desperately for life, and Penda remained its rallying point."

Of Oswald's last campaign very little is known, and not much more of the particulars of the fatal battle itself. It took place on August 5, 642, at a place named by Bede "the Maserfield." The spot has never been positively identified, though it is generally supposed to be Oswestry in Shropshire.‡ Penda triumphed over Oswald as completely as he had done over Edwin nine years before, and Oswald shared Edwin's fate. No details of that terrible defeat have come down to us, save only that Oswald "ended his life in prayer." § Calm and self-forgetful as he had shown himself on the Heaven-field, so he showed himself now in this supreme moment of danger; for "when he was beset with weapons and enemies he perceived he must immediately be killed, and prayed to God for the souls of his army." That fervent death-cry, "Lord, have mercy on their souls"—a cry so charged with the spirit of Christianity—was not readily forgotten, and the words, "'Lord, have mercy on their souls,' said Oswald as he fell," passed, so Bede tells us, into a sort of proverb, applied to those who in the hour of direst need sought help in prayer.

Penda wreaked his savage vengeance upon his adversary's corpse. The head, arms, and hands were, by his orders, cut off and set up upon a stake—doubtless the "tree" that gave to the battlefield its new name of *Oswestry*, or "Oswald's tree." A year later, Oswald's brother Oswy, coming into those parts with his army, took down the honoured remains, and caused the head to be buried in the church of Lindisfarne, and the hands and arms in Oswald's own royal city of Bamburgh. The church at Bamburgh thus became the possessor of that sacred relic, the hand which Aidan had blessed; and if for the sake of this distinction it had seen fit to exchange its actual dedication-name of *S. Peter* to that of S. Oswald, we should not have been surprised; but, curiously enough, though Bamburgh did in later times change its dedication, it was to commemorate the speaker of the prophecy, not the subject of it—Aidan, not Oswald.

* See Father Faber's *S. Oswald* in "English Saints."

† Green's "Making of England."

‡ See p. 312.

§ Bede.

Our sixty dedications to S. Oswald have a peculiar interest of their own, because their historical connexion with the saint is, for the most part, so distinctly to be traced. We have first the little chapel of S. Oswald on the Heaven-field. To that spot the monks of Hexham repaired yearly on the anniversary of Oswald's death, to make a solemn commemoration of the saintly king; and there, in Bede's time, they built and consecrated a little chapel, of which the foundations are visible to this day. A modern church has been built close by, which is in truth the direct successor of the ancient chapel; but, unhappily, it has been dedicated, not to S. Oswald, but S. John Evangelist, and thus all historic continuity is lost. The chapel was situated some miles to the north of Hexham, in the parish of St. John Lee. In old maps (as in Camden's "Britannia") the place is named *St. Oswald*, and the site of the chapel marked by a picture of a tiny building; but in more modern maps (see Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary") the place is given only as *Wall*—a name which has an interest of its own, as reminding us of the site of Oswald's cross, close to the Roman Wall. Camden observes that the chapel was, in the end of the eighth century, dedicated to "SS. Cuthbert and Oswald jointly," but adds that the last-named saint "has so far outdone the other that the old name being quite lost the place is now called St. Oswald's." *

A similar example of a connexion between these two saints is to be found in the dedication of the church of Grantley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire—"SS. Cuthbert and Oswald"—though this, too, is sometimes ascribed to S. Oswald alone. There is something very touching in this desire to link together the two best loved of the Northumbrian saints—the warrior-king and the hermit-bishop—who never met face to face, but who yet were such kindred spirits. The skull of King Oswald was preserved by the monks of Lindisfarne among their choicest treasures, and when the Danish invasion drove them forth on their long wanderings, and they bore with them the coffin of their great master, Cuthbert (CH. XXIX.), they placed therein the skull of S. Oswald, and there, when the coffin was last opened (1828), it might still be seen.† Canon Raine remarks that "the mediæval sculptors always represented Cuthbert as holding the head in his hand as if next to his heart, a pathetic memorial of undying love and gratitude." ‡

As one dedication marks the scene of Oswald's first battle, so does another mark the scene of his last; but here a difficulty arises, for two parishes claim the honour of being the famous *Maserfield*—Oswestry in Shropshire and Winwick in Lancashire. The identification of Maserfield has never been satisfactorily decided, but the majority of authorities are inclined to give it to Oswestry—a place which doubtless takes its name in some form or other from the king. Winwick, however, has its supporters; but we are not disposed to lay so much stress as was once done,

* "Britannia."

† The coffin has just been opened again (1899), and the skull found as before.

‡ D. C. B.

either upon the fact that this place was formerly noted for a special devotion to S. Oswald, or even upon the testimony of a stone of uncertain date let into the church wall, bearing an inscription to the effect that King Oswald was here slain.

It is somewhat remarkable that Northumberland proper, the district of all England most closely associated with Oswald, should have no dedication in his honour beyond the ruined chapel at Wall already mentioned. Durham follows with two churches (one of them, however, modern) and Cumberland with two; both these are ancient, and the antiquity of one of the two is shown by the name of the saint being incorporated in that of the parish—*Kirk Oswald.*

Westmoreland has three dedications to S. Oswald, of which by far the best known is the fine old church at Grasmere. Grasmere is one of the five parishes where the quaint ceremony of "rush-bearing" (vol. i. p. 98) has never fallen into disuse, and the festival is there observed on the Sunday next to August 5, in other words, "the Sunday next S. Oswald's Day." Another memorial of the saint may also be noted in the ancient carved alms-box, dark with age, inscribed with the name of "King Oswald."

The pretty little church of S. Oswald at Burneside near Kendal is a modern structure, but it has a good right to its dedication-name, for it is the successor of a much older chapel. The "County History of Westmoreland"* says: "To what saint the chapel of Burneshead was dedicated we have not certainly found;" but as it goes on to state that about thirty yards north-east from the church there is a well, "called the Miller's Well, formerly S. Oswald's," we may very reasonably assume that tradition is right in supposing the old chapel to have been S. Oswald's. The date of the original building of this chapel is hard to fix, but there is good ground for supposing that it was already in existence in the reign of Henry VI., for Nicolson and Burn note that the "original salary of the chapel was twenty nobles, raised from the inhabitants at so much a seat," and we find elsewhere in the same work that in that reign "no chapel seems to have been allowed, without setting apart a salary of twenty nobles." The coincidence of the exact sum seems to point to the time of Henry VI., but the foundation of the chapel may, of course, have been earlier, and this may have been nothing but a rearrangement of terms. S. Oswald's third Westmoreland dedication is at Ravenstonedale.

Yorkshire can claim more than a third of all the English dedications to S. Oswald. This county has completely taken Oswald for her own, and has never raised against the Northumbrian king the objection that was made by the sister county of Lincolnshire, which refused to give shelter to his remains, on the ground that he sprang from another province, and had reigned over Lincolnshire as a foreigner. The circumstances of this refusal were as follows. Some years after Oswald's death, his niece Osthryd, or Osthrida, Queen of the Mercians, caused her uncle's mutilated corpse to be translated to the convent of Bardney, on the further side of the Humber,

* Nicolson and Burn.

a convent for which she had a special affection, and which she sought in this way to honour. But national prejudices proved too strong for her: when the waggon with its precious freight arrived at the convent, the inmates stoutly denied it admittance on the ground before mentioned. They acknowledged, indeed, that Oswald had been a holy man; yet, says Bede, "they retained their ancient aversion to him even after death." And so it came to pass that the relics were left in the open air all night, protected only by a large tent; but in the night a pillar of light was observed ascending up from the waggon heavenwards, and this strange sign was seen by almost all the inhabitants of those level lands. The tide of feeling changed instantly, and when morning came those "who had refused it the day before, began themselves earnestly to pray that those holy relics so beloved by God might be deposited among them." * This was accordingly done with all solemnity. A fresh series of miracles connected with the relics now begins to be chronicled, and it is doubtless after this time that we may date most of the eight Lincolnshire churches to S. Oswald, and very possibly also his six Nottinghamshire dedications, for Nottinghamshire would likewise feel the influence of the change when Oswald's inveterate foe Penda was succeeded by Oswald's niece, the Christian Osthryd. One, however, of the Lincolnshire churches—that of Luddington—is known to have a different origin, for it was connected with the famous priory of S. Oswald's at Gloucester (p. 316), and was charged with a pension to the prior of that church. Derbyshire and Staffordshire have each of them a single dedication in this name, which may perhaps be accounted for by the same influence, as both these counties at one time lay within the sphere of the Mercian rule.

In Cheshire and in Lancashire Oswald's supremacy had been acknowledged during his lifetime, and in both these counties he is abundantly commemorated, though there is some confusion about the dedication in Chester itself. S. Oswald's church in this city (like the Trinity Church at Ely) is, strictly speaking, only a portion of the cathedral, which has been set aside as a separate parish-church, and distinguished by a separate dedication. Ormerod, the Cheshire historian, speaks of this part of the cathedral as having been "first dedicated to S. Peter and S. Paul," and afterwards altered to "The Blessed Trinity and S. Oswald, King and Martyr," and after that again to "SS. Oswald and Werburgh;" and finally, when he comes to deal with his own time (1819), he seems to give up the point as past deciding, and calls it, "this parish church, now *S. Oswald or S. Werburgh*." At what period it was dedicated to "SS. Peter and Paul" does not appear, but the explanation of the doubt between the Northumbrian king and the Mercian queen lies in the fact that up to the reign of Henry VIII. the main portion of the cathedral was dedicated to S. Werburgh † (it is now dedicated to "Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary"), and the south transept to S. Oswald. It is obvious how easily under these circumstances confusion might arise.

* E. H.

† Ch. xl.

S. Oswald's, at New Bilton in Warwickshire, is a purely modern church, and it is probable that the saint was chosen for his virtues' sake, without much regard to local traditions.

Oxfordshire has its own associations with King Oswald, inasmuch as he was instrumental in founding the bishopric of Dorchester, the see of the famous missionary-bishop, Birinus. It is fitting, therefore, that Oxfordshire should have at least one church (that of Widford) dedicated in his honour, though the real explanation of the dedication lies, not in the circumstance here alluded to, but in the fact that Widford at one time belonged to S. Oswald's priory at Gloucester—an important church, of which mention has already been made, and of which more still remains to be said. It is possible that in the case of Widford the original dedication was to the Blessed Virgin, for the church bears both names.

A more unexpected and far more unaccountable dedication to S. Oswald is to be found at Hove in Sussex, but this church, in like manner, has an alternative dedication, and is variously ascribed to S. Oswald and to S. James.

These alternative dedications attest as strongly as anything else S. Oswald's immense popularity. There are churches which divide their allegiance between him and some one or other of the following saints—S. Mary, S. Michael, S. Peter, S. James, S. Leonard the Hermit, the Empress Helena, S. Thomas of Canterbury, etc. In most of these instances it is impossible to decide which is the original dedication; in the case of the scriptural saints we should be inclined to believe that they were the earliest, and that the Northumbrian king was adopted at some re-dedication. S. Thomas of Canterbury, on the other hand, would seem to have supplanted the Saxon hero; but in any case the point to be noticed is, how widespread must have been the enthusiasm for this saint, when so many churches, not naturally connected with him, sought for the honour of associating themselves with his name.

There are two or three dedications to S. Oswald in Gloucestershire, a county which at first sight appears to have so little natural connexion with him that there has been a tendency to ascribe them to a very different Oswald, the celebrated Bishop of Worcester (CH. XXIII.), but there is an historical explanation of their presence here which will amply justify us in claiming them for our king. The three dedications in question are at Compton Abdale, Shipton Oliffe, and Rockhampton.* In the beginning of the tenth century, about A.D. 909, Ethelred, a Mercian earl, together with the Lady Elfleda, a daughter of Alfred the Great, caused Oswald's body to be translated from Bardney Abbey to an abbey in the city of Gloucester, which was thenceforth known as "S. Oswald's Abbey." The living of Compton Abdale belonged formerly to the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester—the natural representatives of the *Abbots* of Gloucester. What so natural, therefore, as that a church which was dependent upon the abbey should receive the name of the abbey's most honoured saint? And if further evidence were required that it is indeed our Oswald who is here

* Rockhampton has an alternative dedication to S. Leonard.

commemorated, it is to be found in the date of the village feast, "Compton Wake," which is always observed on "the Sunday nearest to Lammas Day." *Lammas Day* is August 1—a good round date, easier perhaps to remember than August 5, S. Oswald's Day, but we can hardly doubt that this was the date originally intended. The feast is still kept up, only it has been transferred to the Sunday after *old* Lammas Day, and thus the actual date is thrown somewhat later, and falls between the 9th and 15th of the month. Shipton Oliffe and Rockhampton are not such clear cases, and we unhappily lack the corroborative evidence of the village feast-days, which have been forgotten; but there is strong ground for supposing that Shipton Oliffe at any rate has the same patron as Compton Abdale, for there seems a tolerably strong presumption that Shipton Oliffe in like manner once belonged to S. Oswald's Priory at Gloucester. The Rev. W. Bazeley, Secretary of the Gloucester Archæological Society, gives as follows * the somewhat complicated history of Shipton Oliffe: "The manor belonged to the Archbishop of York previous to the reign of Edward I., and all the Archbishop's manors and advowsons in this county after 1100 A.D. were taken from S. Oswald's Priory by Aldred, bishop of Worcester and afterwards Archbishop of York, as security for a debt." On the whole, therefore, there seems good reason to believe that Shipton Oliffe, no less than Compton Abdale, is dedicated to our great Northumbrian king; and Rockhampton may not improbably be assigned to the same royal patron. It is only fair, however, to add that at Shipton Oliffe the Oswald in question is locally assumed to be—not the king—but the before-mentioned Oswald, the Archbishop of York, commonly known as S. Oswald of Worcester. As we have before said, we are strongly of opinion that the true patron is the king, not the bishop; but could it be proved to be otherwise, we would very gladly give this one dedication to a saint who is not otherwise commemorated by any of our churches.

Lastly, it is interesting to note that King Oswald's fame has not been confined to his own island, but that, thanks to the missionaries sent forth from England in the eighth century, his name is to be found in many of the Swiss and German liturgies; while the little town of Zug in Switzerland has taken the English king for her patron saint.†

S. Oswin, M. Aug. 20, 650.‡

The threads of Anglo-Saxon history are curiously intertangled—Oswin, King of Northumbria, was a kinsman of S. Edwin's, and met his death at the hands of S. Oswald's brother, Oswy. He was the son of that Osric, professedly a Christian, who had occupied the throne of Northumbria for a brief interval after the death of Edwin, and who, like Oswald's elder brother, Eanfrid, apostatized in the vain hope of propitiating Cadwallon. His shameful reign began and ended in that disastrous year which, as we have seen (p. 309), the chroniclers agreed to blot out of their annals.

* Private letter, 1891.

† Montalembert.

‡ Or A.D. 651. The like difference of date applies to S. Aidan's death (pp. 217, etc.).

The child Oswin, on the death of his father, was carried off into a place of safety; but this time the young exile was taken, not north, but south, into the kingdom of Wessex. There he remained throughout Oswald's reign, and there he was instructed in that faith which his father had cast away. It is strange to notice how all these three kings, Edwin, Oswald, and Oswin, underwent this same experience of the discipline of exile, concerning which Montalembert observes that it "seems to have been a necessary and salutary apprenticeship of the Northumbrian kings."

On Oswald's death Oswin determined to assert his rights, and came northwards for this purpose. It is doubtful whether he could ever have held his own against Penda, but Penda had now found a formidable opponent in Oswald's younger brother, Oswy, and with him Oswin entered into alliance. A division of the kingdom was agreed to between them; Oswy keeping the northern province of Bernicia, and leaving to Oswin Deira, the southern portion of Northumbria. This was the country most closely bound up with memories of Edwin. The nine years of Oswald's brilliant reign had not caused Edwin to be forgotten, and for his sake his young cousin Oswin received a warm welcome, and was proclaimed King of Deira in full assembly of the Witenagemot. Under the circumstances, it is the more curious that both Oswin's known dedications should be in Northumberland, rather than in Yorkshire.

But however Oswin himself might be welcomed, the division of the kingdom was a mistake, undoing all Oswald's great work of consolidation. It was a mistake, and the first to recognize it was the coadjutor king, Oswy. He longed to regain the supremacy that Oswald had enjoyed, and so long as Oswin occupied the throne of Deira his wish could never be attained; consequently his jealousy of his coadjutor gathered strength with each successive year of their joint reign; and when jealousy had once taken possession of his soul, there was much to feed it, for Oswin was by far the more popular of the two kings. In person he was tall and graceful, and to these external advantages he added a winning courtesy which was extended to those of low degree not less than to his equals, "so that," says Bede, "he was beloved by all men for his qualities of body and mind; and persons of his own rank came from almost all provinces to serve him." *

But if all those who were about him loved him, none loved him better than the holy Bishop Aidan, who recognized in this young prince the same humble, teachable spirit that had marked his predecessor, Oswald; and though Oswin had not been, like Oswald, bred up in the traditions of Iona, he none the less freely took the Scottish bishop for his guide and counsellor, and helped him in all his good works. The story has often been told of the costly horse which Oswin gave Aidan for his missionary journeys, and with which Aidan soon parted to relieve the wants of a beggar. The king, hearing how lightly his valuable gift had been sacrificed, gave way to some natural indignation, and as they were going

* E. H.

in to dinner openly remonstrated with his friend, asking why, when there were in the royal stables so many other horses of less value which would have been good enough for the beggar, he must needs have given away "that royal horse" which had been chosen specially for his use by the king himself. "What is it that you say, O king?" answered the bishop. "Is that foal of a mare more dear to you than the Son of God?" Here was a reproof where the king looked for an apology, and it was hard to bear. Aidan sat down to table, but Oswin, who had just come in from hunting, stood warming himself at the fire, pondering the bishop's words. The inward struggle was short, the momentary irritation was overcome, and hastily laying aside his sword, Oswin threw himself down at the bishop's feet, imploring his forgiveness, and saying: "From this time forward I will never speak any more of this, nor will I judge of what or how much of our money you shall give to the sons of God." The bishop, much moved, started to his feet and raised up Oswin, assuring him of his full forgiveness, and bidding him lay aside all sorrow. The meal was proceeded with, and soon the young king began to grow merry; but "the bishop, on the other hand, grew so melancholy as to shed tears." And when one of the priests present, who, like Aidan, had come from Iona, asked him in the Scots' tongue, which neither the king nor his attendants understood (mark in this point the difference between Oswald and Oswin), why he wept, Aidan gave utterance to words that came afterwards to be looked upon as prophetic. "I know," said he, "that the king will not live long; for I never before saw so humble a king; whence I conclude that he will soon be snatched out of this life, because this nation is not worthy of such a ruler."

It was not long before Aidan's words found their fulfilment. In the summer of the year 650 Oswy determined to make an attempt to rid himself of his rival; and having gathered together a powerful army, he marched into Oswin's territory. The opposing forces met at a place that cannot now be precisely identified, about twelve miles from the Yorkshire Richmond. Oswin at once perceived that it was hopeless for him to fight against such overwhelming odds, and he "thought it better at that time to lay aside all thoughts of engaging, and to preserve himself for better times. He therefore dismissed the army which he had assembled, and ordered all his men to return to their own homes." This we learn from the brief narrative of Bede, which is much amplified by Oswin's twelfth-century biographer, John of Tynemouth,* who gives us a lengthy version of Oswin's address to his troops before disbanding them. It is probable that the young king was neither so florid nor yet so epigrammatic as the monk represents him, but the closing words of the speech—"flying, I displease men; fighting, I am displeasing to God"—doubtless reflect truly enough the struggle in his mind between the fear of incurring blood-guiltiness should he engage in so unequal a combat, and the other fear of laying himself open to the reproach of cowardice, should he seem

* Quoted by Father Faber in Newman's "English Saints."

to shrink from the danger. But now he "cast that finer sense, and sorer shame aside:" he would not be untrue to his own conscience. Call it prudence, call it obedience to the higher dictates of conscience—whatever may have been his motives, Oswin finally resolved to withdraw from the fight, and having dismissed his men, he, together "with only one trusted soldier," sought concealment at Gilling near Richmond, in the house of a certain Earl Hunwald, whom he believed to be, as Bede says, "his most assured friend." Hunwald received him with outward deference, and Oswin suspected no evil; but his treacherous host betrayed him to the enemy, and in the night the castle was surrounded, and one of Oswy's officers entered and announced to Oswin that his hour was come. Bede says only that Oswin was slain at this time and place; but John of Tynemouth puts into the king's mouth a speech which, though possibly invented for him at a later time, yet agrees well with our conception of his character. "The sentence of your king," said he, "depends upon the permission of my King." He is further said to have interceded, though in vain, for his companion, and both perished together on August 20 (650), the day which has been since kept in memory of S. Oswin.

Oswy, too late, repented of his wicked deeds, and sought to atone for them by building a monastery at Gilling, the scene of the crime, wherein "prayers were to be daily offered up to God for the souls of both kings; that is, of him that was murdered and of him that commanded him to be killed." * He was instigated to the pious work by his wife Eanfleda, who was no other than that infant daughter of Edwin who had been born on the memorable Easter night of her father's attempted assassination (p. 303), and who gladly hailed this opportunity of doing honour to her father's kinsman, and at the same time atoning for her husband's sin. It is highly probable that this monastery was in the first place dedicated to Oswin, in whose memory it was founded; but in one of the Danish invasions it was utterly destroyed, and when it was rebuilt at a later period, it was dedicated—as we have already seen (vol. i. p. 113)—to S. Agatha, whose name is still borne by the existing parochial church. We must therefore look elsewhere for dedications in honour of S. Oswin.

It is his connexion with the abbey at Tynemouth that has made S. Oswin famous; but this connexion is of a kind that we may call purely accidental, for he had no sort of connexion with Tynemouth during his lifetime. According to the statement of John of Tynemouth, his remains were translated to the church of Our Lady at Tynemouth not many years after the event of the murder. This may be true; but, on the other hand, there is a doubt whether there has not been some confusion between Oswin and another Northumbrian king of slightly later date—*Osred* by name—who was unquestionably buried at Tynemouth. Be this as it may, S. Oswin reposed in obscurity till about the time of the Norman Conquest, when the church was rebuilt, and his body solemnly translated to a second and more stately shrine.

* Bede.

What caused this revival of interest in the long-forgotten Oswin? Clearly we may dismiss the monkish story that one of the brethren was bidden by Oswin himself to provide him speedily with a more fitting place of sepulture; but are we, on the other hand, to accept the theory that has lately been put forth,* that this same monk, wishing to furnish Tynemouth with more honours than it could legitimately claim, determined to pass off the corpse of Osred as that of the forgotten martyr Oswin? If so, he succeeded in the attempt; and from this time forward the fame of S. Oswin of Tynemouth grew with amazing rapidity, so that a twelfth-century traveller in those regions could say: "Of the holy king Oswin I have heard, but the name of the holy bishop Aidan did not reach me."† Numberless at this date are the legends of S. Oswin, the powerful patron of Tynemouth; but perhaps the most striking tribute to his sanctity is to be found in the fact that a certain widespread district round about Tynemouth was endued with all the rights of sanctuary, and known under the name of "S. Oswin's Peace," or "The Peace of the Martyr." By the roughest and most lawless dwellers in Northumberland and Durham the rights of the "Martyr's Peace" were faithfully respected, for all had an unbounded confidence in the power of the saint to avenge himself, if his rights were infringed; and strangers who scoffingly set at nought his authority were deemed sure to suffer sooner or later for their audacity, as the following legend‡—a sample of many more—was held to prove in most convincing wise.

In the reign of William Rufus war was being waged between England and Scotland, and the king came northwards with a fleet of fifty ships, which put into harbour at Newcastle. During the time that they were on land the sailors wandered through the country, behaving with the utmost lawlessness, plundering on all sides regardless of the protection of the "Martyr's Peace." Among the victims of their cruelty was an aged woman living at Tynemouth, who was robbed by one of the sailors of the web which she had painfully woven with her own hands, and on the sale of which she relied for her year's sustenance. In vain she implored his compassion, and equally in vain she appealed to him in the name of the holy Oswin. The sailor only scoffed at S. Oswin, and carried off his booty, while the old woman betook herself to the saint's shrine, there to pour out her wrongs. Morning came; the fleet sailed away from Newcastle, and all hope of redress seemed lost. But as the day wore on a storm arose; the ships were dashed upon the Coquet Rocks, and one by one went down with all hands on board. Next day great portions of the wreck were washed ashore near Tynemouth, and all the inhabitants, who had been hiding themselves in woods and caves, dreading the return of their enemies, now hurried down to recover what they might of their plundered goods, confining themselves strictly, says the story-teller, to taking back each man his own lawful property. Among the latest of the

* D. C. B.

† Quoted by Montalembert.

‡ See the story in Faber's "Life of S. Oswin."

comers was our old woman. There upon the sand before her lay a corpse, still holding in its hand the stolen web. "O cruellest of men!" cried she, "yesterday I asked you, and you would not hear me; I asked my lord and patron, and he has heard me. Now you give up unwittingly the web you stole most wittingly; now you pay in death the penalty you deserved to pay alive, because you despised the saint in me."

It must have been about this time, at the height of S. Oswin's fame, that the church at Tynemouth, which had been originally dedicated to the Blessed Virgin alone, was re-dedicated to "S. Oswin and the Blessed Virgin Mary." For a time it served as the parish church, but in 1657, having become ruinous, it was replaced by a church near by, at North Shields, dedicated to Christ.* For a couple of centuries, therefore, S. Oswin—this once so popular and venerated saint—was left uncommemorated by a single dedication; but in 1886 the omission was made good by the consecration of a church of S. Oswin at Wylam-on-Tyne. The original intention had been to dedicate it to S. Oswald, but this for some reason did not recommend itself to the donors, and the architect suggested, as an alternative, "S. Oswin," which was adopted. The actual dedication took place on All Saints' Day, but the "patronal festival"—that is to say, August 20—is carefully observed.

And thus, after two centuries of neglect, S. Oswin is again remembered in the valley where once he was so famous. The old feeling of admiration for him is revived, but with a difference. In the Middle Ages he was venerated on account of the miracles that were said to have been done by the power of his name: now we put aside these miracles, and look back behind the unreal Oswin of the monkish tales to the humble-minded, manly king of Bede's plain narrative; and none the less—nay, rather, all the more—we find him worthy to be commemorated.

A most deeply interesting memorial of S. Oswin is still preserved in the British Museum,† namely, his psalter—a manuscript "in the most ancient Irish characters, said to have been the book of Oswin the king." The mention of the "Irish characters" is noteworthy, for it suggests the idea that the book may have been the gift of one of Oswin's Celtic friends from Iona—possibly of Aidan himself.

S. Rumbald. See CH. XVI.

S. Kenelm. See CH. XVI.

S. Wyston. See CH. XVI.

S. Ethelbert, Albert, or Albright, M. May 20, 794.

Between Oswin and the next royal saint upon our list there is an interval of more than a century, and the scene now changes from Northumbria to East Anglia. This Ethelbert is not to be confounded with his better-known namesake, that Kentish Ethelbert who must for ever be associated with the history of Augustine of Canterbury. Both of them were kings, and Ethelbert of Kent by far the greater king of the two; but it was the East Anglian

* Lewis.

† Though now unhappily much defaced by fire.—See D. C. B.

prince alone who was canonized, and who has had churches dedicated in his honour.

Our earliest account of S. Ethelbert is contained in a single sentence in the English Chronicle: "This year Offa, king of the Mercians, commanded the head of king Ethelbert to be struck off." But this somewhat barren statement of the fact has been considerably amplified by later chroniclers, or otherwise our saint would hardly have had fifteen churches keeping alive the memory of his unhappy fate. According to these fuller narratives, Ethelbert was a piously educated youth—"affable to all, and acceptable to Christ by the merit of his virtues"—who, after an uneventful boyhood, in due course peacefully succeeded to his father's throne, where he speedily won the good-will of all his subjects. In process of time his advisers urged upon the king the duty of taking a wife. He was ready to meet their wishes, but he objected to the particular heiress proposed to him, on the ground that her father had acted treacherously to his father, and he announced his intention of seeking the hand of the Lady Alfrida, the daughter of the powerful Mercian king, Offa. In vain his mother dwelt upon her presentiments that the undertaking was an ill-omened one: in this matter of choosing his wife Ethelbert was bent on having his own way; and accordingly—undeterred by earthquakes and other portents—he set forth from his royal city of *Baderogi*, known to us by its later name of St. Edmund's Bury, or Bury St. Edmunds, and journeyed to Sutton-Wallis in Herefordshire, where Offa was now holding his court. So far as the lady was concerned all went well, and she spoke of her royal suitor in terms of such open admiration as to provoke her mother to vehement contempt and anger. The wicked queen was full of ambitious designs of her own: she wanted to secure Ethelbert's kingdom, but she wanted it unembarrassed by Ethelbert himself: East Anglia should belong to Offa—but by way of possession, not by way of alliance. The queen's next object was to make her husband participate in her evil schemes, and she forthwith began to stir up his feelings of covetousness, representing to him that if he were now secretly to slay his guest, the East Anglian kingdom, "which," said she, "you have so long and daily coveted, will be yours and for your heirs for ever." Offa hesitated, but in the end was influenced by his wife's suggestions. Ethelbert's murder was therefore determined upon. As to the exact mode of his death authorities are divided. According to one version, he was invited to visit Offa in his chamber, and there was seized, bound, and beheaded by a courtier of Offa's, who was well aware that his master would not afterwards reproach him with the deed; but, according to another story, he anticipated the fate of Amy Robsart, and fell through an elaborately prepared trap in his bedroom into a vault beneath, where some of the queen's servants were waiting to suffocate him with silk cushions. The body was hastily buried on the banks of the river Lugg, but in three days' time it was taken up—at the command of Ethelbert himself, said the legend—and given more honourable burial at a place then called *Fernlega*, the modern Hereford.

In process of time a church was built on this spot. Some say that the builder was Offa, who desired thus to testify his repentance for his crime; but this is doubtful, and it is only just to Offa to add that, according to the distinct statement of one of the chroniclers, the murder was entirely of his wife's devising, and that he knew nothing of it till too late. We might the more readily believe in Offa's innocence if he had not so promptly acted on the queen's counsels, and made himself master of Ethelbert's kingdom of East Anglia.

But one, at least, there was in the palace who mourned sincerely for Ethelbert: the Lady Alfrida proved the constancy of her attachment by retiring from the world, and spending the remaining forty years of her life as an anchorite at Crowland. In those long forty years she must have had the satisfaction of seeing one honour after another paid to the memory of her hapless lover. She may have heard of the church that rose up at Marden on the banks of the Lugg, on the very spot where Ethelbert's corpse had been hurriedly concealed—that church which to this day bears his name. As to the building of the more famous church at Hereford—the existing cathedral—it is doubtful whether she can have lived to hear of that; for though it is known that Hereford was very early raised to the dignity of a cathedral city, and was likewise very early placed under the special patronage of the murdered king of East Anglia, the exact date of its foundation cannot be determined.* It seems probable that the original church in Hereford, to which Ethelbert's remains were translated, was dedicated to S. Mary; but as early at least as the beginning of the eleventh century S. Ethelbert had displaced the earlier dedication. In one respect, the dedication of Hereford Cathedral is unique: S. Ethelbert is the only native-born saint who has maintained, sole and undisturbed, his position as patron of an English cathedral. Many other of our English saints have been associated with our cathedrals, but either they have been displaced, or they have had some scriptural saint joined with them: S. Etheldreda, S. Werburgh, and S. Cuthbert are no longer the respective patrons of Ely, Chester, and Durham. S. Chad, S. Swithun, and S. Wilfrid are indeed still remembered in their several cathedrals of Lichfield, Winchester, and Ripon; but each one is associated with some scriptural saint. S. Alban, it is true, remains the sole patron of his own cathedral city, as S. Nicholas does of Newcastle; but neither of these are native-born saints. To S. Ethelbert, therefore, as we have said, remains the singular distinction of being the one native-born patron saint of an English cathedral; and in the missal, breviary, and hymnal of that cathedral, his commemoration held an important place.

In addition to his two Herefordshire churches, and one in Gloucestershire, the East Anglian king has been abundantly commemorated in his own special kingdom of East Anglia. Norfolk has seven churches in his honour, and Suffolk four. In two of the Norfolk churches (Burnham-Sutton and Cringleford) his name has lingered under the abbreviated

* D. C. B.

form of "Albert;" and in the chapelry of Stanway in Essex we find him as "Albright," clearly a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *Aegelbrihtus*—a form in which he appears in the early chroniclers.*

S. Alkmund, M. March 19, 800.

Alkmund is one of those saints who is sure always to attract a good deal of attention from the fact of his having churches dedicated to him in two important provincial towns —notably Shrewsbury and Derby—but it must be owned that his history affords singularly little matter for the biographer. Like many of the kings on this list he belongs to Northumbria, but to Northumbria at the darkest and most inglorious period of her history—that period of civil war and confusion, that "fifty years of anarchy," during which the northern realm lay so isolated from the rest of the country that, according to Mr. Green, it "hardly seemed to form part of the English people." †

Alkmund, like his more distinguished predecessors, spent his youth in exile, beyond the Scottish border; and we are told of him that he was loved and revered for his spotless innocence, and for his gentleness. He was the legitimate heir to the Northumbrian throne, and ought to have succeeded to his murdered brother Osred; but it seems probable that he never entered into the possession of his rights, for there was a very formidable candidate in the field in the person of one Hardulph, or Eardulf (of whom we shall hear more presently), who had been chosen by popular acclamation. Against this Hardulph the youthful Alkmund had no chance; nor does it appear certain that he ever tried to make good his claim; but his very presence in the kingdom may have been regarded by the usurper as a source of possible danger; and by Hardulph's orders the unfortunate boy was arrested and slain.

According to some versions of his history, Alkmund fell in battle against the West Saxons, but there is no good authority for this statement, and the fact of Hardulph's being the instrument of his death is mentioned in the quarter where we might be least inclined to look for it, namely, in the history of Hardulph himself.

It is possible that the ill-fated Alkmund might have continued as obscure in death as in life, had he not chanced to become, a generation or so later, an object of special interest to a powerful Mercian queen, Ethelfleda, or Elfleda, the daughter of Alfred the Great. Was it that her woman's nature was touched by the hapless fate of this innocent boy, or was it that she knew more than we know now of his just claims to sanctity? We cannot tell; but whatever her motives, it is certain that she took under her protection the young Northumbrian king—"the martyr" as men began to call him—and paid all possible honours to his memory. It was thanks to her zeal that churches both at Shrewsbury and Derby were founded in his honour.

Alkmund's body had, in the first instance, been buried at Lillieshall in Shropshire, but it was afterwards removed to the church of S. Alkmund at Derby, which thenceforward became a very famous place of pilgrimage.

* Baring-Gould and D. C. B. † "Short History."

In addition to his church in Derby itself, S. Alkmund had, until within the last fifty years, a church at Duffield in the same county; but at some time subsequently to 1844 the dedication was changed to "All Saints." This is to be regretted: we are not likely to found fresh churches in honour of S. Alkmund, but it is hard that he should be deprived of what were his by right.

Whitchurch in Shropshire may be supposed to have had some connexion with the church at Shrewsbury; but Blyborough in Lincolnshire, and Aymestrey in Herefordshire—the latter bearing the curious double dedication "SS. John and Alkmund"—are at first sight more difficult to account for: a glance, however, at an historical map of England at the period with which we are now concerned * will show how widespread was the dominion of Mercia, and that there is, therefore, every possibility that the churches at Blyborough and Aymestrey, like those at Derby and Shrewsbury, may owe their foundation to the Mercian queen.†

S. Hardulph.‡ 809.

From the murdered saint to his sainted murderer is but a step. The Hardulph who gives his name to the Leicestershire church of Breedon-on-the-Hill appears to be none other than the Hardulph, or Eardulf, who secured himself on the throne of Northumbria by clearing his path of all possible rivals, and amongst others of our last saint, Alkmund.

If Hardulph (to give him the name under which he is commemorated at Breedon, though in English history he is better known as Eardulf) had killed his youthful rival in fair fight, we might forgive it; but it seems clear that the act was one of premeditated treachery. We feel a natural repugnance to honouring Hardulph with the title of saint, and it is a positive satisfaction to believe that his legal claim to the distinction is no stronger than his moral claim. Hardulph does not appear in any known Kalendar; he has no special day, and though he figures at Breedon as "S. Hardulph," there seems no evidence at all that he was ever canonized.

But whatever may have been the facts as to Hardulph's canonization, there is no doubt that he was an object of much contemporary reverence, and we must now inquire what it was in this turbulent, unscrupulous king that made it possible for even partisans to regard him as a saint.

The one incident, then, on which Hardulph's claims to sanctity are based occurred early in his career, before he had any prospect of succeeding

* See Green's "History."

† Baring-Gould, March 19, and D. C. B., "Eardulph."

‡ It must be acknowledged that the identification of S. Hardulph with the Eardulf, or Heardulph, of early English history does not rest upon any real evidence. There seems, however, a reasonable probability that they are the same; and if this theory be disallowed, it will be found very difficult to account for the otherwise unknown patron of Breedon. The late Canon Raine of York, a great authority on the subject of the Northumbrian Eardulf, in a private letter (1891), writes as follows regarding the possible identification of the two men: "I am inclined to think that your St. Hardulph must be the Northumbrian king Eardulph. Northumbria was at times closely connected with Mercia, and the place you mention may have had some special reason to remember Eardulf. Partisans made saints frequently in those days."

to the throne. He was at this time one of the ealdormen at the court of Ethelred—a monarch who was with much difficulty maintaining his position, and asserting his wavering authority by many an act of cruelty. For some unknown cause, Hardulph incurred the royal displeasure; by Ethelred's orders he was arrested and carried to Ripon, and there seemingly executed in front of the entrance to the minster. The monks first carried the body into the church to the strains of Gregorian music, and then laid it again outside the building. The next morning the supposed dead man was found alive within the minster. It was felt that nothing short of a miracle could account for such a resurrection, and this circumstance made men look upon Hardulph with a reverence which, as Canon Raine observes, "was certainly undeserved." * This event took place in 790. Notwithstanding the new veneration with which he was regarded, Hardulph seems to have thought it best to withdraw from Ethelred's neighbourhood; and the next six years of his life were accordingly spent in exile. At the end of that time Ethelred's stormy reign came to a close; Hardulph was unanimously recalled to fill his place, and was consecrated king in York Minster by the Archbishop of York, assisted by three of his suffragans.

His reign began most auspiciously, and wise men outside the limits of Northumbria looked with hope upon the accession of this new king, in whose strength and determination there seemed at last to be a promise of peace for the distracted kingdom. Charlemagne, Pope Leo III., and the scholarly Alcuin, were all of them, at different periods of Hardulph's life, to be numbered among his supporters. Alcuin had at this time just left England, never to return thither; but his interest in all that concerned his native land was undying; and at the time of Hardulph's accession he wrote to him, reminding him of his wonderful preservation from death at Ripon in bygone years, and urging him to be a just and God-fearing king. His counsels were unheeded, and the immorality of the king's private life was such as to cause Alcuin, a year later, to express to a friend his fear that Hardulph would speedily be punished by the loss of his kingdom His fears were justified. The next three years of Hardulph's reign were spent in suppressing a revolt on the part of those who had placed him on the throne. For a time he was successful: his most dangerous rivals were defeated, and one by one cleared out of his path. It was at this time that he caused the death of his most unoffending rival, the young S. Alkmund, of whom we have already spoken. The struggle was continued at intervals for ten stormy years, and at last Hardulph was driven into exile. One of his most formidable foes was the Archbishop of York; but the wily Hardulph took advantage of his exile to visit the Pope, and to tell his own story so much to his own advantage that the archbishop found himself blamed for his opposition, while Charlemagne and the Pope united in restoring the banished king. Hardulph's triumph, however, was short-lived, for he died in the following year, 809, and was peaceably succeeded by his son. It is curious to note that this usurper is the only

* D. C. B.

king in our whole chapter, except Edward the Confessor, who died a natural death.

How Hardulph came to be connected with the Leicestershire parish of Breedon-on-the-Hill is not clear. Breedon church was appropriated to S. Oswald's Priory at Nostell near Wakefield, and it is possible that Nostell may have had some special reason to remember Hardulph. As Canon Raine observes in connexion with this very questionable saint, "in those days partisans frequently made saints." It is possible that a closer examination of the records of Nostell Priory may throw some light on the matter; but meantime Breedon church is to be congratulated on possessing an alternative dedication to the Blessed Virgin, as well as its unique dedication to King Hardulph.

S. Edmund,* M. Nov. 20, 870.

It is refreshing to turn from the miserable Hardulph to Edmund, the well-loved king of East Anglia, who first endeared to Englishmen a name that has for a thousand years kept its place amongst us.

Between fifty and sixty ancient churches, distributed throughout more than half the counties of England, from Durham to Devonshire, attest the widespread popularity of this king, to whom more truly than to any other of our English kings belongs the title of *martyr*. S. Edmund has been somewhat hardly dealt with of late. In the reaction against the mediæval credulity that accepted unhesitatingly the most elaborate fabrications regarding him, the modern tendency has been to believe nothing concerning him beyond the meagre contemporary statement of the English Chronicle: † "This year the [Danish] army rode across Mercia into East Anglia, and took up their winter quarters at Thetford: the same winter king Edmund fought against them, and the Danes got the victory, and slew the king, and subdued all the land, and destroyed all the minsters which they came to. The names of their chiefs who slew the king were Hingwar and Hubba." Thus briefly, in a chronicle that deals with the affairs of the whole island, are summed up and dismissed the bitter miseries that marked the fall of one of the less important under-kingdoms; but something of this bare outline can be filled up from other sources.

In Edmund's own kingdom of East Anglia the memory of its last heroic young king was fondly cherished. Our earliest account of the saint was unfortunately not compiled till a hundred and ten years after his death. It comes from the pen of a French monk, Abbo of Fleury, who, during his two years' residence at Ramsey Abbey in Huntingdonshire, had made it his special business to collect all the information he could touching S. Edmund. In the dedication of his treatise to Archbishop Dunstan, he states that his narrative is based on what he had himself been told by S. Dunstan, who in his turn had had the advantage

* Much use has been made throughout this sketch of Arnold's "Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey" (Rolls Series), and of J. R. Thompson's "Records of S. Edmund."

† A.D. 870.

of talking to an old man who had been armour-bearer to the king on the day of his death. All that is most valuable in the history of S. Edmund is contained in this treatise of Abbo's. The later accounts, of which there are many, bristle with details that are obviously in great part legendary. "It was natural that a desire for fuller knowledge should arise. In times anterior to the growth of the critical spirit, such a desire has always tended to gratify itself; and this was the case with S. Edmund." * There is no need to assume that everything contained in these later narratives is false: they doubtless embrace many trustworthy traditions; but it is plain that with the advance of centuries names and incidents have been freely added, half knowledge has been rounded off into satisfactory completeness, till in the fifteenth century, in the manuscript life of the saint preserved in his famous monastery at Bury, "the full-blown legend meets us." †

Abbo's account of King Edmund agrees with the later versions in stating that he was by birth a foreigner, belonging to a noble family in German Saxony; but Abbo is wholly silent as to the circumstances of his election to the East Anglian throne. The blanks are freely filled up by Galfridus de Fontibus, a monk living at Thetford in the twelfth century who was a diligent collector of all traditions relating to the early life of his hero—all *local* traditions more particularly. As regards East Anglia, this writer has the advantage of very intimate knowledge of the various localities associated with the story, but his knowledge of names and places on the other side the water is plainly less to be depended upon. He tells how when Offa, the last native-born king of East Anglia—who must on no account be confounded with his better-known namesake of Mercia—was making a pilgrimage to the Holy Places, he passed through Saxony, and was entertained by Edmund's parents. He further tells how the childless Offa was captivated by the winning manners of the youthful Edmund. Offa returned to England only to die, and on his death-bed his thoughts turned fondly to the boy Edmund, whom he appointed his successor. Messengers were forthwith sent over to Saxony to carry out the commands of the dying king, and Edmund, with the full consent of his parents, accepted the new duties thus unexpectedly laid upon him. He took ship and sailed up the Wash, and landed—or, more strictly speaking, was shipwrecked—off the north coast of Norfolk, not far from the modern watering-place of Hunstanton. In the life the place is spoken of as *Maydenbure*, a name which no longer exists, but tradition has long identified this spot with the headland known as "S. Edmund's Point," on which may still be seen the ruins of a chapel dedicated to the saint, and locally believed to have been founded by himself on the spot where first he offered up his prayers to heaven for the land of his adoption. The twelve springs that are still to be seen about a quarter of a mile from S. Mary's church at Hunstanton are said to have burst from the ground at that instant as a token that his prayer was heard. S. Edmund's biographers say nothing

* Arnold's "St. Edmund's Abbey.", † Ibid.

of the erection of any chapel, but one of them does say that he built himself a house at this very place, and it is possible enough that the one may have been converted into the other. At any rate, Hunstanton has clung loyally to the tradition, insomuch that the modern addition to the older village which has lately sprung up is distinguished by the name of "St. Edmund's."

The next place that is specially connected with S. Edmund is the ancient Norfolk town of Attleborough, where, according to the historian of his early days, he spent one year, during which time he committed to heart the entire psalter. A copy of the psalter, which is still shown in the Guildhall Library at Bury St. Edmunds, claims to be the very copy used by him.

Up to this time, if we may trust Galfridus de Fontibus, the young Saxon prince had received no formal recognition in East Anglia; but a fresh alarm of the coming of the Danes induced them to carry out the known wishes of their late king, and recognize Edmund as his successor. The decision of the men of Norfolk was endorsed by the men of Suffolk, who brought the prince from Attleborough to Bures (on the borders of Suffolk and Essex), and there acknowledged him for their king. From this point there is a break in the history of some years, till we come to the Danish invasion with all its attendant horrors.

According to the simplest version of the history, the fame of the unexpected good fortune that had befallen the youthful Edmund of Saxony came to the ears of an old Danish chief, Lodbroc by name, who taunted his own warlike sons with the successes of this stripling, asking them what they had ever done to be compared to it; and the sons, Hingwar and Hubba, stung by the reproach, forthwith resolved to invade Edmund's dominions. It has been all too hastily assumed that the Lodbroc here spoken of must needs be *Ragnar Lodbroc*, the mighty Dane whose exploits made so terrible an impression on the memory of Saxon England; and since it has been clearly established that this Lodbroc had already been dead well-nigh a century, the whole story has been needlessly discredited. But the mistake is sufficiently explained by an author of the eleventh century,* who, writing from information given him by the Danish king, Sweyn III., quotes the name as *Lothparch*. The two names have a certain similarity, and every one is aware of the natural tendency to substitute unconsciously a familiar for an unfamiliar name, which is what the monkish historians have done. Of the father nothing more is known; but the sons, Hingwar and Hubba, bore a terrible reputation, as may be seen, not only from our national chronicles, but from the independent testimony of the foreign writer before referred to, who says that of all the Danish pirates of that period, "the most cruel of all was Inguar [*i.e.* Hingwar], son of Lodparch, who everywhere put the Christians to death with tortures."

Such, then, were the relentless antagonists against whom the boy-king

* Adam of Bremen.

found himself matched. And here again scant justice has been done to S. Edmund. One class of historians is inclined to deny his existence; the second class, represented by Mr. Sharon Turner,* allows his existence, but impugns his courage. Thus he speaks of him as a man "praised for his affability, his gentleness, and humility," but as "deficient in those manly energies whose vigorous activity would have met the storm in its fury, and might have disarmed it of its terrors." So again he says: "Though horrors had for some time been raging round his frontiers, he was roused to no preparations; had meditated no warfare. He was dwelling quietly in a village near Hagilsdun" (now Hoxne), "when the active Dane appeared near him, and he was taken completely unawares." But for this disparaging conception of Edmund's character there is singularly little justification. We will not rely upon the circumstantial narratives of the fourteenth century concerning the heroic stand made by the king against the invaders; for whatever truth may be embedded therein, it is plain that they have been highly coloured, and that more than one well-known incident has been borrowed from other histories and adapted to S. Edmund; as, for example, the tale of his escaping from the castle in which he was closely besieged that he might muster his forces in the country round, and of his adroit parrying of inconvenient questions as to the whereabouts of the king by the reply, "When I was in the Castle he was there"—an answer which is obviously suggested by the famous retort of S. Athanasius on a similar occasion (vol. i. p. 231).

But to take only the prosaic and disinterested statements of the secular chroniclers: we have the witness of the English Chronicle that King Edmund "fought stoutly;" and we have in Ingulph of Croyland and Matthew of Westminster more detailed accounts of the great battle fought near Thetford, which resulted in fearful slaughter on both sides, and the complete defeat of the Saxons. Mr. Sharon Turner admits that Edmund did make this "one effort to save East Anglia," but he is impatient of the king's distress at the loss of life, and says he "did not reflect that to resist the Danes with energy, was not merely to uphold his own domination, but to protect his people from the most fatal ruin." If this writer accepted the story as it stood he might surely have given some weight to the further statement that Edmund's determination not to risk another hopeless battle was brought about by the news that in the interval Hingwar's forces had been strengthened by the arrival of strong reinforcements under the command of his brother Hubba, who had hitherto been absent in Northumbria. Upon this he decided to agree to Hingwar's proposal of a parley, which took place near Hoxne. For the account of that parley we are primarily indebted to the monk Abbo, who has written with a fulness of detail that is in itself suspicious. Let us acknowledge freely that the slightly grandiloquent speeches, both of Hingwar's representative and of the king himself, must have been

* "History of the Anglo-Saxons."

constructed on the principle of the speeches in Thucydides. No armour-bearer could possibly have so remembered or so reported them, but as to the terms proposed, the guiding lines of thought on the one side and the other, and the final issue, Abbo is probably to be trusted.

Hingwar required Edmund to halve his treasures with him and to reign as his vassal. With regard to the first condition, agreement might have been possible; but as to the second, Edmund insisted on the prior condition that Hingwar should become a Christian. On this point the negotiations broke down, and the Dane going out found his chief close by, and related his ill success. Hingwar, angered at the rejection of his terms, caused Edmund to be seized and scourged, and then filled up the measure of his cruelty by ordering him to be bound to a tree, as a target for the arrows of his soldiers. At last even his tormentor was moved by the sight of the young king's endurance, and commanded that his sufferings should be ended by striking off his head.

Such was the manner of death of him who is often called "the English S. Sebastian," and such the scene that was made familiar to the men of East Anglia for centuries to come by its reproduction in paintings and in sculpture.

But to us the real point of interest is the truth of the story: did King Edmund die in this manner, and if so, was he merely a helpless victim, or has he the claim to martyrdom that comes from a willing acceptance of the worst of sufferings for the sake of right? The question may perhaps best be answered in the words of Mr. Thomas Arnold, who has studied very carefully and very impartially all the narratives relating to this subject.* "After all, though myths have gathered around his memory, and little of authentic fact can be discerned, we cannot be wrong in holding Edmund to have been a just ruler and a strong-souled Christian man, who deliberately preferred to die rather than lead a life to which his Maker had not called him, and for which he found no warrant in his conscience. For him, the simple, spontaneous *first* thought held good throughout, and no treacherous, paralysing *second* thought was allowed to move him. It is easy to conceive many plausible reasons which might have led him to submit to Hinguar's terms (to halve his treasures with him, and reign as his subordinate), since no better could be obtained. About the treasures indeed he made no difficulty; but on the point of reigning under Hinguar he was immovable. Beneath Abbo's turgid language something like the following line of thought may be traced; he, Edmund, had been appointed by God, and as it were consecrated by the solemn rite of coronation, to rule and guide his people, and bring them to Christ; to raise them, in concert with the clergy, to whatever height of temporal and spiritual good it might be possible for them to reach. Now these unbelieving Danes told him he must no longer rule his people as God's, but as their vicegerent. Was he free to do so? Did conscience ever point in that direction? How could he tell what men, ignorant of the

* Preface to "St. Edmund's Abbey."

true God, and besotted with idolatrous ideas, might require him, after he had become their servant, to do? In the end he made up his mind to refuse to reign under Hinguar unless the latter first embraced Christianity. His cruel scourging followed, and his being made a target for the Danish arrows, according to the well-known story of the martyrdom."

Tradition has constantly pointed out one special tree at Hoxne as that to which S. Edmund was bound, and it is at the least a curious coincidence that when this old tree (which measured twenty feet in circumference) fell down in the year 1848, a piece of bent iron, believed to have been an arrow-head, was found embedded in the trunk. The relic is in the keeping of the owner of the property, while a small stone cross now marks the site of the tree.*

The king's body, which was thrown aside by the Danes among the surrounding trees, was recovered and buried; and over the spot sprang up a little chapel, placed under the invocation of "S. Edmund, King and Martyr." Here the body remained for some thirty years, till it was translated to *Beodricsworth*, already a monastery of some importance, and destined eventually, under its new name of *St. Edmund's Bury*, "so completely to overshadow the county as to leave little space for other monastic foundations."†

Such, then, was the first and by far the most important of the various translations of the saint's remains, which during the next three centuries kept his memory continually before the popular mind, and so tended to magnify his fame. That fame was still further spread abroad by the circumstances of the second translation in 1010, when, in order to preserve the precious relics from a fresh inroad of Danish pirates, they were carried for three years to London.

From this time onwards till the close of the fourteenth century the miracles attributed to S. Edmund increased and multiplied with amazing rapidity. It is no part of our present undertaking to deal either with the history of the great Benedictine Abbey,‡ or with these numberless posthumous miracles, except in so far as they throw light upon our church dedications. Undoubtedly it was one or other of these two causes—either the direct influence of S. Edmund's Abbey, or the admiration excited by the yearly growing tale of miracles wrought by the saint's intercessions—that prompted the building of churches in his honour, rather than recollections of the real King Edmund of history.

Thus it happens, curiously enough, that S. Edmund is not commemorated in any one of those places with which in life he was most closely associated. The church at Hunstanton (p. 328) where he landed is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; so, too, are both Attleborough§ and Bures (p. 329), the two localities celebrated as the scene of his acceptance by the men of Norfolk and Suffolk respectively. More remarkable still is

* Murray's "Suffolk."

† Ibid.

‡ The Benedictine monks were introduced in the eleventh century, under the reign of Canute.

§ Or perhaps, more strictly speaking, to the Assumption of the Virgin.

the case of Hoxne, the actual place of the martyrdom. Here, as we have seen, there was once a monastic chapel bearing his name, but it has long since vanished, and the existing parish church is dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul.

Bury St. Edmunds—not, as it is sometimes daringly interpreted, "the burying-place," but the *byrig*, or town, of Edmund—must for ever retain its memory of King Edmund; but beyond the fact that the town was given to the foreign king in his lifetime by the native proprietor "Beodric," from whom in the first instance it gained its name, the connexion with S. Edmund is a posthumous one, depending chiefly upon the now vanished abbey, and the modern visitor to Bury S. Edmunds will look in vain for any church bearing the name of the martyr-king. The old abbey church of S. Edmund's "has for the most part disappeared, though fragments remain in private grounds," * and the existing churches are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, or to some one of the Apostles.

But though S. Edmund is not commemorated in many of the parishes where we should most naturally expect to find him, East Anglia has, on the whole, been very loyal to the memory of her last ill-fated king, for one-third of the entire number of dedications in this name comes from there—five of them from Suffolk, and three times that number from Norfolk. Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and Durham follow with four churches apiece; and in the sixteen remaining counties we find them either singly or, at most, by twos and threes.

One or two of these churches, though modern in structure, are ancient in point of foundation. Thus, S. Edmund Beaurepaire (vulgarly called *Bear-Park*), at Durham, "revives the name of a ruined chapel," † and in like manner, S. Edmund, Gateshead, though built only in 1808, is so named from an earlier chapel connected with S. Edmund's Hospital, founded by Bishop Farnham in 1248, as "the Chapel and Hospital of S. Edmund, King and Confessor" (not *Martyr*, be it observed), "and of the glorious Bishop Cuthbert." In the fifteenth century, however, this same hospital appears as "S. Edmund the *Bishop*;" but it is not improbable that there may have been some confusion between the episcopal founder and the kingly patron. There would seem to be the like confusion in another Durham church, that of Sedgefield, where we again meet with "S. Edmund the Bishop." There was an episcopal S. Edmund (vol. i. p. 362), but he is a much less probable patron than the martyred king; and, in the absence of strong evidence, it may be doubted whether there is not a mistake of some kind here also.‡

S. Edmund's church in the city of Exeter suggests, as will presently be shown, the mention of one of the most famous of the many legends connected with the saint—namely, his supposed apparition to the tyrannical Danish king Sweyn. King Sweyn heavily oppressed East Anglia in the matter of tribute, and finally made large demands upon the funds of the

* Murray's "Suffolk."
† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.
‡ Ibid.

abbey. This was plainly a breach of faith, since the abbey was exempt by royal charter from such exactions, and the prior, at the direct instigation, says the story, of S. Edmund himself, went boldly to Sweyn, and openly remonstrated with him, but all in vain. The king held to his purpose, and rudely repulsed him; but the saint was not thus lightly to be dealt with, and on the night following, as Sweyn sat amidst his soldiers, a mysterious figure clad in armour drew near, invisible to all save the king, and thus spoke to him: "Wouldest thou have the tribute from S. Edmund's land? Arise and take it." Then the king in terror cried out for earthly succour: "Help me, my soldiers, help me! Behold S. Edmund comes to kill me!" And even as the words escaped him he fell from his horse, mortally wounded.

Such, under widely differing forms, is the story of Sweyn's sudden death, which was circulated with great effect in the eleventh century. The sober English Chronicle states the fact of the death, but is silent as to the circumstances; still, it is not difficult to imagine the growth of so convenient a legend, which, while pointing the moral of Sweyn's sudden death, and the consequent failure of his unjust claims, at the same time tended to glorify S. Edmund's power. It very quickly found acceptance, if not entire belief, and policy may have closed the mouths of doubters. At any rate, the next Danish king, Canute, "whatever may have been the circumstances attending his father's death, saw it to be his interest, when . . . he had become master of the whole kingdom, to conciliate the English clergy generally, and the church of St. Edmund in particular." * He very much improved the position of S. Edmund's Abbey; and the policy of respect to the memory of the Saxon saint which Canute thus initiated, seems to have been emphasized by his Danish subjects in the West of England. Such at least is the conjecture of the late Mr. Kerslake; † and this brings us back to S. Edmund's church in Exeter. Mr. Kerslake was of opinion that the two churches in Exeter, dedicated to royal patrons—the church of the Saxon King Edmund no less than that of the Danish King Olave—were both of them dedicated under the reign of Canute. "The parish of S. Olave," says he, "was probably a district allotted to a Danish colony, on one of the waste places within the city. S. Edmund was most likely intended to conciliate the insult offered by Sweyne to S. Edmund's ghost."

Of the remaining churches built in honour of S. Edmund in this and succeeding centuries, we may reasonably suppose that not a small proportion were the offerings of grateful hearts who knew by experience or report the amazing miracles said to have been wrought at the shrine of the saint. Any one who is curious in such matters may find any quantity of examples of such miracles—of vengeance sometimes, but more often of healing—in the various eleventh-century histories of the saint.‡

S. Edmund's churches, though so numerous, are not for the most part

* Arnold's "St. Edmund's Abbey."

† "Teuton and Celt in Exeter."

‡ See the various lives reprinted in "St. Edmund's Abbey."

very famous. The best known of them all is the City church of "S. Edmund the King" in Lombard Street. In the close of the twelfth century, or the beginning of the thirteenth, a curious dispute arose in connexion with this church.* The rector, wishing to exchange benefices with a vicar just outside the City, arranged to carry with him an arrow said to have been one of those wherewith S. Edmund was shot—one of the most precious treasures of his church. So he purposed, but all in vain—invisible obstacles opposed his progress; the boat would not move, the bridge could not be crossed, and he was forced to carry back his relic to its lawful resting-place.

Our existing list of dedications to S. Edmund is probably far from perfect. In some cases, as at Hoxne and at Dartford, the actual buildings that bore his name have passed away. At Dartford the churchyard attached to S. Edmund's chapel still exists, but the last ruins of the chapel itself have disappeared.† More often still the dedication has been changed—as in two instances of Nottinghamshire churches, ‡ which are generally known, the first as "S. Mary and All Saints," the second as "All Saints," but which Precentor Venables found, by the records of pre-Reformation Wills, to have been at one time dedicated to S. Edmund.

Some half-dozen nineteenth-century churches in this name already exist, and their number is likely to increase; for as a natural reaction against the scepticism of the last generation, a certain idealized S. Edmund is being evolved—type of all that is noblest both as patriot and confessor.

S. Edward the Martyr. March 18, 979, trans. June 20.

Among the entire range of black-letter saints there are but two whom our Prayer-book Kalendar has chosen to honour by a twofold commemoration, on the anniversary of the translation of their remains as well as on the anniversary of their death. One of the two thus distinguished is the great and good S. Martin (CH. XXIV.); the other is the hapless boy-king Edward. In this matter of the double commemoration, the compilers of our Reformed Kalendar followed the precedent of the ancient Use of Salisbury, with the one difference that they exchanged the earlier designation "King and Martyr" for the non-committal statement of historic fact, "Edward, King of the West Saxons."

The peace which had marked the strong rule of Edgar the Peaceful gave place at his death to endless dissensions; and to these troubles were added the miseries of famine. Evil from the first was the prospect that opened before the natural heir to the crown, the thirteen-year-old Edward. His very succession was doubtful, for though he had loyal supporters and counsellors—among them the powerful Archbishop Dunstan—the party that favoured the claims of his little half-brother Ethelred, the child of the celebrated Elfrida, was of considerable strength and importance.

* See Arnold's "St. Edmund's Abbey."

† Lewis.

‡ Hawksworth and Thrumpton.

Most kings of thirteen would be mere instruments in the hands of their ministers, but a character may develop early, and it is curious to read of objections raised against Edward's accession on the ground that his severe justice was to be dreaded. On the other hand, fears of an opposite nature were expressed, lest he should "govern by his own unbridled will;" while at a later date, after the youthful king's sanctity had become established, a totally different portrait of him is presented to us, and he is described as "following the footsteps of his father's piety, giving both his heart and attention to good counsel; conducting himself with becoming affection to his infant brother and his stepmother, retaining only the name of king and going without the power." *

But whatever Edward's personal merits or demerits, his party triumphed. He was solemnly crowned by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and for three and a half troubled years occupied the throne. Being still under age, he can hardly have taken much part in the burning question of the day—the dispute between the monks and the secular clergy; and it is specially noted that he was absent from the memorable meeting of the Witenagemot at Calne,† "on account of his youth."

We hear nothing of the young king till we come to the brief, pitiful entry in the English Chronicle under the year 979: "This year was King Edward slain at eventide at Corfe-gate, and then was he buried at Wareham, without any kind of kingly honours." The cautious chronicler gives no hint as to the author of the foul deed, and it was left for William of Malmesbury, nearly a couple of centuries afterwards, to proclaim her on whom suspicion naturally rests—the wicked queen-mother—as the instigator, if not the actual perpetrator, of the murder. He it is who has collected for us and worked up into a complete narrative all the floating traditions that had gathered round that treacherous deed—the hunting-party, the chance separation of the young king from his courtiers, his sudden resolve to visit his stepmother at her country house hard by at Corfe-gate (the "Castle" had not yet come into existence), the cooling draught asked for and given, the sudden deadly blow, and the hurried escape into the forest so soon cut short by death—all these familiar details come to us from the monk of Malmesbury. But the earlier historian witnesses to the truth of the main outline of the story. He, too, tells of the indignities heaped upon the poor body, hastily buried "without any kingly honours," and from the poem inserted in the Chronicle we can measure the swift rising tide of popular indignation over the wrong so cruelly done—an indignation that expressed itself, when hardly a twelvemonth was passed, by the solemn translation of the body from its first resting-place at Wareham to Shaftesbury—there to be re-buried with all due pomp. These verses show well the reaction in favour of him who for his misfortunes was now already accounted a saint.

* William of Malmesbury.

† See vol. i. p. 334.

"There has not been 'mid Angles
A worse deed done
Than this was,
Since they first
Britain-land sought.
Men him murdered,
But God him glorified.
He was in life
An earthly king;
He is now after death
A heavenly saint.
Him would not his earthly
Kinsmen avenge,
But him hath his heavenly Father
Greatly avenged.
The earthly murderers
Would his memory
On earth blot out,
But the lofty Avenger
Hath his memory
In the heavens
And on earth wide spread.
They who would not erewhile
To his living
Body bow down,
They now humbly
On knees bend
To his dead bones.
Now we may understand
That men's wisdom,
And their devices,
And their counsels,
Are like nought
'Gainst God's resolves."

It is not a little singular that of the three Dorsetshire parishes most closely connected with King Edward—Corfe, the actual scene of the assassination, Wareham, the scene of his inglorious burial, and Shaftesbury, which for the sake of its precious shrine for centuries merged its own proper name in the more popular designation of *Edwardstow*—it is singular, we say, that of all these three, Corfe Castle alone should retain a church dedicated in his honour. Wareham has lost five out of the eight churches it is said once to have possessed, and the three remaining ones are dedicated to S. Mary, S. Martin, and the Holy Trinity respectively. But Wareham is not wholly without its memorial of King Edward, for the church of S. Mary—more correctly styled "Lady S. Mary"*—contains on the south-east side a low vaulted chapel, which "will be viewed by the antiquary with great interest from the singularity of its construction. This is known as St. Edward's Chapel, and reproduces the little wooden chapel in which the body of Edward the Martyr was deposited after his murder at Corfe, in the same way as St. Joseph's Chapel at Glastonbury has succeeded to the small wattled church." †

Shaftesbury was even more richly endowed with churches than Wareham, if we may trust the tradition that it had as many as ten; but with the total destruction, in the sixteenth century, of S. Edward's splendid abbey, its special link with the murdered king of the West Saxons was snapped, and in course of time the distinctive appellation of *Edwardstow* gave place to the original Shaftesbury.

There remains Corfe Castle, with its imposing ruin, which Camden by a forgivable anachronism quaintly describes as "a notable memorial of the spite of mothers-in-law." The castle is not the sole memorial of that dark deed, for the parish church, though for the most part modern in structure, is of old foundation, and its dedication to "S. Edward the Martyr" dates back, we can hardly doubt, to days when the tragedy of that spring evening was fresh in men's minds.

* Vol. i. p. 45.

† Murray's "Dorset."

Nor is the church at Corfe the only undoubted dedication to S. Edward the Martyr. Castle Donington in Leicestershire can with equal certainty claim him as her patron. This church, which can be traced back, though not by name, to the time of Edward the Confessor, is popularly known only as "S. Edward," but the question as to the particular Edward intended is clearly decided by a thirteenth-century charter, in which Edward I. grants a fair to be held yearly in the month of *March*, upon "the eve, day and morrow of S. Edward the King." The date plainly points to Edward, King of the West Saxons—"Edward King and Martyr," as he is yet more distinctly styled in a charter granted by Henry VIII. If Henry VIII. gave this amount of help towards clearing up a doubtful point, he did a good deal afterwards towards obscuring it once more, for it was no doubt in obedience to his regulation that all parish churches should keep their feasts simultaneously in the first week in October (vol. i. p. 14), that Castle Donington has lost its spring festival, and now keeps its wake at a season of the year which looks as though it were intended to suggest thoughts of the other sainted Edward, the Confessor, who is commemorated on October 13.

Of the thirteen or fourteen remaining dedications to "S. Edward" some few are carefully distinguished as belonging to the Confessor, and in the absence of direct evidence to the contrary, it is not unnatural that he should get the credit of those that have no distinguishing epithet of any sort; and yet we are inclined to believe that careful investigation will show that a large proportion of these churches of "S. Edward"—more particularly those in the West of England, such as Chilton-on-Polden in Somerset—belong by rights to the so-called martyr. We know from Anthony Wood * that the city of Oxford, which has afforded a hospitable refuge to so many saints not immediately associated with herself, had before the beginning of the twelfth century a church, situated in the middle of the city, dedicated to "King Edward the Martyr." That church, together with many others in Oxford, was destroyed in the fifteenth century; but it is not unreasonable to conjecture that the ancient Oxfordshire church of Barton Westcott may have had the same patron as the vanished city church. This, however, is mere conjecture, and the churches of Corfe Castle and Castle Donington are the only two existing churches which we can with certainty claim as memorials of the unfortunate young king, known to our forefathers as "S. Edward the Martyr."

S. Edward the Confessor. Jan. 5, 1066, trans. Oct. 13.

Edward the Confessor! The designation is an heroic one, but he who bore it is not in himself an heroic figure. And yet in after times "a halo of tenderness spread round this last king of the old English stock. Legend told of his pious simplicity, his blitheness and gentleness of mood, the holiness that won him in after-time his title of Confessor, and enshrined him as a saint in the abbey church at Westminster." †

* "Antiquities of Oxford."

† Green's "Conquest of England."

The external events of the Confessor's reign—his exile from his native land; the Norman upbringing which so coloured his whole after life; his relations with the Norman William on the one hand, and the English Godwin on the other; the strong cross-currents, now of family, now of national feeling, that seemed for a time as though they might stem the mighty tide of Norman dominion—all this is matter of common history, and need not be recounted here. What concerns us is the inner nature of the man, and those words and deeds of his which caused him to be looked on as a saint, even by those who deplored his weakness and saw most plainly his unfitness for the kingly office.

Few portraits are more living than that presented to us by the contemporaries of the Confessor. "His appearance was such as no one could forget. It was almost that of an Albino. His full-flushed rose-red cheeks strangely contrasted with the milky whiteness of his waving hair and beard. His eyes were always fixed on the ground. There was a kind of magical charm in his thin white hands and his long transparent fingers, which not unnaturally led to the belief that there resided in them a healing power of stroking away the diseases of his subjects." *

His character was as singular, as unforgettable, as his outward appearance, and contained strangely contradictory elements. He was no warrior, no statesman: "like his father" (Ethelred the Unready), "he was quite incapable of any steady attention to the duties of royalty; but, like his father, he had occasional fits of energy, which, like those of his father, often came at the wrong time." †

Englishmen could understand and sympathize with their king's unbounded passion for every form of sport better perhaps than many of them could sympathize with his equal passion for prolonged church services—services where his devout demeanour, his resolute abstention from the worldly talk that was the allowed practice of the age, was matter for surprise. Englishmen could admire his royal free-handedness, without pausing to ask too closely whether his reckless generosity had in it any measure either of discretion or justice; they could freely condone his bursts of short-lived anger, but there was much in him that was utterly incomprehensible to them. Edward was, above all things, a seer of visions, a dreamer of dreams. Like some other of our saints, he seems to have been endowed with the mysterious faculty that the Scotch call "second sight," and he himself attached immense importance to the revelations made to him in these moments of rapture. No Galahad could have felt a more solemn joy at sight of the *Holy Grail* than King Edward, when in the consecrated chalice he beheld the form of the Divine Child, "pure and bright like a spirit." It is characteristic of the whole man that the most popular act of his reign—the remission of the hated tax for keeping up the war ships ‡—was due, not to the complaints of his

* Stanley's "Westminster."

† Freeman's "Norman Conquest."

‡ Popularly supposed to have been the *Danegeld*, or tax for buying off the invasions of the Danes, but considered by Professor Freeman to have been "simply

aggrieved subjects, but to a vision which he had when he entered the treasury, of the devil dancing on the caskets which contained the gold, and playing with the coins. The lust of money was assuredly not Edward's besetting sin; it was not in his nature to turn his face away from any poor man, and he carried his kindliness so far that, when he woke from sleep to find a thief in the very act of robbing the royal coffers, he merely urged him to fly, before his proceedings were checked by the return of the chamberlain, nor could remonstrances bring him to look with any serious concern on the theft. "The thief hath more need of it than we," was all his reply, "enough treasure hath King Edward."

All through his reign he was attended by visions. The most noted of them befell him in the last year of his life, when, all lost to outward circumstances, he was seated in royal state at the banqueting table, keeping the Easter Feast at Westminster. His courtiers were "eating greedily to make up for the long fast of Lent," caring little for their master's silent abstraction, when presently they were startled by his bursting into unexplained laughter. Then he sank back into his former silence, and so remained till the feast was ended. Afterwards Earl Harold and two other privileged friends asked him secretly the cause of his strange mirth, and he made answer: "I saw something wonderful, and therefore I did not laugh without a cause;" and on being pressed he declared how he had beheld the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and seen them after their two hundred years of motionless repose turn even as he watched, "from their right side on to their left"—an unmistakable omen of all manner of evil that was to come upon the earth. Thus he spoke to "his wondering audience" of these mystic sleepers, with all the conviction of one who "had lived in daily intercourse with them," * till he so wrought upon them that they sent a solemn embassage to the Emperor of Constantinople to inquire into the truth of this vision. It is needless to add that the keepers of the tomb at Ephesus swore that the facts were in exact accordance with the revelation vouchsafed to the King of England; more needless still to point out that in the distress of the succeeding year, when the comet "trailing its fiery train along the sky" † was looked upon as the visible sign of all the evils that were threatening the kingdom, Edward's words were remembered as prophetic. Indeed, for the most part, even during his lifetime, men regarded his incoherent outpourings concerning the future as inspired, though here and there a blunt West-countryman, like the schismatical Archbishop Stigand, might contemptuously speak of them as the ramblings of an old man in his dotage. The general feeling for their incomprehensible king seems to have been something akin to that tender, venerating pity which we see in the North of England displayed towards "an innocent," as one of weak faculties is termed in the compassionate speech of the country-folk. "God assisted his simplicity,"

a war tax for the maintenance of the fleet;" though he admits that "the two ideas easily ran into one another."

* William of Malmesbury.

† Ibid.

says William of Malmesbury; and again: "He was a man from the simplicity of his manners little calculated to govern; but devoted to God, and in consequence directed by Him." The same writer dwells admiringly upon the many miracles wrought by the king in virtue of his sanctity. With him first began the practice maintained by successive sovereigns, to the days of Queen Anne, of "touching for the king's evil;" but what had become in the eighteenth century a mere form was to the Confessor a veritable "labour of love," an act of close personal service from the king to his suffering subjects. Miraculous powers were freely ascribed to him, but in a true spirit of humility he declared that the works of holy men did not belong to a sinner like himself, yet owned that he should be "truly grateful, if God, through my means, should choose to take pity" upon some wretched creature.

It was such deeds and words as these, together with his fervent devotion to all his religious duties, that caused it to be said of him that he "lived the life of an angel in the administration of his kingdom;" * but William of Malmesbury does not attempt to conceal the blemishes that disfigured this saintly portrait, and, to our way of thinking, some of them are very grave indeed. In consideration of that "simplicity" of which we have heard, we may make allowance for his habit of placing himself "constantly under the dominion of favourites." † Sometimes they were evil, sometimes they were good; too often, for the welfare of the nation, they were foreigners; but in any case "without a guide he could not reign." ‡ Natural weakness of disposition may perhaps excuse also the pliability which could allow it to be said of him, even before his coronation, that "there was nothing which Edward would not promise, from the exigency of the moment; so pledging fidelity on both sides, he confirmed by oath every thing which was demanded." §

But what are we to say of his conduct, first towards his mother, and afterwards towards his wife, Lady Edith, the daughter of Earl Godwin? It must be owned that his mother had done little enough for him in the days when her love might have been most precious to him, and further, that our knowledge of the circumstances is very imperfect; but Edward's behaviour in depriving her of her vast revenues and dooming her to a lifelong retirement at Winchester—sanctioned though it was by constitutional authority—must strike us as harsh and unfilial. The Lady Edith, in a moment of fierce anger against all her house, he banished to a convent in sore disgrace, to be brought forth again when his anger had, as was usual with him, burnt itself out; and we find her nursing him on his death-bed with exemplary devotion.

Neither can we close our eyes to Edward's fatal neglect of the needs of his kingdom. The sorrows of individuals appealed keenly to him, but there was in him a want of proportion that seemed to blind him to the importance of great national issues. Some saw in this indifference a mark

* William of Malmesbury.
† Freeman.
‡ Ibid.
§ William of Malmesbury.

of humility; others construed it less favourably as mere indolence; the prudent William of Malmesbury leaves the reader to form his own judgment on the matter when he says: "However indolent or unassuming himself might be esteemed, he had nobles capable of elevating him to the highest pitch," and then goes on to sing the praises of the truly national hero, Harold, and of all others who, like him, loyally served the king's best interests.

Very forcible, and appropriate enough to the character of the speaker, are the words which Tennyson puts into the mouth of the impatient Archbishop Stigand, when Earl Harold praises the king's sanctity—

> "Holy? Ay, ay, forsooth,
> A conscience for his own soul, not his realm;
> A twilight conscience, lighted thro' a chink." *

But so far as that "twilight conscience" enlightened him, none could doubt that the blameless king obeyed its dictates with the fervour of his whole being. In his youth he had vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, and the vow, though hindered in its fulfilment by his call to the throne of England, was never forgotten, and pressed as a burden upon his tender conscience. In the eighth year of his reign he laid the matter before his Witan, and sought their advice. There could be little doubt about the feeling of his counsellors. The lawless state of Italy, the undisputed dominion of robbers and highwaymen, and the consequent terrors of the way, were only too well known. "The journey to Rome," says William of Malmesbury, "was discontinued by every nation, as each had much rather contribute his money to the churches in his own country, than feed a set of plunderers with the produce of his labours." Added to this, in Edward's case there was the grave additional danger of allowing the king to be absent from the realm in such unsettled times. He himself saw the force of this argument, nor was the Witan on its side unmindful of the necessity respecting a religious vow; and in the end a carefully selected embassage was sent to Rome to pray for the papal dispensation. The substance of the reply was that the king should be dispensed from going on pilgrimage, on condition of his building a new, or restoring an old, monastery in honour of S. Peter. Never was mandate more joyfully obeyed, and for the remaining fifteen years of his life the king's absorbing interest lay in restoring this house for the Lord, which should be, like the Temple of old, "exceeding magnifical." Although the "new minster in the west," which we call more briefly "Westminster Abbey," was altogether rebuilt "from its very foundation," to quote the words of the charter, by King Edward, we have spoken of his church as a work of *restoration*, for it occupied the site and carried on the name of the humbler church of S. Peter, founded four centuries before by the Saxon Sebert. It is true that the Confessor destroyed the old building and transformed the entire monastic foundation, but he was not without respect for old associations, and in this

* *Harold*, Act III.

instance he set himself, like another Isaac, not to dig fresh wells, but to restore to their old use the long-neglected wells of springing water dug by his forefathers.* The rare advantages of the situation—"near unto the famous and wealthy city of London, amongst fruitful fields, with the principal river running hard by, bringing in from all parts of the world great variety of wares of merchandise of all sorts to the city adjoining" † —all this doubtless influenced him; but most of all perhaps was he influenced by the memory of the tradition which ascribed the consecration of the minster in Thorney Isle to none other than S. Peter himself (vol. i. p. 53), "the Chief Apostle whom the devout King reverenced with a special and singular affection." ‡

From his palace hard by the king watched with ever-increasing interest the progress of his stately pile, and the gradual demolition of the older church. "It was no small work," says Mr. Freeman, "to rear that stately Minster which has ever since been the crowning-place of our Kings, and which for so many ages remained their place of burial. It was no small work to call into being that mighty Abbey, whose Chapter-house plays so great a part in the growth of the restored freedom of England."

But on the greatness of Westminster Abbey there is no need for us to dwell: we must pass on to its consecration—that consecration which its founder lived long enough to hear of, but not to take part in. The Christmas of 1065 came on, and "the Witan of all England were specially called to the King's Court at Westminster, to be present at the hallowing of the new church of S. Peter." § Already the king was far advanced in illness, and the important question of the succession to the crown must have been agitating all minds but his own. With him the thought that was uppermost was the completion of that which had in reality been his life's work. The ceremonial which should have taken place on Christmas Day was postponed, in the hope that the royal founder might rally sufficiently to be present at it. On the festival of his dearly loved saint, S. John, ‖ feeling himself to be growing rapidly worse, he would suffer no further delay, and ordered all things to be done on the morrow, which was the Feast of the Holy Innocents, more familiarly known to Englishmen of that day as "Childermas." Dean Stanley suggests that "the peculiar nature of the Festival may have had an attraction for the innocent character of the King." More likely it was but a chance coincidence, yet few can study closely the childlike character of the Confessor without being struck by the curious appropriateness of the choice. The signing of the charter of the foundation was almost Edward's last conscious act, though he lingered for a few

* A comparison once used in a sermon by the late Dean Stanley, though not in this connexion.

† From a contemporary life of the Confessor, quoted in Stanley's "Westminster."

‡ Ibid.

§ Freeman.

‖ See the story of his vision of S. John, vol. i. p. 67.

days longer, and uttered some of those dark, incoherent sentences which were treasured up as prophecies. "On Twelfth Day Eve" (January 5, 1066), says the English Chronicle, "death the bitter seized so dear a one, and angels carried from earth into heaven's light this noble, steadfast soul, Edward the harmless, the blithe-minded king."

By far the greatest memorial of the Confessor is the church which he founded, and in which he was buried. Of that building nothing now remains, but through successive rebuildings and additions "the Shrine of the Confessor" has continued the central feature of the whole, and though reverence for the "Prince of the Apostles" forbade any open change of dedication, Dean Stanley well says that "St. Edward became the patron saint" of the "new minster" of Henry III., "almost to the exclusion of St. Peter."

The year 1161 witnessed the formal canonization of the last of the Saxon kings under the style of "S. Edward the Confessor," and thus a seal was set upon the popular reverence in which he had been held, even during his lifetime. A couple of years later—under the auspices of Archbishop Becket—at midnight on the 13th day of October, the coffin was solemnly opened, and the sacred ring, the supposed gift of the Apostle John (vol. i. p. 67), removed. This is accounted the *first* translation of the Confessor. The *second* took place more than a century later (1269)—again on October 13—and it was then that the body was laid in its present resting-place. From henceforth the day thus doubly marked, the Feast of the Translation of King Edward, altogether eclipsed in importance the actual day of his death, and any one who chances to be in Westminster Abbey on the 13th of October will probably meet a band of devout Roman Catholics desirous of paying their devotions at the shrine of the Confessor.

Fifty years later, the Council of Oxford ordained that S. Edward's Day should be observed as a national holiday, while the same council decreed that S. George's Day should be kept as a lesser holiday. At this time the Confessor was virtually, if not formally, the patron saint of England, and it is not easy to see exactly how or why he was allowed to be superseded by S. George, as he undoubtedly was in the days of Edward III., when S. George was officially recognized as the Champion of England, and his name given to that stately Royal Chapel at Windsor, which had hitherto been "S. Edward's Chapel." *

Considering the tender feeling that surrounded Edward as the last of the kings of English race; considering his claims to sanctity; considering his associations with the best-loved church in all England; considering also the reverence displayed for him by his royal successors,—nothing is more astonishing than the comparatively few dedications that we find in his honour. While churches in honour of the foreign S. George number over a hundred and eighty, those to our national S. Edward barely exceed a dozen, and all of these, with the single exception of the little eleventh-

* Stanley's "Westminster."

century church of S. Edward in the city of Cambridge, are to be found only in obscure country towns or villages. We seek in vain for an explanation. Was it that, Norman at heart though he was, the Norman conquerors looked upon him with suspicion as too English, and preferred rather to dedicate to the established saints of the Roman Kalendar—to a S. George who was known to all Christendom, rather than to a S. Edward who was the boast of the subject race? Or was it rather that the want of the magic word "martyr" detracted from S. Edward's glory? "Eadward," says Professor Freeman, "was not like one of those who died for their faith or for their country, and who, on the strength of such death, were at once revered as martyrs, without much enquiry into their actions and characters in other respects. He was not even like one of those, his sainted uncle and namesake for instance, who gained the honours of martyrdom on still easier terms, by simply dying an unjust death, even though no religious or political principle was at stake." *

Edward's peaceful death-bed has none of the romance of S. Oswald's death upon the battlefield, or the East Anglian Edmund's lingering tortures, or the tragic unexpectedness of Becket's murder, and dedications to S. Oswald, S. Edmund, S. Thomas of Canterbury, outnumber those in honour of the Confessor in the proportion of five to one; even supposing that we ascribe to the Confessor all the "Edward" churches that cannot certainly be proved to belong to the Martyr. But as it has already been shown (p. 338), it is exceedingly difficult always to distinguish satisfactorily between the two. The present-day tendency is to ascribe them all to the Confessor; but there is strong reason to suppose that the early tendency was just the other way, and all in favour of the Martyr. There are a few instances, fortunately, on both sides in which the appropriation is settled beyond doubt: such are Corfe Castle and Castle Donington, both of them dedicated to the Martyr; while Leek in Staffordshire, and Romford in Essex, equally plainly proclaim their allegiance to "S. Edward the Confessor." The chapel at Romford, which in a bull of Alexander V. (1406–1409) is described as dedicated to the "Virgin Mary and S. Edward the Confessor," is of rather later origin than many of the churches in this name, having been erected in 1323 as a chapel-of-ease, when the rapid conversion of forest into agricultural land largely increased the population of the mother-parish of Hornchurch. The choice of a patron was here obviously marked out by circumstances; hard by, in the same extensive parish, in the manor of Havering-Bower, was the favourite country-seat of the Confessor, and the royal chapel which owes its dedication-name to the Confessor's best-loved saint, S. John the Evangelist.

In the Essex chapelry of West Hanningfield we find the Romford invocation repeated—"SS. Mary and Edward"—but both here and at Barrow-Gurney in Somerset we lack the distinguishing epithet

* "Norman Conquest."

"Confessor," and it is possible that these two dedications refer to different Edwards—the one in Essex to the Confessor, that in Somerset to the Martyr.

Of modern churches dedicated to S. Edward the Confessor we have at least two. One of these, Dringhouses in Yorkshire, has succeeded to an older chapel dedicated to S. Helen. Historic continuity has been sacrificed by the change of name, without, as it would seem, any very adequate advantage.

S. Edward the Confessor's churches are at best very few, but he has a sufficient memorial in his beloved church at Westminster, and so long as Westminster Abbey stands, S. Edward the Confessor, whatever his shortcomings, will be gratefully remembered by Englishmen.

Charles, M. Jan. 30, 1649.

Modern dedications to Edward the Confessor do exist, and may not improbably increase; but it is hardly likely that we shall see any addition to the five churches that take their name from King Charles I. All five may be referred to one period—that of the reign of Charles II.—and three at least of the number were named in the first flush of enthusiasm after the Restoration, when the newly appointed Prayer-book service,* commemorating "the Martyrdom of the blessed King Charles I.," and the insertion of the king's name in the Kalendar, gave devoted loyalists a new mode of expressing their feelings by choosing him as the patron of their churches. The loyal West-country led the way, with the church of "King Charles the Martyr" at Falmouth, consecrated by Bishop Seth Ward between the years 1662 and 1664. Falmouth had its special associations with the House of Stuart, for it was the boast of Pendennis Castle that "the royal standard had floated longer on Pendennis than on any other fort in England,"† and its roof had afforded shelter at different times to both Henrietta Maria and her son, Prince Charles.‡ This same year, 1664, saw the consecration, also by Bishop Seth Ward, of a new church at Plymouth, whose building, owing no doubt to the disturbed state of the country, had been protracted through more than twenty years. Bishop Ward owed much to the king, and it was probably through his influence that the church came to be called by the name of "Charles the Martyr"—its correct official title, though popularly abbreviated into *Charles*, pure and simple. In 1829 a chapel-of-ease was added to the parish of "Charles the Martyr," which was known for a long while as "Charles Chapel," or, yet more incorrectly, as "S. Charles Chapel,"§ but, strictly speaking, it had no distinctive name of its own, until its erection into a separate district, when it was consecrated by the name of "S. Luke." Can it be this "Charles Chapel" which Mr. Blunt, in his "Annotated Prayer Book," reckons as making a sixth church associated with the name of King Charles? It is clear that there is great uncertainty prevailing as to the correct style of the mother-church. In the Clergy List for 1889 it will be found, not under Plymouth, but as the

* Drawn up in 1662.
† Murray's "Cornwall."
‡ Ibid.
§ Lewis, "Plymouth."

parish of "Charles," * and a Plymouth gentleman, in a private letter on this subject, says: "The Tithe and Land Commissioners always officially refer to it now as 'the parish of Charles the Martyr,' so the title must have arisen in some duly recognized form. I do not think it is ecclesiastically so styled in Diocesan matters."

The chapelry of "Charles King and Martyr," at Peak Forest in Derbyshire, is known to have been erected in the year 1657. Dr. Cox, the archæologist, says concerning this church: † "For our own part we have no doubt that it was built by Christian, Countess of Devonshire, who was the only daughter of Edward Lord Bruce, and connected with the royal Stuart dynasty. The Countess ever showed the greatest devotion to the cause of the monarch, and lost her second and favourite son at the hands of the parliamentarians in 1643; but even the Countess of Devonshire notwithstanding the great influence of her family in these parts would not have been daring enough to dedicate a chapel to Charles King and Martyr in 1657, and it seems probable that the building was not completed, certainly not dedicated, until after the Restoration."

The chapelry of Newtown in Shropshire was consecrated at the same time as Falmouth—or even a little earlier—in 1663. We are not aware whether the patronage was then as now ‡ in the hands of the inhabitants, or whether this marked expression of loyalty was a spontaneous act on their part.

In the history of the chapel of "King Charles the Martyr" at Tunbridge Wells, the townspeople in general play a very considerable part. Their little watering-place was first made fashionable by Queen Henrietta Maria, who came thither and took the waters after the birth of Prince Charles, and finding in the little hamlet no suitable accommodation for herself and her suite, had to be lodged in tents. The Wells owed much to the House of Stuart, for, sixty years later, Queen Catherine of Braganza § came down with all her court. The little town was rapidly growing, but for many years to come it remained unprovided with a place of worship. In 1680 the omission was at length made good; subscriptions were raised among the visitors—among whom a certain royalist merchant from London is specially noted—land was given by the lady of the manor, and a chapel was built, which, in gratitude to the royal benefactors, was named the chapel of "King Charles the Martyr." This chapel was made parochial in 1889.

The king's name was retained in the Prayer-book Kalendar for close upon two hundred years, until 1859, when the Queen, acting upon addresses presented in both Houses of Parliament, ordered the use of the

* Here it is given as "Charles S. John," which heightens the confusion yet more, but it has been explained by a former churchwarden of the parish of Charles, that "S. John was the first parish carved out of the old parish of Charles, and for some time was commonly known as 'Charles's S. John.'" Hence the mistake.

† "Churches of Derbyshire."

‡ Thus Clergy List, 1889, but since then in the hands of a private patron.

§ Lewis.

special service for January 30, "the Day of the Martyrdom of the Blessed King Charles the First," to be no longer included in the Prayer-book. It was accordingly removed, and the corresponding commemoration of the day struck out of the Kalendar.

With Charles I. we close the roll of English kings, which began a thousand years before with Edwin of Northumbria. They present a strange medley, these ten kings; certainly, if we were to draw up the list according to our nineteenth-century conception of saintship, full half the names would disappear. But we would freely forgive the inclusion of such names as Ethelbert and Hardulph, could we but have also the one kingly name which most we miss—that of Alfred the Truth-teller. It is a grievous omission that he, "the at once royal and saintly if unsainted Alfred," * should not find a place among our sainted kings. True it is that he was never canonized, though there are "still fragments of an urgent appeal uttered some eight centuries and more ago, by an Abbot of Westminster to the Court and nobles of an English monarchy to urge the Pope of Rome no longer to delay the raising of the king so dear to the memory of his people, to the rank of a saint." † But Englishmen, in their choice of patron saints, have not always been conspicuous for their zeal to discover whether the man of their choice had been duly canonized—it is tolerably certain that King Hardulph, for example, never attained to this honour—and if ever an irregularity of the kind would have been gratefully condoned by Englishmen of every generation, it is in the case of our best-loved king, our national hero, Alfred.

* Dean Bradley. Sermon in Westminster Abbey on All Saints' Day, 1891.

† Ibid.

CHAPTER XL.

SAXON LADIES OF HIGH DEGREE.

Section I.—S. Ethelburga and her Kinswomen.

The Kentish Saints.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
352	S. Eadburga (poss. Ethelburga, Q. Abs.) of Lyminge	July 9 ...	cir. 647	—	*See dd.*
355	S. Eanswith, V. Abs.	August 31	Seventh cent.	1	*See also dd.*
357	S. Sexburga, Q. Abs.	July 6 ...	699	—	*See dd.*
359	S. Mildred, V. Abs.	February 20, trans. July 13	cir. 710	7	

The East Anglian Saints.

363	S. Etheldreda, or Awdry, Q. Abs.	June 23, trans. October 17	679	8	*See also dd.*
	S. Sexburga. See Kentish Saints.				
369	S. Withburga, V. Abs.	March 17 ...	cir. 743	1	
	S. Werburga. See Mercian Saints.				
371	*S. Wendreda.* See CH. XLI.				

The Mercian Saints.

372	S. Kyneburga, Q. Abs.	March 6 ...	cir. 657	1	
374	S. Werburga, V. Abs.	February 3	Eighth cent.	10	
	S. Mildred. See Kentish Saints.				
379	S. Milburga, V. Abs.	February 23	cir. 722	4	
	S. Pega. See CH. XLVII.				

The East Saxon Saints.

381	S. Ethelburga (of Barking), V. Abs.	October 11	cir. 676	1	
384	S. Osyth, or Sitha, Q. M. ...	October 7 ...	cir. 676	1	*See also dd.*

The South Saxon Saints.

None.

The Wessex Saints.

	S. Frideswide. See Section II.				
	S. Sidwell. See Section II.				
390	S. Cuthburga, Q. Abs.	August 31	cir. 720	1	
	S. Lioba. See CH. XLII.				
	S. Everilda. See Section II.				

The Northumbrian Saints.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
391	S. Ebba, V. Abs.	August 25	cir. 683	3	
396	S. Hilda, V. Abs.	November 17	680	18	*See also dd.*

SECTION II.—LESS WELL-AUTHENTICATED SAINTS.

402	S. Everilda, or Emeldis, V. Abs.	July 9 ...	Seventh cent.	2	
404	S. Frideswide, V. Abs.	October 19	735	3	
407	S. Sidwell, or Sativola, V. M. ...	August 2 ...	740	1	*See also dd.*
408	S. Arilda, V. M.	October 30	——	1	
409	S. Alkelda, V. M.	Poss. October 27	Poss. tenth cent.	1	*See also dd.*

SECTION III.—THE TENTH-CENTURY SAINTS.

411	S. Eadburga, Edburgh, or Ethelburga (of Pershore), V. Abs.	June 26 ...	Tenth cent.	6	
414	S. Edith (of Polesworth), Q. Abs.	July 15 ...	cir. 964	16	
417	S. Edith (of Wilton), V. ...	September 16	984	3	
419	S. Wolfrida, or Wilfreda, Abs. ...	September 9	cir. 987	1	
	S. Margaret of Scotland.	See CH. XII.			

RAPIN, the French historian, in his "History of England," draws this contrast between the Church history of Saxon England and the Church history of other parts of the world, that whereas in the one case the lives of the saints abound with story after story of sufferings for the cause of truth, in England the case is widely different. "We find," says he, "in the space of two hundred years an incredible number of men and women saints who never knew what persecution meant. What is more, a considerable number of these same saints were kings, queens, princes and princesses, or persons of the highest birth and station." And in support of his statement he adds: "In the period above mentioned we have seven kings and seven queens, together with eight princes and sixteen princesses, distinguished with the title of *saints*." M. Rapin's figures are decidedly below the mark. We have churches dedicated to over twenty royal ladies, but this by no means equals the number of royal saints of whom history makes mention. In support of M. Rapin's other observation concerning the absence of persecution in England, we may note that of the five and twenty Saxon women commemorated by the names of our churches, there are but three who are honoured with the title of Martyr, S. Osyth of Chick, S. Arilda of Oldbury-on-the-Hill, and S. Alkelda of Middleham. But when M. Rapin goes on to say that he can allege no other reason for their saintship but that "sanctity consisted then in enriching the churches and monasteries, which the rich were much better able to do than the poor," we are obliged to join issue with him. There are on doubt so-called "saints" who have no better claim than this to the title—men and women who sought to condone for an evil or unprofitable life by large gifts to the Church—but of the saints now under consideration not a single one can be brought under this condemnation. Of all those of whom we have the most knowledge, we find that they did indeed give

freely of their substance, but such acts of liberality were only the natural outcome of a generous desire to offer to God of their best. Most truly may it be said of these noble ladies that they "first gave their own selves unto the Lord." Like the Welsh saints of an earlier period (CH. XXXII.), they belonged to that class of benefactors whom the writer of the Book of Ecclesiasticus has thus described: "Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations." Very peaceably they dwelt; some, like S. Cuthburga of Wimborne, in royal courts, watching over the foundation of the fair churches which to this day keep alive the memory of their names; some, like S. Hilda, in the busy life of a great religious house; some, like S. Wendreda of March (CH. XLI.), in a quiet English village, spending themselves in "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

It is of such as these that the Son of Sirach says: "All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times." And yet their fame has hardly lasted to our day. Art has not celebrated them; legend has scarcely touched them; and while the semi-mythical S. Barbara is known throughout Europe, who can tell anything of the gentle S. Pega (CH. XLVII.) or the benevolent S. Milburgh?

Two of our Saxon royalties, however, have become more famous than the rest. The stirring S. Etheldreda has so written her name upon the history of her times that it can never be overlooked by the student of early English history; and as for the great Abbess of Whitby, S. Hilda, her "praise is in all the churches." But the remaining saints require for the most part to be sought out in the very districts where their lives were passed, where some dim local tradition, or it may be only the name of church or street, village or headland, keeps alive their memory.

It very much facilitates the study of these saintly ladies to observe how saintship is apt to run in families: thus—to give a single example—we have in the East Anglian royal family three sainted sisters—S. Etheldreda of Ely, S. Sexburga, and S. Withburga. These sisters again are connected with many another royal saint—the Northumbrian Abbess Hilda is their maternal aunt; the Mercian saints, Werburgh and Milburgh, are their nieces; Ethelreda is allied by marriage with the Wessex princess, S. Cuthburga; while S. Sexburga's marriage with Ercombert, King of Kent, brings her into kinship with all the saints of the Kentish royal family. It is but natural, therefore, that the same names should appear and reappear in the stories of the different kingdoms. Some of these royal ladies are commemorated, like S. Cuthburga of Wimborne and S. Eanswith of Folkestone, only in their native kingdom; while some—like S. Sexburga—are found only in the part of England where their life's work was done.

In addition to the great clan of royalties we have three or four ladies of high degree, but not apparently of royal blood, such as S. Sidwell, a Wessex saint, commemorated at Exeter, and S. Pega, the sister of the celebrated Mercian hermit, S. Guthlac of Crowland.

Section I.—S. Ethelburga and her Kinswomen.

The Kentish Saints.

Let us begin with the Kingdom of Kent, the birthplace of Christianity in Saxon England. Our first thoughts turn naturally to Queen Bertha, the saintly wife of Ethelbert of Kent, whose influence was such a factor in the spreading of the Christian religion in her husband's kingdom, and it is disappointing to find that there is not a single church in her honour. New churches are so continually being built in Kent that it is to be hoped that before long the omission may be repaired, and that after thirteen centuries of neglect S. Bertha may be duly honoured in the land of her adoption. But if S. Bertha herself is unhappily not commemorated, it is nevertheless with a daughter of hers that the whole splendid chain of English women saints of the seventh and eighth centuries begins.

S. Eadburga (poss. Ethelburga, Q. Abs. July 9, cir. 647) of Lyminge.

The ancient church of Lyminge in Kent preserves the memory of that most pathetic queen, Ethelburga, "the daughter of the founder of Canterbury, the widow of the founder of York, who thus became," to quote the words of Montalembert, "the first link between the great centres of Catholic life in England." * Nor is it only the two ends of the golden chain of saints that are so linked together by Ethelburga. We meet relations of hers—whether by blood or by marriage—carrying on the tradition of saintship from generation to generation, and from kingdom to kingdom. Kent is thus knit to Mercia, Mercia to Wessex, Wessex to East Anglia, East Anglia to Northumbria, till at last we come to that noble-minded Hilda who first learnt the truth of Christ at the court of Ethelburga's husband, Edwin of Northumbria.

It is obvious, therefore, that there can be no more appropriate starting-point for the long series of English women saints than the story of Queen Ethelburga; but honesty requires us to admit at the outset that some doubt exists whether this saint is, strictly speaking, commemorated amongst us at all. Her one supposed church, the church of which she was the undoubted foundress, bears the name, not of *Ethelburga*, but of *Eadburga*, and it is a much disputed question whether these two names belong to one and the same individual, or to two sisters. More will be said on this point hereafter; but for the moment it is sufficient to observe that whatever may be the claims of the obscure *Eadburga*, they have for centuries been merged in those of the more illustrious *Ethelburga*, who is the virtual if not the nominal patroness of Lyminge.

The history of Ethelburga, the daughter of Ethelbert and Bertha, has been in great measure told already in the histories of her husband, Edwin (CH. XXXIX.), and of her friend and counsellor Paulinus (CH. XXII.). "Her life," says Faber,† "was as it were her mother's life over again. Bertha, with her Bishop Luidhard, consented to yoke herself with a heathen

* "Moines d'Occident." † "English Saints."

husband for the Lord's sake and the amplifying of His Church; her daughter Ethelburga, with the Bishop Paulinus, did for York what her mother had done for Canterbury."

Alike, indeed, the two lives were up to a certain point; but how different was the peaceful sunset of Bertha's days from the storm that shipwrecked her daughter's earthly happiness! The work of Queen Ethelburga in her Northumbrian home, like the work of many another devoted woman, was so completely an unseen part of the history of the two remarkable men whose lives she influenced, whose labours she silently forwarded, that it is well-nigh impossible to dwell upon it as something separate and distinct. Faber says well that her life with its manifold joys and sorrows—her feelings at the attempted assassination of her husband, at the baptism of her first-born child, at the conversion of the king, at the wondrous stirring of hearts among his people—all this, says he, "is rather to be imagined than told."* But though we can never estimate what share in the great work of Edwin's conversion was due to the hidden influence of his Christian queen, we do know that by her contemporaries she was reckoned as no small power on the side of Christianity. Bede has preserved for us the letter addressed by the then Pope, Boniface, to "the illustrious lady, his daughter, Queen Ethelburga," on the occasion of her marriage, in which he earnestly implores her to do her utmost, "in season and out of season," by strenuous prayer and by the witness of her own life, to redeem the trust committed to her hands, and to win her husband and all the nation that was subject to him to the faith of Christ. So, after the manner of S. Gregory (vol. i. p. 306), he encourages her with words of mingled praise and hope, and concludes, after Gregory's fashion, by sending her a gift from her "protector, S. Peter," a "silver looking-glass and a gilt ivory comb!"†—a strangely incongruous gift, as it seems to us, from a pope to a queen.

In the eight years of her married life Ethelburga had known all a mother's tenderest joys and sorrows. Two of her children had died in infancy; but when, after her husband's defeat and death, she was forced to leave Northumbria and to seek a refuge at the court of her brother Eadbald, there still remained to her one little son, besides the six-year-old daughter, born on the memorable Easter night that decided King Edwin's conversion. She carried with her also, under the protection of her faithful friend, Paulinus, a baby grandson of her husband by his first marriage, and besides the children, she bore with her a golden cross and chalice belonging to the king, which we may well believe were precious in her eyes as pledges of her husband's acceptance of Christianity. A hundred years later this cup and cross were still among the treasures of the church at Canterbury.

The Kentish king received his widowed sister honourably, and gave her the Roman villa of Lyminge, not far from Folkestone, with the lands appertaining thereto; but, as the Bishop of Oxford points out, Ethelburga

* "English Saints." † E. H.

seems to have entertained some mistrust of her brother, for she sent both the boys to France to be educated under her cousin Dagobert.* Both died young, and of all Ethelburga's children the Princess Eanfled alone grew to maturity.

Ethelburga had been a wife, a mother, a queen, and had lived to be bereaved of husband, sons, and kingdom. What wonder was it that her stricken heart should turn with longing to the peaceful refuge of the cloister? If the very uncertain dates can be trusted, one such nunnery, and one only, then existed in Kent, newly founded by Eadbald's young daughter Eanswith (p. 355). Ethelburga, however, did not cast in her lot with the Princess Eanswith, but set herself to found a nunnery of her own at Lyminge. History is silent concerning the fourteen remaining years which the exiled queen spent at Lyminge; but fragments of her church remain to this day, adjoining the existing building, and a tomb of very early date has been discovered, which local antiquarians have identified to their own satisfaction with that of the royal foundress.

There is no doubt that Ethelburga dedicated her church to the Blessed Virgin—"the Basilica of S. Mary the Mother of God in Lyminge," as it is described in a charter† dated some fifty years after the death of the foundress—but a later generation added the name of "S. Eadburga," and under this twofold invocation of "SS. Mary and Eadburga" the church is known to this day.

Our natural impulse is to look upon the name "Eadburga" as only a contraction of Ethelburga, and we have good evidence in the case of another of our saints that both forms were used indifferently, for there can be little doubt that the favourite Worcestershire saint of later date, who is known at Abberton, Broadway, Yardley, and elsewhere as *S. Eadburgh* (p. 413), is the same who appears in the parish of Leigh under the more dignified form of *S. Ethelburga*. But, on the other hand, our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had an aggravating tendency to bestow upon their children names closely resembling each other; witness, for example, the nine daughters of Edward the Elder—Elfleda, Edgiva, Ethelhilda, Ethilda, Edgitha, Elgifa, Eadburga, and yet a second Edgiva, who, like her elder namesake, grew up to womanhood.‡ If we bear in mind this little peculiarity of nomenclature, we shall be the more disposed to give weight to the persistent Canterbury tradition, diligently repeated by all the early mediæval hagiographers,§ that Eadburga was a distinct personage, a sister, in fact, of Ethelburga, and, like her, buried at Lyminge. "That such a person was buried there cannot I think be doubted," writes the Bishop of Oxford.‖ He then quotes the words of a charter of A.D. 804: "Ubi pausat corpus beatæ Eadburgæ;" and adds, "this is too early, I

* D. C. B.

† Murray's "Kent."

‡ The eldest of the nine, whose name William of Malmesbury could not ascertain, is, with reasonable probability, identified with S. Edith, or Edgitha, of Polesworth (p. 414), a name which is well in keeping with the rest.

§ See Goscelin and Capgrave in *Acta Sanctorum*.

‖ Private letter, October, 1896.

should think, to suggest a confusion with Ethelburga." Some consideration is also due in this instance, says the bishop, to the belief of Capgrave and his fellows; for though their statements "about an early identification are as a rule suspicious," "in the case of the Kentish monasteries it does seem that we have occasional glimpses of lost records which it is not well to reject absolutely." But, on the other hand, continues the bishop, "it seems odd that, in the charter of 804, Eadburga should be mentioned and not Ethelburga, unless you suppose them identical. And it is also odd that this Eadburga does not appear in the Genealogies. There are presumptions both ways, but supposing the reading of the Charter of 804 to be right the balance is slightly in favour of distinguishing Eadburga from Ethelburga."

When the Bishop of Oxford admits that on a disputed point of early English history he "can get no further," we may readily allow that the question is not likely to be solved in the light of our present knowledge. But even if the separate identity of S. Eadburga were established beyond all doubt, it would be only an increasing, not a lessening, of our difficulties; for why should Lyminge church be associated with the name of the obscure sister, utterly unknown to contemporary history, rather than with the name of its illustrious and lovable founder, Queen Ethelburga? How lovable she was we may guess from the fact that in her own family her baptismal name was merged in the fond endearment of "Tata," that is, "the darling." So entirely did this become the established name for the well-loved Northumbrian queen, that to this day there is a common near Lyminge called from her "Tatta's Leas." *

Much of Ethelburga's own devout spirit reappears in the younger generation. Her daughter, S. Eanfled—unhappily not commemorated by any existing church—left Kent, and returned to her native Northumbria, and there showed herself a staunch upholder of Christianity; but three of Ethelburga's nieces—Eanswith, Sexburga, and Mildred—have left a lasting impress upon the Church in Kent.

S. Eanswith, V. Abs. Aug. 31, seventh cent.

It was natural that the sorrow-burdened Queen of Northumbria should long for rest and quiet; but with her young niece Eanswith, the daughter of King Eadbald, it was wholly different. Contemporary history makes no mention of this princess—we have, unfortunately, no trustworthy Bede to guide us here—and we know her only through legendary lives.† According to them, her aspirations after the monastic life were of very early growth, and had found outward expression some years before she can possibly have come under the influence of her widowed aunt, Ethelburga; but, indeed, all the dates in S. Eanswith's life are much to be mistrusted.

According to her legend, then, all things smiled upon her, and she was sought in marriage by a young Northumbrian prince, whose suit her father would fain have encouraged. But the suitor was a pagan. The

* Bright's "Church History."

† See Montalembert's graceful sketch of this young saint, based on Capgrave —"Moines d'Occident."

princess would have none of him, and she got rid of him by one of the rough and ready tests so frequently resorted to in those days. She led him to a half-finished building, and challenged him to lengthen, by the help of his gods, a beam that was too short for its place. The lover stood helpless, and it is needless to add that the princess, by her fervent prayers, brought about the desired extension. The scene must have been the cliffs of Folkestone, for the building was the monastery that she was already preparing for her own future abode. She had set her heart upon entering the religious life, and she was not to be dissuaded. Her father did not oppose her: if King Eadbald is not himself numbered among the saints, at least it should be remembered of him that he did all he could to forward the wishes of his saintly relations. He freely gave land to his young daughter, as afterwards he gave it to his sister Ethelburga; and, further, he built upon it for her use a church dedicated to the Apostle Peter, and there, close to her father's church of S. Peter, the Princess Eanswith founded her nunnery with a separate church of its own.

Through the mist of legends that have risen up about her one can still recognize the organizing genius of the young abbess. It is evident that she made the best of her little kingdom, but the situation was hopelessly ill chosen. It was so near the sea that in course of time—though not until after Eanswith's death—the original church of S. Peter was fairly washed off the rock on which it stood. Moreover, the monastery was without a proper supply of fresh water. The princess remedied this defect—though possibly by more laborious methods than those indicated in her legend, where she is said to have produced a conduit a mile long by merely striking the ground with her crozier. One touch in her story connects her to this day with her famous aunt at Lyminge. The *bail-pond*, or reservoir, in Folkestone Castle "is supplied with water from S. Eanswith's spring, which she brought miraculously here from Lyminge (about six miles distant), 'over the hills and rocks to her oratorie at the sea-side.'"*

Tradition says that S. Eanswith only ruled over her nunnery about ten years, and died young. The date is sometimes given as 640, sometimes as 673, but both dates are untrustworthy.†

In course of time S. Peter's was, as we have already seen, swept away by the sea, and S. Eanswith's church and all her other buildings were destroyed by the Danes, though it is said that some scanty fragments of them may yet be traced in the garden of the Folkestone vicarage.‡ But the fragrance of her sweet memory still lingered round the spot that she had made her own; and when, nearly five hundred years after her death (1137), the land passed into the hands of a Norman baron, one Nigel de Munwell, who rebuilt the priory church, he bestowed on it that two-fold dedication-name which it has borne ever since—"SS. Mary and Eanswith." We cannot doubt that in all these Kentish examples of an

* Murray's "Kent."
† Stubbs; D. C. B.
‡ Murray's "Kent."

ascription to the Blessed Virgin conjoined with a local saint—as at Lyminge, Folkestone, Minster-in-Sheppey—we have the original choice of the founder with a later addition superadded by the founder's own admirers. The priory church became in time the parish church of Folkestone, and S. Eanswith was adopted as patroness of the town, which to this day displays upon its municipal seal a figure of the saint carrying two fishes in a half-loop.* In the year 1885 the citizens of Folkestone had a more striking reminder of the presence in their midst of their seventh-century patroness. "In the north wall of the chancel human remains, probably those of S. Eanswith, were discovered, inclosed in a leaden reliquary of the twelfth century. This reliquary had been translated to St. Eanswith's from St. Peter's church, which had been swept away by the sea." † When we look back through the twelve centuries that divide us from the granddaughter of the first Christian king of Kent, we may well say with the writer of this notice: "The discovery was one of almost unique interest." Nor is the famous priory church of Folkestone the sole memorial of this Kentish princess. The little village church of Brenzett, between Rye and Romney, likewise bears her name —doubtless from some connexion with the great Benedictine Priory at Folkestone.

S. Sexburga, Q. Abs. July 6, 699.

S. Eanswith's brother Ercombert, King of Kent, married Sexburga, an East Anglian princess, the eldest sister of the celebrated S. Etheldreda of Ely, and this stranger from another kingdom followed the example of her aunt Ethelburga and her young sister-in-law Eanswith, by adding to the ever-increasing number of Kentish monasteries. *Dutifulness* is the word that seems best to sum up the character of this saint, who, instead of seeking to mark out a path for herself, fulfilled to the best of her ability each duty as it successively presented itself.

At an early age Sexburga was married to the young King of Kent, who had then newly ascended the throne. During the twenty years of their peaceful married life we hear much of the husband and of his zeal for religion; how he "first among the English kings did of his supreme authority command the idols throughout his whole kingdom to be destroyed and forsaken," and how he took pains to promote a more earnest observance of Lent.‡ Of his wife at this time we hear little, but perhaps the best fruit of her life's work was afterwards to be seen in the distinguished piety of her two daughters. Her eldest son Egbert was still a minor when his father died, and Sexburga for some four years took upon herself the office of regent; but so soon as he was of an age to assume the reins of government, she besought him to give her a separate estate for her own purposes, and then she withdrew for ever from court. Whatever shadows may rest upon Egbert's character it is indisputable that in respect of forwarding the good designs of others he always displayed a

* D. C. B.
† Murray.
‡ Bede.

liberality worthy of Sexburga's son. He now bestowed upon his mother the Isle of Sheppey. Two reasons may have dictated the choice of an *island* as the site for Sexburga's destined monastery; the first, the obvious consideration of safety; the second—which would be very likely to weigh with Sexburga—the resemblance in point of situation to S. Etheldreda's island-settlement at Ely.

Like S. Ethelburga, like S. Eanswith, like her own sister Etheldreda, the widowed queen dedicated the church which she built upon her island estate to the Blessed Virgin; but in common phrase it was always designated as "the minster," and hence the town which in later days grew up around the monastic community came to be known as "Minster in Sheppey," as distinguished from S. Mildred's twin island-monastery of "Minster in Thanet" (p. 360). In a short time Sexburga had gathered round her a band of seventy nuns. Regarded merely as places of education, the demand for such institutions was immense, and their number in England in these days was very inadequate to the multitudes who desired to take advantage of them.

Sexburga is said to have received the veil from the hands of Archbishop Theodore. According to an Ely tradition, the excess of her humility led her to refuse the office of abbess over the community which she had founded, because she deemed it unfitting that such authority should be committed to one who had not previously undergone the probation of an ordinary nun; and it is affirmed that for this reason she chose as abbess her own young widowed daughter Ermenilda, who had already received the veil at Ely.* Ermenilda did indeed become Abbess of Sheppey, but in succession to her mother, not during the time of her residence in the monastery. The contrary assertion, besides being on the face of it improbable, does not agree with the queen's own farewell speech when she was about to leave Sheppey for ever. It may well have been that Sexburga had long yearned for a less arduous life, for a home where it would be her happy duty to obey rather than to direct; but in the suddenness of her return to her native land, she seems to have acted upon the strength of an almost irresistible impulse. Tidings reached her of her sister Etheldreda's prosperous settlement in her own island domain at Ely, and the longing to be once more with that beloved sister came upon her with overmastering force. She called her nuns around her, and made known to them her intention of returning to East Anglia. "Farewell, my daughters," said she, "I leave you Jesus for your protector, and one of my daughters for your abbess. . . . I am going back to the land where I was born, to serve under my glorious sister Etheldreda; to take part in her labours here and in her reward hereafter." †

* We have not sufficient data to reconcile all the movements of the many saints belonging to this great clan; but it appears probable that the widowed Ermenilda had been for a short time with her aunt Etheldreda at Ely before her mother summoned her to Sheppey. The constant intercommunication between Ely and Sheppey was maintained for at least three generations.

† From the "Book of Ely," quoted by Montalembert.

The reunion was a joyful one for both sisters, and so long as Etheldreda lived Sexburga served under her with the unquestioning obedience of a happy child. But at the end of a few years Etheldreda died after a brief illness, and now a new and hard duty awaited Sexburga. It was felt on all sides that there was no successor to Etheldreda so fit as her own royal sister; and Sexburga, as was her wont, accepted the duty that lay before her, and having unconsciously prepared herself beforehand by her admiring contemplation and imitation of her dear sister, she ruled over the great double monastery to the satisfaction of all.

The most marked event of her twenty years' rule at Ely, and the one which filled her loving heart with the greatest joy, was the translation of S. Etheldreda's remains from the nuns' cemetery to a more honourable resting-place which S. Sexburga had made ready for it within the monastery church. The striking circumstances attending this translation, and Sexburga's joyous cry, "Glory be to God," when once again she beheld the beloved countenance, unchanged by the ravages of death, and beautiful as it had been in life—all this must be told in the story of Etheldreda (p. 367).

There is little else to chronicle concerning S. Sexburga. When at last she entered into rest, she was laid, by her own special desire, close to the sister she so deeply reverenced.

Sexburga clung so tenderly to her own family that it seems cruel in any way to separate her from them; and yet it is not at Ely, but in her husband's kingdom of Kent, that she is best remembered to-day. Her memory must have been cherished at Minster-in-Sheppey for two generations with special tenderness, for her place as abbess was filled first, as we have already seen, by her daughter Ermenilda, and then by Ermenilda's famous daughter, S. Werburga (p. 376), of whom we shall have much to say hereafter. Neither her daughter nor her granddaughter, however, attempted to change the dedication-name which Sexburga herself had chosen; and it was not until the time of Henry II. that the then Archbishop of Canterbury re-dedicated the church and superadded the founder's name—a name which even after four hundred years was still remembered in Sheppey; and thus it was that the church came by its present twofold ascription to "SS. Mary and Sexburga."

S. Mildred, V. Abs. Feb. 20, cir. 710, trans. July 13.

The scruples as to dividing families that troubled us in the case of S. Sexburga are less powerful in the case of the celebrated S. Mildred, Ethelburga's great-great-niece. It is true that on the father's side she belonged to a powerful Mercian family, and that by ranking her among the Kentish saints we are separating her from her famous sister Milburga, one of the chief glories of Mercian sainthood (p. 379); yet S. Mildred belongs of right to Kent. On the mother's side there was Kentish blood in her veins: her whole affections were given to Kent: her life's work was done in Kent, and it was in Kent that she was most passionately venerated, and is to this day most widely remembered. With the paternal kingdom of Mercia

she had strangely little in common. Her mother, Dompneva,* who was a granddaughter of King Eadbald, and a great-granddaughter of the famous Ethelbert, married Merewald, a Mercian king, and bore him four children; but after her husband's death—or possibly before—Dompneva returned to her native Kent, leaving behind her her only son, and her daughter Milburga, while she carried with her the two other children, Mildred and Milgitha. The separation between the two sides of the family was therefore strongly marked. Of Milgitha nothing is known expect that she became a nun at Canterbury; but the two other sisters were destined to play a very conspicuous part in their several spheres.

As to the story of S. Mildred's mother, it is highly legendary and confused, but some knowledge of its outline is necessary to an understanding of her daughter's story. When Dompneva returned into Kent the reigning king was her young cousin, Egbert I., the son of S. Sexburga, a well-disposed prince, whose just claim to the throne was, however, marred by the murder—committed in his interests, though not, let us hope, with his knowledge—of two brothers of Dompneva's, who, as the representatives of the elder branch of the family, were the rightful heirs. In satisfaction for this great wrong, the king promised to give their sister Dompneva land whereon to build a monastery. The king's mother, Sexburga, was probably at this very time building her nunnery in the Isle of Sheppey; it may have been the thought of this that prompted him to give to his cousin Dompneva the twin-island of Thanet—not the whole of it, indeed, but so much as her tame hind could mark out in a single run.

Such, according to popular tradition, was the beginning of the famous church of S. Mary in Thanet, commonly spoken of, like S. Sexburga's church, simply as "the minster"—*Minster in Thanet*, as distinguished from *Minster in Sheppey*. Trinity Hall, Cambridge, still possesses a map of the Isle of Thanet, copied in the year 1414 from a much earlier map, which, if it does not prove much as to the truth of the legend, at least testifies to the popular belief in its truth. It shows the course of the hind, and "indeed," says the Bishop of Bristol,† "the course is so erratic, and its importance as the boundary of a great estate so real, that we may fairly take the map as a record of great antiquity." And so Dompneva built her monastery, and gathered round her a band of nuns, and under the benediction of the newly arrived Archbishop Theodore, became abbess of the new community.

But all this while we seem to have wandered far from our proper subject, S. Mildred, who was still a mere girl, and who had been sent by her mother to be educated abroad at the monastery of Chelles near Paris, where, says Bede, "many sent their daughters to be instructed, and delivered to their heavenly Bridegroom."‡ S. Mildred's school experiences were anything but happy. She was bent upon following her mother's vocation; the Abbess of Chelles was no less bent on marrying the English

* Otherwise *Eormenburga*.
† "Augustine and his Companions."
‡ E. H.

princess to a kinsman of her own, and was not above using persecution for the attainment of her end. Open communication with home was forbidden, but Mildred made a copy of the psalter as a gift for her mother, and secretly entrusted to the bearer the story of her wrongs. Then Dompneva sent ships to bring her home; but still the abbess refused to let her go, and the princess was forced to make her escape secretly to the place of embarkation. In the hurry of flight she forgot her most precious possession, a nail from the true Cross, and she had the courage to return and fetch it.

Her natural landing-place was Ebbs Fleet in her own Island of Thanet —that spot already doubly famous through the several landings of Hengist and of Augustine of Canterbury, and now to gain yet another association through this most popular of native-born saints. In the Middle Ages Ebbs Fleet was accounted a sacred spot for the sake, not of Augustine, but of Mildred. Pilgrims were shown the impress of her foot on the block of stone on which she first stepped, and an oratory chapel was afterwards built upon the spot.

After this brave beginning our expectations are raised concerning the Princess Mildred, and it is disappointing to find that her later history is practically a blank. She is said in general terms to have succeeded her mother in the government of the island-monastery at Minster, and to have had under her rule some seventy nuns; but not a single distinct incident of her later story has come down to us, nothing whereby we may explain the extraordinary popularity that in after times attached itself to her name, and expressed itself in innumerable tales of posthumous miracles, some serious, others purely grotesque. The Bishop of Oxford says* that with our present means of information it is "impossible to say what credit can be given to the scanty data of the legends of St. Mildred and her sisters. It would be, however," he adds, "hypercritical to question their existence or their connexion with the localities to which they are referred. The numerous dedications of churches to St. Mildred, and the frequent use of her name as a baptismal name, prove that her cultus was far too widely extended and too deeply rooted to be the mere result of a monastic legend." One thing at least is certain. The high-spirited young princess of the well-known stories took possession of the national imagination, to the entire setting aside of her mother, the real founder of the famous monastery. According to Kentish analogy, the church which S. Dompneva, following the usual family traditions, had dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, should in later days have come to be known as "SS. Mary and Dompneva," but this was not so. The original dedication to the Blessed Virgin has still, through successive rebuildings, clung to the church of Dompneva, in spite of the fact that in the eighth century the church was formally dedicated to the twin Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul. But for all that there was an interval of many centuries when the monastery was popularly known as "S. Mildred's." She was the true patroness of Thanet, and

* D. C. B.

eclipsed her mother as she had already eclipsed the first Archbishop of Canterbury. Among her other possessions S. Mildred has appropriated what ought assuredly to be accounted her mother's peculiar property—that raised green path, of which traces may even yet be seen, in a wooded lane near Minster, once said to mark out the course of S. Dompneva's hind, but now, like all the rest, ascribed to her celebrated daughter, and known in the local dialect as "S. Mildred's Lynch." *

Allusion has already been made to the Kentish loyalty to their favourite saint. In other parts of England the use of "Mildred" as a baptismal name is, generally speaking, a modern revival; among the Kentish peasantry it has lingered in common use for twelve hundred years, side by side with "Ethelbert." But our business is with S. Mildred's churches, rather than with these stray indications of her ancient fame.

S. Eadburga and S. Sexburga are commemorated only by the churches which they themselves founded; S. Eanswith's fame is of scarcely wider range, but the fame of S. Mildred was not limited even to her own kingdom of Kent. Once she was honoured in Wessex and in East Anglia, as we can tell from the record of churches (unfortunately no longer standing) at both Oxford and Ipswich. Now, her furthest point is Whippingham in the Isle of Wight—part, it is true, of the ancient kingdom of Wessex.

Her memory is still kept alive within the City of London by the names of S. Mildred, Bread Street, and S. Mildred, Poultry, though the second of these two churches is no longer used for divine service.† Her five remaining churches are all in Kent. One of them alone—S. Mildred's at Lee—is of modern date. We are not aware whether it was so named merely as a tribute to the most popular of Kentish saints, or whether, as is most probable, it owes its existence to the lost City church of S. Mildred, Poultry, before mentioned.

One of S. Mildred's Kentish churches is at Canterbury, where her sister, the sainted Milgitha, might with even more fitness have been commemorated. The others are at Tenterden, Nurstead, and Preston, which last parish, without much apparent reason, claims an alternative dedication to S. Catherine.

It may possibly furnish a very slight clue to the channel through which these dedications to S. Mildred have come, to observe how many of the churches that bear her name seem to have been in the same hands. Setting aside the two no longer existing at Oxford and Ipswich, and two others which have passed into private patronage, we find that the remaining six are all in the gift, either of the Lord Chancellor or of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury. Now, it is clearly established that in the eleventh century Canute made over the land and site of the monastery at Minster to S. Augustine's Abbey at Canterbury, and it is probable that some, if not all, of the churches of S. Mildred which now belong to either of the

* Murray's "Kent."

† The name is retained as part of the official style of the parish of St. Olave, Old Jewry.

patrons just specified, were originally built by the monks of S. Augustine on lands that formed part of their vast estates. We know well how proud the monks were of the honour of being the guardians of "S. Mildred's Monastery." "At St. Augustine's monastery," says William of Malmesbury, writing at the time when there was a great revival of veneration for all these Saxon saints, "she is honoured by the marked attention of the monks, and celebrated equally for her kindness and affability to all, as her name * implies. And although almost every corner of that monastery is filled with the bodies of saints of great name and merit, any one of which would be of itself sufficient to irradiate all England, yet no one is there more revered, more loved, or more gratefully remembered; and she, turning a deaf ear to none who love her, is present to them in the salvation of their souls." † What more natural, therefore, than that the Canterbury monks should take pains to spread abroad the name of this highly honoured saint?

S. Mildred is doubly commemorated, in February and July; once on the day of her death, and again on the day of the translation of her remains, her so-called *deposition*. The exact date of her death is uncertain, but it must have taken place early in the eighth century.

The East Anglian Saints.

The transition from Kent to East Anglia is natural enough, for the two kingdoms were drawn closely together—primarily by the marriage of the Kentish king to an East Anglian princess, and afterwards by the constant intercourse between the two island-monasteries of Sheppey and Ely. We have already spoken of the sainted Sexburga, who was the first link between the two kingdoms: we have now to speak of a much more conspicuous personage, Sexburga's younger sister, the famous S. Etheldreda, founder and first abbess of Ely.

S. Etheldreda, or Awdry, Q. Abs. June 23, 679, trans. Oct. 17.

It is matter of frequent complaint that our national saints are so ill represented in our Prayer-book Kalendar, and so far as the women saints are concerned, the only one who enjoys this rare privilege is S. Etheldreda of Ely. The retention of her name may be due to accidental causes, or it may have arisen from the fact that "S. Awdry's feast" was, even after the Reformation, too important a landmark to be conveniently omitted. But from whatever cause it arises, it is not amiss to have our attention thus directed to a saint who, while she falls so strangely below our nineteenth-century standard of right, nevertheless satisfied so fully the highest ideal of some thirty generations of English Churchmen.

If we set ourselves to compare the histories of S. Etheldreda and her less-known sister, S. Sexburga, we may very well come to the conclusion that it would be difficult to find a more complete contrast in character between two tenderly attached sisters—who had so much in common—

* Mildred = mild or gentle. † "Kings of England."

not merely in outward circumstances, but even in their spiritual aspirations. Both of them were married early to reigning princes: the elder sister set herself obediently to fulfil the natural duties of her vocation as wife and mother, and steadily repressed her longing for the conventual life until such time as her home ties were naturally broken: the more impetuous younger sister, on the other hand, from the beginning marked out for herself a path of so-called duty, in which there was no thought of home or husband, or of the happiness of others, which was to be wrecked by her unswerving determination to serve God in her self-chosen way. Our every instinct approves the one sister and condemns the other; and yet it is Etheldreda, not Sexburga, who was for nine centuries the heroine and darling of the English Church. But as the Bishop of Oxford has truly said in speaking of S. Dunstan: "The popular worship has not generally been wasted on the memory of selfish ascetics," and it will be well, therefore, for us first of all to recognize that ideals alter, and that in Etheldreda's time, and for centuries after, the glories of the virgin state were accounted to far outweigh all other claims; let us, then, try to see what were the peculiar qualities in Etheldreda that so won and so held the admiration of her countrymen.

Told in its bare outlines, the story of the royal Abbess of Ely is not an attractive one. The daughter of a famous East Anglian king, Anna, she was given in marriage to a neighbouring prince, by name Tondbert, who bestowed upon her as part of her dowry the Isle of Ely—destined from henceforth to be for ever associated with her history. Tondbert loved his young wife with a loyal self-sacrificing love, and when he found that she had been forced into marriage against her conscience, he made no further claim upon her, but allowed her to lead under his protection the separate life of religious observances for which she craved. After three years he died, and Etheldreda determined to live on at Ely, devoting herself to good works. But meantime a splendid union had been proposed for her with Egfrid, joint and afterwards sole King of Northumbria; and the uncle who now stood in the place of her dead father would not allow her to refuse an alliance so advantageous to East Anglian interests. Once again Etheldreda found herself forced into marriage against her will. She strove to exact from her second husband the same terms as she had enjoyed before, but Egfrid's vehement nature could ill brook the restraints put upon his love; and though he behaved on the whole with wondrous forbearance, he was continually seeking, sometimes with not unnatural anger, to break down her stern resolve. The story of that miserable twelve years is melancholy reading. It can only be said that the queen might have been better advised had she had another counsellor than Wilfrid of York (CH. XXII.), who, when appealed to by both sides, threw his powerful influence into the scale of resistance to Egfrid's legitimate demands, and recommended a divorce. His advice was followed, but Egfrid never forgot nor forgave the cruel interference. Etheldreda retired to her aunt Ebba's convent at Coldingham (p. 392), and there received the veil from S. Wilfrid,

and the king—indignant and deserted—took to himself another wife. Whether, as later chroniclers imply, his anger at the way in which he had been treated flared forth once more, or whether we may accept the simpler but all sufficient explanation that Etheldreda herself was sensible that she could no longer with dignity remain in Egfrid's dominions—from whatever motive, she left the shelter of Coldingham, and returned to her own island home at Ely.

Here at Ely the seven remaining years of her life were congenially spent in organizing a twin monastery for both men and women, over which she ruled after the precedent already set by her northern kinswomen, Hilda and Ebba. At last she had entered into her longed-for sphere. Her genius for ruling and organizing now found ample scope, and the abbey at Ely might soon have rivalled the older foundation at Whitby, had not the abbess been prematurely cut off by an epidemic sickness which visited the monastery in the year 679.

So much for the bare outlines of this saint's history; but, happily for us, there are many little human touches in Bede's sober narrative which give colour to these bare outlines, and enable us to understand the powerful attraction exercised by the young queen over those with whom she came into contact. We speak, it must be understood, of Bede's simple prose narrative, not of the elaborate and wholly conventional poetical acrostic in which he gives additional expression to his unbounded admiration for the saint of Ely. Two points at least stand out clearly in Bede, and are only strengthened by the witness of the later traditions brought together in the volume known as "the Book of Ely." * These are, her remarkable force of character, and her extreme lovableness. Upon her death-bed, when she was suffering from a severe abscess in her neck, the royal abbess recalled with pathetic self-blame her own youthful delight in the adornments that became her station, the rich jewels which once she used to wear about her neck. It was "when I was very young," she pleaded, as though in her own defence; but she was "very young" still when she set herself of fixed purpose to renounce all these pleasant things which were offered her in such plentiful abundance, and to devote herself to a life of hardness and self-sacrifice. What was it, we wonder, which wrought in the young earnest nature so abiding a change of purpose, which neither love, nor hardships, nor long years of probation could move her to forgo? Such rigid tenacity of purpose is apt to make its possessor hard and unlovable. It was not so with our saint. We can readily understand that her powers of mind, her splendid liberality, might win for her the friendship of men like Cuthbert and Wilfrid, whose good works she delighted to forward in every possible way: the irresistible sweetness of her nature is still better shown by her influence over those with whom she was brought into yet more intimate relations—her two successive husbands, her sister, her nuns, her physician, the officers of her household. Tondbert and Egfrid were men of widely different temperaments, but they were

* Compiled by the monk, Thomas of Ely, in the time of Henry II.

at one in their love for the beautiful queen who put so hard a strain upon their devotion. The former was moved to follow her example of utter self-sacrifice: the latter was stirred to frequent bursts of anger at the cruel disappointment of his dearest hopes; yet both were veritable lovers, and neither was alienated from Etheldreda herself.

No portrait of the queen-abbess would be complete that failed to make mention of the loyal body of servants by whom she was all her life surrounded, not less in the days of her adversity than in the time of her prosperity. Many of them were men of distinction in widely different walks of life, each one of whom seems to have reckoned it as his title of honour that at some time or other he had been in the service of the Lady Etheldreda. There is the God-fearing soldier, Imma, the hero of so many strange adventures, who, when he was about to be sold as a slave in London, was ransomed, for love of Queen Etheldreda, by her nephew, the young King of Kent. Then there is the pious physician, Cynifrid, who attended the queen on her death-bed, and years afterwards still treasured up in his memory her every word and look, and delighted to speak of them to others; and there is Huna the priest, who gave her the last sacraments, and after her death led a hermit's life upon an island in the fens, and became much revered for his sanctity; and, surpassing all the rest in interest, there is the faithful Owen,* the queen's chief officer of state—at once her prime minister and the master of her palace—who in the days of her widowhood took charge of her little kingdom of Ely, and when she married again followed her to Northumbria. Later still, moved by the same spirit of single-hearted devotion which animated his mistress, Owen became a hard-working lay brother in S. Chad's monastery of Lastingham; and he it was who had the blessed privilege of hearing the angels' summons to that gentle saint (CH. XXIII.). Visitors to Ely may see in the cathedral the base of an ancient inscribed cross, brought thither in the last century from Hadenham, near Ely, which bears upon it in Latin the prayer: "Vouchsafe, O God, to Owen light and rest. Amen." † Few things seem to bring us so near to S. Etheldreda as this touching contemporary memorial of her trusty prime minister.

Nor was it only over the other sex that this queenly woman exercised so potent an influence. Her nuns loved their "virgin mother" with all their heart, and were ready to imitate her in all hardships, because she laid on them no burden which she was not joyfully ready to bear herself—nay, she counted it her one prerogative to take as her special share the hardest and lowliest tasks. And, last of all, we recall how her sister Sexburga left the home which was the natural refuge of her old age, in which she would ever have been regarded as the venerated founder, and came from Sheppey to Ely, drawn by a sisterly desire to serve under her "glorious sister Etheldreda," and to share her labours.

Up to this point we have kept rigidly within the limits of sober

* More correctly known as *Owini*, or *Ouini*.

† Bentham's "Ely."

history, relying for the most part upon Bede's narrative; but upon the capitals of the eight pillars which support the lantern tower of Ely Cathedral are a series of thirteenth-century sculptures,* which tell in their own fashion the story of the famous queen-abbess as it was set forth in many an oft-repeated legend. The series begins with Etheldreda's second marriage to Egfrid of Northumbria, and includes the translation of her remains and one of her posthumous miracles. Quaintest of them all is the third scene, which shows Etheldreda and two faithful nuns escaping by way of the seashore from the pursuit of the justly incensed King of Northumbria. Legend tells how they took refuge on the point known as Colbert's Head, and how the rising tide effectually guarded their retreat till such time as the baffled pursuers gave up the chase in despair. Here we behold the three women squatting uncomfortably on the narrow ledge of rock, the queen distinguished from her humbler attendants by the crown which sits so oddly upon her monastic veil. The next pillar commemorates another very favourite incident of the journey, which has a direct connexion with one of our dedications. The Humber was crossed and the pilgrims had advanced into Lincolnshire. Being wearied out by the heat of the long shadeless way, the queen thrust her staff into the ground and threw herself down just as she was to seek a brief rest. Here we see her, book in hand, her head pillowed upon the lap of one of her attendant nuns, but the staff has grown into a spreading tree, beneath whose branches the weary queen may rest unharmed by the burning sun. The scene of this miracle is said to be Alftham,† afterwards called from this incident *Etheldredstow*. We shall have something to say later as to the probable identification of this spot.

The last scene represents the Translation of S. Etheldreda, that high festival which our Prayer-book Kalendar still commemorates on October 17. The abbess, in her humility, had desired to be buried with all simplicity in the common cemetery of the nuns; but as years passed on, those who loved her yearned to have her remains brought within the church and laid to rest with all the pomp befitting a king's daughter. The brethren of the monastery were bidden to provide stone wherewith to make a new coffin.‡ For this purpose they went by boat to Grantchester (the site of the existing city of Cambridge), and there found ready to their hand an empty marble sarcophagus—a relic doubtless of the Roman occupation—which exactly suited their needs. Upon the appointed day Ely was thronged with friends of the late abbess, among whom were Wilfrid, and also the physician who had attended her in her last illness. A tent was placed over the open grave, and a bier erected within it. Into this tent the Abbess Sexburga and those appointed to take up the precious remains entered, while the rest of the community and all the expectant multitude stood without, engaged in chanting hymns and

* See the plates in Bentham's "Ely."

† Possibly West Halton in Lincolnshire.

‡ For the whole history of S. Etheldreda's translation see Bede. He himself learnt the facts from S. Wilfrid and from the queen's physician before mentioned.

psalms. Suddenly Sexburga was heard to utter a cry of joy, and when some of the principal bystanders were admitted into the tent, they beheld the body of the dead queen, "laid on a bed as if it had been asleep." This memorable scene is the one portrayed on the seventh pillar, which shows Sexburga tenderly supporting the dead body of her beloved sister, the nuns standing close around, their faces lit up with glad wonderment; while in a more distant group, looking one upon another, we see Bishop Wilfrid and several of Etheldreda's royal kinsfolk.

Could we but see the meanly clad abbess as she busied herself in providing for the needs of her great household, or kept her solitary vigil in the minster which she herself had founded, we should doubtless see a figure very unlike the stately crowned nun in the flowing fur-lined robes of the Benedictine Order, who is represented in the window in Ely Cathedral. Yet these mediæval representations of S. Etheldreda are not without interest, as showing the popular conception of the saint at the very zenith of her fame.

These pillars, together with the window, correspond in date to the time (1252) when the cathedral was formally re-dedicated to the "Blessed Virgin, SS. Peter and Etheldreda." When Etheldreda came to Ely she found a church already existing, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and her own minster was placed under the same invocation. "S. Peter" was added at a later rebuilding, and in the thirteenth century the founder's own name was joined to the other two. So things stood for close upon three hundred years, when Henry VIII. imposed upon the cathedral his favourite dedication to "the Holy and Undivided Trinity." The king's fiat had to be obeyed, and in the Ely statute-books the cathedral is so designated to the present day; but in one sense the change came too late, for in the eight preceding centuries the name and fame of S. Etheldreda had come to dominate her little realm with an enduring strength which no mere royal charter could succeed in weakening. In spite of all changes, Ely still remains the city of S. Etheldreda.

As to the other dedications in this name—some twelve in all—they are fewer in number than we might expect. The parish of West Quantoxhead in Somersetshire, with its popular *alias* "St. Audries," unmistakably proclaims its allegiance. It is interesting thus to meet the name under the once popular abbreviation which Shakespeare has made so familiar to us.

Apart from St. Audries in Somerset, Hyssington on the Welsh border of Shropshire, and Horley in Oxfordshire, the other dedications to this saint are either to be found in East Anglia, or else can show some special connexion with the saint of Ely. The number is no longer what it used to be, for formerly S. Etheldreda had a church at Thetford in Norfolk,* and another at Histon in Cambridgeshire. This last was demolished in the year 1600 for the sake of the building materials, part of which may

* Not impossibly, however, a confusion with the other Thetford in the Isle of Ely.

still be seen built into the other church in the parish, S. Andrew's.* The loss at Histon has been made good by a modern church of S. Etheldreda, in this same county of Cambridgeshire, at Coldham.

The city of Norwich finds room among its many saints for a "S. Ethelred," and in the Norfolk parish of Mundham we have a "SS. Ethelred and Peter," which looks at first sight like an echo of the dedication of Ely Cathedral, but turns out to be only a consolidated parish representing two separate churches—"S. Ethelred" unhappily existing now only in name.

A much more serious loss historically, however, than any of these is the famous chapel of S. Etheldreda in Ely Place, Holborn, the one remaining relic of the London palace of the Bishops of Ely. This interesting fourteenth-century structure, having experienced many strange vicissitudes, was unhappily allowed, some twenty-five years since, to pass into the hands of the Roman Catholics,† who there exhibit a reliquary containing "a small portion of the incorruptible hand of S. Etheldreda," reported to have been discovered a century ago in an old farmhouse belonging to the estate of the Duke of Norfolk.‡

To turn, however, from our losses to our possessions. There is Bishops Hatfield in Hertfordshire, which has been connected with Ely since the days of King Edgar, and doubly marks that association, first by the dedication of its church to the saint of Ely, and in later days by its episcopal prefix. Totteridge, in the same county, was a thirteenth-century addition to the wealth of Ely. It is given in some lists as "S. Andrew," a clerical error no doubt for "S. Awdry."

But of the eight existing dedications to S. Etheldreda none has the personal interest of the Lincolnshire church of West Halton, which, lying just across the Humber close to the parish of Wintringham, has been with good ground identified § with the unknown "Alftham" of the legend, which Thomas of Ely says was called in his day "Etheldred's Stow," and possessed a church built in honour of Queen Etheldreda in special memory of the miracle of the budding staff (p. 367).

There is a vitality in S. Etheldreda herself of which this budding staff is no unfit emblem. In spite of continual losses, tokens of her presence still linger with us. It has often been pointed out that her name has added to the language the word "tawdry," originally applied to articles bought at "S. Awdry's fair;" and now, twelve hundred years and more after the saint's death, "Ethel," the first half of her rather unmanageable name, is as popular with us as "Awdry" was with our forefathers.

S. Sexburga. See the Kentish saints.

S. Withburga, V. Abs. March 17, cir. 743.

One of our churches commemorates yet another daughter of King Anna, Withburga by name, whose uneventful lot differed curiously from the more varied experiences of her

* Lewis.

† In 1874; see "London P. and P."

‡ *Westminster Gazette*, October 11, 1895.

§ Bentham's "Ely."

two older sisters, Sexburga and Etheldreda. The little princess was sent into Norfolk to be nursed at Holkham, a village belonging to her father. Here her childhood was passed, and here it is that she is remembered to this day; but when she grew to womanhood she removed to East Dereham, a village some twenty miles to the south-east of Holkham, and there set herself to found a monastery.

Withburga's humble foundation was not like her sister's noble institution at Ely. We gather that it was on a very small scale—just a refuge for herself and a handful of nuns—for whom, few as they might be, it was no easy matter to provide the daily food. Legend tells how the little company was miraculously sustained on the milk of two does, and how, when the neighbouring reeve took advantage of the helplessness of the poor nuns and hunted those precious does, he met his just punishment by being thrown from his horse and killed. This one legend is all that we can gather of the virgin saint, who was nevertheless accounted worthy in after centuries of a place of honour beside her famous sister at Ely. In death she was placed on a level with her two sisters, but there is no evidence that in their lifetime there was any intercourse between S. Withburga and the successive abbesses of Ely.

S. Withburga died in extreme old age among the little community she had founded, and was laid to rest in the graveyard of East Dereham. Before long the body was removed into the church itself, where it became increasingly an object of the greatest veneration, so much so indeed as to excite the envy of all the influential friends of Ely.* At last, towards the end of the tenth century, the monks of Ely obtained leave from King Edgar to claim the precious relic; but, knowing full well that the owners would never voluntarily part with their treasure, a raid was planned with the utmost caution. The abbot arranged to hold one of his periodic courts at East Dereham, and arrived for the purpose with a grand retinue of monks. After a night of prolonged feasting, the company broke up, and the crafty monks withdrew to the church—ostensibly for worship, in reality for the purpose of rifling the tomb of the saint. They succeeded in taking out the coffin, and carrying it unobserved, under cover of the darkness, to the carriage that was in waiting to convey it on the first stage of its journey to the place where a boat was in readiness to bear it to the Isle of Ely. The theft was discovered, and the much-wronged townsfolk gave chase in high indignation as far as the water's edge, but they were unprovided with boats: the monks had a fair start, and were well on their way to Ely, so that the guardians of S. Withburga had nothing for it but to resign themselves to their loss, and to return home empty-handed. Our sympathy for them is lessened by the consideration that they were plainly not very zealous guardians of the saint's honour; otherwise the church at East Dereham would not at the present day be dedicated to the semi-mythical foreigner, S. Nicholas, instead of to their own native founder, S. Withburga. That it was once so dedicated we may

* For the history and translation of S. Withburga, see Bentham's "Ely."

assert with tolerable certainty, for in the churchyard may be seen a well which is known to this day as "S. Withburga's Well," and which, according to popular tradition, sprang up on the very spot where she was first buried. The re-dedication to S. Nicholas can hardly be earlier than the eleventh century, when that saint first began to take so great hold in England.

But if East Dereham has been unfaithful to its past, it is otherwise with the little village of Holkham, which, though owing so much less to the saint, has never lost the memory of the childish years she spent in its midst. At one time Holkham was popularly known as *Withburgstow*:* this usage has gone out, but the existing church of Holkham is dedicated to S. Withburga, and thus keeps in memory its far-away past. A mission-ship in the Fens—a floating church, as we may fairly describe it—has lately been dedicated to S. Withburga. The chaplain of the ship had formerly been curate at East Dereham; hence the connecting link.†

S. Werburga. See the Mercian saints.

S. Wendreda. This obscure lady, though an East Anglian saint, is not apparently of royal birth, nor can she be assigned to any known family; and though on account of her sanctity her body was at length admitted to a place among the honoured saints of Ely, yet she belongs so much more naturally to her own village of March that we have preferred to rank her among "Local Benefactors" (CH. XLI.).

The Mercian Saints.

Before speaking of any of the individual saints who sprang from the Mercian kingdom, we must say a few words concerning one who was no saint at all, and who is yet the most striking figure of the whole group. This is none other than the head of the family, the dreaded old heathen chief, Penda, himself a "stranger to the Name of Christ,"‡ yet keen-sighted enough to despise with all the force of his strong nature those professing Christians whose deeds agreed not with their faith.§ It was this Penda who overthrew Edwin, the Christian king of Northumbria, and caused his widowed queen, Ethelburga, to flee for refuge, as we have seen, to her native Kent. Terrible indeed were his ravages, so that many a sorrowing Christian had cause to cry out with the holy Bishop Aidan, "Behold, Lord, how great mischief Penda does!" (CH. XXXIII.).

But as though in atonement for the evil wrought by their fierce father, each one of the eight children of Penda became conspicuous benefactors to the Church. Penda's sons gave royally of their substance in aid of churches and monasteries, and in marrying they sought for wives as zealous as themselves in the cause of religion. A common interest brought them into close alliance with the Christian princes of other provinces, and thus it happens that the royal saints of Mercia are

* Cf. *Etheldredstow* for West Halton, *Edwardstow* for Shaftesbury.

† *Sunday Magazine*, July, 1897.

‡ E. H.

§ Ibid.

linked with the royal saints of Kent, of East Anglia, of Wessex, and of Northumbria, and that the sainted descendants of King Penda probably outnumber those of any other Saxon prince.

S. Kyneburga, Q. Abs. March 6, cir. 657.

It would be passing beyond our limits to speak of any of these saints save such as are commemorated by dedications in our midst, and the only one of Penda's own children who enjoys this distinction is his eldest daughter, S. Kyneburga. This Kyneburga was married to Alchfrith, or Aldfrid, son of King Oswy of Northumbria, a worthy young prince, and himself the instrument of her eldest brother's conversion to Christianity. Unhappily, however, Kyneburga regarded it as her duty to leave home and husband for the sake of the conventual life. With the consent of Alchfrith, she returned to her brother's kingdom, and there became the abbess of a house at Castor, near Peterborough, which was founded expressly for her, and which, according to Florence of Worcester, derives its present name from *Castrum Kineburgæ.**

We have one more glimpse of S. Kyneburga, and it is an interesting one, as showing incidentally the consideration afforded to women in those days, and the prominent position they were called to occupy. In 657 we find her at Medeshamstede—now Peterborough—taking part in the solemn ceremonial of "hallowing" S. Peter's Minster in that place. The building of this church had been a labour of love to Penda's children. The brother who had first planned it was dead, but the three surviving brothers and two of the sisters carried on the work, regarding it as a memorial of the dead, and so caring for it all the more. At the dedication festival were gathered together a noble band; the Archbishop of Canterbury was there, and the Bishops of London and Rochester, and "Wilfrid the priest," known to us as S. Wilfrid, and the pious King Oswy of Northumbria, and many a powerful thegn. The ceremony completed, the Mercian king, Wulfhere, announced in "a clear voice" the long list of gifts and privileges that it was his intention to confer upon his favoured monastery, and he called upon his guests to be his witnesses of what he had done. Specially and by name he appealed to the members of his own family—"I beg of thee, my brother Ethelred, and my sisters, Kyneburg and Kyneswith, that ye be witnesses for your souls' redemption, and that ye write it with your fingers." And accordingly, at the close of the long list of royal signatures, immediately before the signature of the Archbishop of Canterbury, we read the attestation: "And we, the King's sisters, Kyneburg and Kyneswith, we approve it."

Such is the account of the "hallowing" of the minster at Peterborough as it stands in the common printed editions of the English Chronicle; but it was long ago observed † that this circumstantial narrative appears only in the Peterborough version of the great National Chronicle, and was seen to be even there a late interpolation. There is nothing impossible in the story itself, and it doubtless embodies much valuable traditional history,

* D. C. B., "Cyniburga."

† See note to Bohn's edition, 1847.

but "the charters on which the story is actually based" are unhesitatingly pronounced by modern scholars to be "forgeries." * The forgery is traced home to the monastic historians of Peterborough, and was probably, according to the Bishop of Oxford, "perpetrated in the age of Edgar, when the reviving monastic interest was keenly intent on recovering every estate and privilege that had been lost during the Danish troubles." † All this is, of course, greatly to the discredit of the Peterborough historians, but it is not in the least to the discredit of S. Kyneburga. On the contrary, it proves that she and her satellite sister, S. Kyneswitha, were still so faithfully remembered and so highly honoured in the district where their life's work was done, that three hundred years after their death it was still worth while to bring their names into prominence, in a forged document of high ecclesiastical importance. And, indeed, S. Kyneburga might fairly have been supposed to have had a stronger personal interest in the matter than most of the witnesses, for her nunnery of Castor lay very near to Peterborough; and in a later charter, avowedly of the time of King Edgar (963), Castor is carefully specified as among the lands given by the king to "Christ and S. Peter," ‡ for the good of the monastery.

There seems no reason to doubt that S. Kyneburga ended her days at Castor. There she died, and there she was buried; but three centuries later, in the year of King Edgar's charter just referred to, the then Abbot of Peterborough "took up S. Kyneburg and S. Kyneswith, who lay at Castor," and brought their remains, together with those of some other saint, to Peterborough, "and made an offering of them all to S. Peter in one day." § Thus Castor was robbed of its relics, but the name of S. Kyneburga still clings to the church which she founded, and not to the church alone, but to a certain raised field-path in the village of Castor, which goes to this day by the quaint designation of "Lady Cunnyburrow's Way." ‖

In this local pronunciation and spelling of the saint's name we get very near to "Künnburug," the form in which we know it to have been written by her contemporaries; and this brings us to speak of S. Kyneburga's share in one of the oldest and most interesting of our national monuments. In the churchyard of the Cumberland church of Bewcastle there may still be seen "the very noble shaft of a great Cross," ¶ some fourteen feet and more in height, from which the head has unfortunately been removed. The sides of the cross are richly sculptured, not only with the intricate basket-work so often seen on similar crosses, but with artistically designed representations of birds and beasts and flowers; and in the most conspicuous place of all stands a figure of the Saviour raising His hand in blessing—a figure full of "dignified simplicity." For hundreds of years the mysterious cross, towering high above the lowly

* D. C. B., "Saxulf."
† Ibid.
‡ Eng. Chron., anno 963.
§ Ibid.
‖ "Conversion of the Heptarchy," by the Bishop of Bristol.
¶ Ibid. For a full account of the Bewcastle Cross see this book.

gravestones in the quiet village graveyard, had attracted the wondering interest of generations. It was seen that it bore an inscription of some kind, but even scholars tried in vain to interpret those strange Runic characters; and the date, origin, and meaning of this ancient landmark remained a mystery. At last in our own day the riddle has been read, and a pathetic page of seventh-century history has been brought to light. The cross bears date: "In the first year of King Egfrid" (*i.e.* 670), and it is stated that it was put up in memory of "Alchfrith, once king and son of Oswy." Then follows the impressive appeal: "Pray for the high sin of his soul." Alchfrith—the young husband of Kyneburga, who made so bright a beginning, who himself turned others to righteousness, and who then disappears silently from history; Bede only saying concerning him that he "gave his father much trouble." That is all we know of Alchfrith's after career, save that here, "in this imperishable record, we learn that he was dead in 670, and that his soul was burdened with some high sin."

But what of the Mercian wife who had once rejoiced in the promise of happier days; who had owed to her Northumbrian husband the conversion of her own brother? In the unknown shame that followed did the Mercian royal family strive to blot out all memory of that union? Not so; the very cross that bears Alchfrith's name and the record of his "high sin" bears also the name of his widow, Kyneburga, of her well-nigh inseparable sister, Kyneswitha, and of their eldest brother, "Wulfhere, King of the Mercians;" and, lastly, surmounting the whole family group, stands the one word "Jesus." The juxtaposition of names is pathetically eloquent; but we ask in vain whether the widowed queen was still living when this solemn appeal was made to all Christian passers-by to pray for the "high sin" of her husband. We should deem it unlikely, save only that on this cross the dead and the living are strangely intermingled. We do not know the exact date of S. Kyneburga's death, but we do know that at the time when the cross was erected her brother Wulfhere was still living.

Castor is our only dedication to S. Kyneburga. It is true that we find mention in the fifteenth century of a church of S. Kyneburga at Gloucester, but the patroness in this case is not Penda's daughter, but a lady of the same name, whose brother, curiously enough, was prime minister to our Kyneburga's brother, King Ethelred of Mercia.* This other Kyneburga is believed to have been the first Abbess of S. Peter's, Gloucester, and would, therefore, naturally enough be commemorated in that city. She has not, however, been so fortunate as her royal namesake, for when, in the reign of Edward IV., the church was rebuilt, it was re-dedicated to its present patron, the French bishop, S. Ouen, or, rather, "Owen," as he is called in Gloucester (CH. XXIV.).

S. Werburga, V. Abs. Feb. 3, †eighth cent.

A much more widely celebrated saint than her aunt Kyneburga is the young and attractive Werburga, whose name is familiar from Cheshire to Cornwall. The remarkably large

* D. C. B., "Osric."

† S. Werburga is commonly commemorated on February 3, but Ormerod, speaking of the Cheshire parish of

range over which dedications to this saint are extended is the more interesting, because it more or less corresponds with the remarkably large range of her real activities. Without attempting to claim for this Mercian princess a personal association with all the scattered churches that bear her name, we yet can point to circumstances which reasonably explain her presence in many different parts of England, and which readily connect her with Kent, with Cambridgeshire, and with Staffordshire.

Unfortunately, Werburga's portrait has not been drawn for us by Bede's firm hand, and all the regular biographies of her are of late date, and are, moreover, burdened with the usual proportion of commonplace twelfth-century marvels. And yet even from very imperfect materials we can form some idea of the strong resolute nature of the young abbess, with her splendid gifts of organization. We recognize in her the indomitable force of her fierce old pagan grandfather, Penda: we recognize in her the energetic zeal for the outward advancement of religion that is so marked a feature in her father, Wulfhere, the first Christian King of Mercia; but in Werburga all this natural force and energy is purified and softened into something far higher. On the father's side she sprang, as we have seen, from the rough, newly converted stock of the Mercian kings; but on the mother's side she came of a long line of saints, and it was under the strong Christian influences of her mother's family that her early years were passed. If on the one side Werburga was the granddaughter of Penda, on the other she was the granddaughter of Sexburga (p. 357). Ely and her famous great-aunt Etheldreda were not mere names to her. She had been as a child under the training of that revered aunt; and a little later she had passed into Kent to the scene of the labours of her mother, Ermenilda, and her grandmother, Sexburga; and there at Sheppey she must have been brought into contact with her Mercian first cousin, Mildred of Thanet, and through her must have learned to know the traditions of past generations of saints—their young aunt Eanswith, for example, and their great-great-aunt Ethelburga. In one respect Werburga was unlike her brilliant cousin Mildred—love for her mother's country never led her to forget her father's house. She is distinctly a Mercian saint, and it was in Mercia that her most lasting work was done; but it is the peculiar charm of S. Werburga that somehow she drew to herself the loving admiration of three powerful kingdoms —Mercia, East Anglia, Kent—and so forms a natural bond between the three.

It was hardly to be expected that the twelfth-century legend should exempt S. Werburga from the inevitable suitor, or fail to represent her cruel father as desirous of forcing her into marriage. In this case the

Warburton (p. 378), says that S. Werburgh's Day is June 16 or 21. If he bases his statement upon the date of the parish wake this is curious, as showing the mediæval independence of Roman usages, for in the Roman Kalendar S. Werburga's Day is always given as February 3, while William of Worcester "assigns June 21 to S. Werburga of Chester, and February 3 to a saint of the same name unlocalized." —See D. C. B

narrative is full and particular: it paints the suitor as himself a heathen and very ill-disposed towards the new faith: it describes the constancy of the daughter, and the final softening of the father, who in proof of his altered feelings determines to build a church in honour of S. Peter at Medeshamstede (p. 372). The whole story is unmistakably fictitious, and is hard on King Wulfhere, who was, after all, a zealous, if not a very spiritually minded, Christian. It is highly probable that the question of marriage never came very prominently before S. Werburga's mind; that almost from childhood her career as a nun was decided upon. The Bishop of Oxford is of opinion that King Wulfhere's marriage took place late in his reign, and that both his children must have been infants at the time of his death.* It was natural that his young widowed queen, Ermenilda, should then seek a home, as we know she did, with her aunt Etheldreda at Ely, and natural that she should take her little girl with her. "In her tender age she was professed under Audria her aunt at Elie," says an old writer quaintly.†

When Ermenilda was called to fill the place of her own mother, Sexburga, at Sheppey, Werburga seems still to have remained at Ely. But at a later time Werburga in her turn ruled at Sheppey, and later still —when aunt, grandmother, and mother had all passed away—over the great house at Ely also.

Though young in years, it is easy to see that she must have had opportunity for acquiring an unusual amount of experience in all matters of monastic discipline; and there is nothing improbable in the earliest version of her history, which says that she was invited by her father's brother, King Ethelred of Mercia, to undertake the charge of some of the monasteries in his kingdom. If her commission was in some sense a roving one, it explains her being connected with so many different monasteries. Three are specially named, all three of them in the Midland counties—Weedon-Beck, Hanbury, and Trentham.‡ The church of S. John Baptist in Chester is also said to have been founded by the Mercian king at his niece's request; § but of S. Werburga's connexion with this place we shall have more to say hereafter.

According to tradition, S. Werburga died in the monastery at Trentham, probably in the first decade of the eighth century; but the dates are perplexingly scanty throughout her history, and it is not possible to trace out with chronological exactness the successive steps of her important career. The legendary history, though abundant enough, adds little to our mental picture of this active saint. The incident most often recalled in connexion with her name is that of her controlling the wild geese which were devastating the village of Weedon, and driving them into a stable, where next morning they came running up to her to ask leave to be released. It is the counterpart, in more prosaic form, of the Celtic

* D. C. B., "Wulphere."
† Quoted in Ormerod.
‡ Such is the common identification of the original name, *Trickingham*.
§ Baring-Gould, February 3.

Samson's quaint dealing with his refractory sparrows (p. 186). It is needless to add that neither saint was ever again molested by the birds.

After S. Werburga's death the usual disputes at once arose as to the possession of her remains. Trentham claimed the honour, but before the burial had taken place the brethren from the neighbouring monastery of Hanbury came and forcibly carried off the body.* They succeeded in retaining it for a century and a half, when fear of Danish inroads caused it to be translated for greater safety to the monastic church of SS. Peter and Paul at Chester, thence known as "S. Werburgh's"—better known still to most of us simply as "Chester Cathedral." The successive changes in the name of this famous church are difficult to trace with accuracy, but it seems clear that, from the days of King Athelstan onwards,† it was virtually regarded as belonging to S. Werburga, though probably no formal re-dedication took place until the church was rebuilt, just before the Norman Conquest. For a time our Mercian princess seems to have divided her honours with the Northumbrian king, Oswald, and the abbey appears to have been known as "SS. Werburgh and Oswald;" but when, in the days of William Rufus, regular Benedictine Canons were introduced, S. Oswald was seemingly restricted to one portion of the church (see p. 314), and S. Werburgh reigned alone. This change had just been effected when William of Malmesbury wrote his eulogium on S. Werburga and her mother, Ermenilda. "Both," wrote he, "are saints. The praises and miracles of both these women, and particularly of the younger, are there (*i.e.* at Chester) extolled and held in veneration; and though they are favourable to all petitions without delay, yet are they more especially kind to the supplications of women and youths."‡ But, strange to say, after all it is S. Oswald and not S. Werburga whose name is the most familiar in Chester at the present day. The portion of the church which was devoted to him has kept its name throughout all changes, and still serves as a separate parish church for a certain district of the city, whereas the name of Werburga has been swept away. When Henry VIII. in 1540 erected the abbey church into a cathedral, he altered the dedication to "Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary." A year later he in the same way swept away Werburga's aunt, Etheldreda, from the cathedral church of Ely, but there old associations have been too strong for him, and Etheldreda, with her characteristic vitality, continues to dominate Ely more than her niece Werburga can be said to dominate Chester. One token of her presence lingers, it is true, in the street leading to the cathedral, which still bears her name; and indeed S. Werburga has struck root in so many places that she can the better afford to lose one or two of her ancient possessions. On the whole, it must be allowed that the places most commonly associated with her personal history have not been over loyal to her memory, but their failings have been sufficiently made good elsewhere. East Anglia has been too much occupied with its S. Edmunds and

* Bentham's "Ely."
† Ormerod.
‡ "Kings of England."

S. Etheldredas to take any account of S. Werburga. Repton, which figures in the lives of her, is given up to memories of the child-king, S. Wistan (CH. XVI.). Trentham is dedicated to S. Mary and All Saints; Weedon to SS. Peter and Paul—both of them dedications which S. Werburga herself might well have bestowed. But we have said enough of the saint's losses, and must pass on to her actual possessions.

Hanbury, the supposed place of S. Werburga's burial, has been true to her memory, in spite of an alternative dedication to the Apostle James that is found in some lists; so, too, has Derby, which is traditionally said to be one of the places in which she laboured. In the neighbourhood of Derby we find two other parishes belonging to this saint, Blackwell and Spondon, though this last seems to have assumed an alternative dedication to the Blessed Virgin. Staffordshire gives us not only Hanbury, but Kingsley; and in Cheshire the loss of the cathedral church is in some measure atoned for by the church of S. Werburgh at Warburton. The name is a survival from a monastery dedicated to "God, SS. Mary and Werburgh," which is known to have been existing in King John's time.* The very name of "Warburton" is probably a contraction of *Werburgh's-town*. Names derived from Werburga were by no means uncommon. The Bishop of Oxford instances *Werburgewic* in Mercia, and *Werburghingland* in Thanet (neither of them now to be identified), and says they "may denote property which was either by dedication or inheritance connected with her, or with some other Werburga."† The mention of Thanet suggests another Kentish parish—that of Hoo ‡—distinguished from the two neighbouring villages of the same name as "Hoo *St. Werburgh*." It lies sufficiently near to the Isle of Sheppey to prompt an obvious explanation of the name, and to carry our thoughts back to the days when the young Princess Werburga was ruling over her grandmother's foundation at Minster. The adjacent church of S. James in the Isle of Grain was, we know, a possession of the great house at Minster,§ and probably Hoo was at some time or other in the same hands. It has been observed that "although St. Werburgh drove by her prayers the 'wild geese' from her fields at Weedon, she has certainly not expelled them from Hoo. Wild fowl of all kinds abound in the marshes here during the winter."‖

Turning westward, we find our saint first at Bristol, then at Wembury in Devonshire, and lastly at both Warbstow and Treneglos in Cornwall. The two last-named parishes are adjacent one to another and are both in the same gift, and may therefore be assumed to have a common origin. It is certain that neither of them can have any personal association with the saint, and as "very few Saxon saints have been admitted into Cornwall," the presence of S. Werburga at Warbstow may be taken as an indication of the far-reaching influence of Mercia "at the time when Mercia was supreme."¶

* Ormerod.
† D. C. B.
‡ Hoo = hill.
§ Murray's "Kent."
‖ Ibid.
¶ See the Bishop of Oxford's preface to Truro Kalendar.

This closes the list of English churches to S. Werburga ; but what can be more highly characteristic of this energetic saint, with her genuine English love of travel, than that she should reappear in Dublin, giving name to a church built in her honour in the eighteenth century by a colony of English merchants from Chester ? *

S. Mildred. See the Kentish saints.

S. Milburga, V. Abs. Feb. 23, cir. 722.

The fame of S. Milburga has to some extent suffered eclipse through the yet greater fame of her sister Mildred and her cousin Werburga ; nevertheless, she is worthy to be held in remembrance, for she is just one of those typical English saints, living tranquilly among their own people, who, by frequent acts of unpretending kindliness, made themselves beloved by those amidst whom they dwelt.

Milburga was another granddaughter of old Penda, by his son Merewald. The legendary writers have much to say concerning Merewald's sudden conversion to Christianity, a circumstance which appears to have resulted in the dispersion of the entire family—parents, son, and daughters—into different religious houses. The mother with her younger daughters went into Kent ; the eldest daughter, Milburga, and the only son (a shadowy individual of no importance in the family history) remained in the paternal kingdom of Mercia. The one fact that emerges clear and unmistakable about S. Milburga is her connexion with the Shropshire monastery of Much Wenlock, or Wenlock Magna, a house that was probably founded for her by one of her royal relations—perhaps by that very King Ethelred who so largely befriended his other niece, Werburga. The date of the foundation of Wenlock is commonly given as 680, and Milburga is said to have been consecrated abbess by Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury, who figures so largely in the family annals.

S. Milburga had none of the varied experiences which fell to the share of her sister and cousin. We never hear of her crossing the sea or visiting any of the great religious centres, such as Ely ; nor is she credited with the organizing genius that distinguished so many of her kindred. The charge of her own community at Wenlock seems to have fully satisfied her gentle, unambitious nature ; but the stories that have gathered round her name tend to show that she interpreted that charge in a very large and conscientious spirit, making herself the friend and helper of all who sought her aid. She did not go forth to seek new spheres of duty, but faithfully performed all the little homely duties that came to her hand ; and it is for these kindly, homely qualities that she is to this day remembered in her native Shropshire.

Her history begins in the usual fashion, with her refusal to marry a wealthy suitor, who, in spite of her declared determination, continued to persecute her with his attentions, and laid a plot for carrying her off by main force. He laid wait for her as she was walking by the side of the little river Corve that flows near the Shropshire parish of *Stoke*. The

* *Guardian*, December 14, 1892.

maiden fled, and succeeded in crossing the stream in safety, when the waters at once rose to such a height as effectually to bar further pursuit. The scene of the legend is recalled to this day by the name of *Stoke St. Milburgh*, which the parish has now borne for centuries.

When S. Milburga's miracles do rise above the homely order, they are for the most part such as are to be found in the lives of other saints. The story, for example, of her hanging her veil upon a sunbeam comes to us first of all from the poetic Bridget of Ireland ; but, indeed, it is noticeable how often the legends of these Teutonic saints, who live near the Welsh border, are improved by dashes of the poetry that seems to be the gift of their Celtic neighbours. We recognize this poetical touch in the pathetic narrative of the bereaved mother who brings her little dead child to the monastery, and implores Milburga to restore him to life. The abbess recoils almost with indignation from a request so beyond her powers, and tenderly exhorts the mother the rather to prepare to follow her child ; but when the woman still clings to her faith that S. Milburga can, if she only will, do this great thing, she falls upon her knees, and lo ! while she prays a flame of fire envelops her, and by the ardour of that passionate prayer even the dead is called back to life.

But while such a wondrous miracle as the foregoing is known only to those who study the saint's written history, there are other homelier associations with her name that were for centuries familiar to the English peasantry—if, indeed, they have even yet faded wholly out of recollection. S. Milburga earned for herself lasting gratitude, in the same way as her cousin Werburga, by protecting the corn from the ravages of the wild geese—a greater pest probably, in days when the proportion of cultivated land to marsh and woodland was but small, than we can easily conceive. There can be little doubt that the following rhyme* refers to our saint :—

> "If old dame Mil will our fields look over
> Safe will be corn and grass and clover ;
> But if the old dame is gone fast to sleep
> Woe to our corn, grass, clover and sheep."

The goose became the distinctive emblem of S. Milburga, and is introduced into most representations of her ; and it has been conjectured that the little pewter geese which are occasionally exhumed in London may have been "the signs sold to pilgrims who visited her shrine."

In a fifteenth-century painting of S. Milburga, which was found in a Shropshire country-house, the saint is represented as a dignified lady well advanced in years, arrayed in the full canonical garb of a mediæval abbess. In her right hand she bears an elaborately wrought pastoral staff. Flocks of the inevitable geese are seen on either side flying away over the background of grass and hills, while two single geese, larger and more conspicuous than the rest, occupy a place of honour in the spandrils

* Quoted in a paper on S. Milburga by E. P. Brock, Esq., in *British Arch. Journal*, vol. 41, to which we are indebted for several other details, and for the fifteenth-century portrait of the saint hereafter described.

of the arch overhead. Yet another speciality of S. Milburga is the apricot, which was considered her particular fruit.

About the year 722, after a long and suffering illness, Milburga bade a calm farewell to her nuns, and gently passed away. She died, as she had lived, at Wenlock, and was there laid to rest. "Formerly," says William of Malmesbury, quaintly, "she was well known to the inhabitants; but for some time after the arrival of the Normans, she was neglected through ignorance of the place of her burial." The neglect was amply atoned for in the opening years of the twelfth century, when S. Milburga's monastery passed into the guardianship of the monks of the Cluniac Order, who not only set themselves to repair the ravages wrought long ago by the heathen Danes, but were further bent on collecting all possible relics of the founder of their newly acquired house. The wish brought about its own reward. A workman engaged in repairing the church of the Holy Trinity is reported to have discovered a certain document * which gave the clue to the discovery of the saint's coffin, and from this moment miracles began to be wrought in the name of S. Milburga, and pilgrims were attracted in great numbers to the abbey which was now built to contain her shrine. Very little now remains of S. Milburga's Abbey, and the existing parish church is dedicated, like the church in which her remains were said to have been found, to the Holy Trinity. It would be interesting to know when this dedication-name was first bestowed, and whether it was S. Milburga's own choice, in place of the ascription to the Blessed Virgin, that is so characteristic of her family in general.

But if S. Milburga's name is no longer plainly connected with the parish where her chief work was done, she is yet abundantly remembered in the neighbourhood. Besides Stoke St. Milburgh, of which we have already spoken, there is Beckbury (also in Shropshire), Wixford in Warwickshire, and Offenham in Worcestershire, all of them lying within easy reach of Much Wenlock; while across the Welsh border we find a church of S. Milburgh at Llanvillo in Brecknockshire.

As we have said, S. Milburga is essentially a home-keeping saint, yet curiously enough her name and fame have travelled to Paisley, carried thither by a colony of Cluniac monks from Wenlock, who superadded their Saxon patroness to the Celtic confessor of the sixth century, whom they found already in possession, so that the church of Paisley bore a curious threefold ascription to "SS. Milburga, James and Merinus" †—the Apostle coming in oddly between the saints of England and Scotland.

S. Pega. See CH. XLVII.

The East Saxon Saints.

S. Ethelburga (of Barking), V. Abs. Oct. 11, cir. 676.

This S. Ethelburga is not to be confounded with her royal namesake of Lyminge (p. 352)—"the Darling"—nor yet with that later Ethelburga (more commonly Eadburga), the Abbess of Pershore (p. 411). Like her two namesakes,

* See D. C. B. † Forbes.

however, she also was an abbess, and the great house at Barking in Essex over which she ruled became far more famous than either Lyminge or Pershore. All our most trustworthy information concerning her is gathered from the pages of Bede, but later writers have had much to say concerning the family from which she sprang. The "Book of Ely," misled partly by a pardonable confusion among similar names, partly by the desire to unite in the same family as many distinguished saints as may be, makes her a sister of S. Etheldreda* of Ely, and a first cousin of S. Hilda of Whitby. There may be truth in the tradition which makes her the daughter of another East Anglian prince—Offa by name—but the one relative of S. Ethelburga of Barking who stands out plain and unmistakable is her only brother, S. Erkenwald, the great Bishop of London.

The life's work of both brother and sister lay among the East Saxons, but the later monastic writers affirm that both of them were born at Stallington in Lincolnshire; that the brother was early attracted to the neighbourhood of London by the influence of Mellitus, its first bishop; and that the sister followed him thence to escape the harsh treatment of her cruel father. Her father, it is needless to say, desired to force her into an uncongenial marriage. Ethelburga strove in vain to soften him, and then, turning away in tears, she would withdraw to the peaceful shelter of the little church where she had been baptized. "And Ethelburga's path," says the mediæval life, "in the hottest summer is ever green, and green also in winter to this day."† Her whole flight southward was marked, according to this authority, by miracle. Her steps were guided straight to the spot which was hereafter to be her home. She reached it in the midst of harvest, and was sheltered by a farmer on condition that she should help in the reaping; and lo! says the story, while she knelt and prayed, angels with golden sickles swept down the corn.‡ Bede knows nothing of all this, but says very simply that the holy man Erkenwald, "before he was made bishop, had built two famous monasteries, the one for himself, and the other for his sister Ethelberga, and established them both in regular discipline of the best kind. That for himself was in the county of Surrey, by the river Thames, at a place called Chertsey; that for his sister in the province of the East Saxons at the place called Barking."§ Bede testifies of Ethelburga that she "behaved herself in all respects as became the sister of such a brother, living herself regularly, and piously, and orderly, providing for those under her." Thus she fulfilled her brother's ideal by becoming that which he had desired to see her, "a mother and nurse of devout women."

In the government of her monastery Ethelburga found full scope for

* See Bentham's "Ely." It is true that S. Etheldreda had a sister or half-sister named Ethelburga, but she is a wholly distinct personage from the Abbess of Barking.

† Capgrave, quoted in Baring-Gould, October 11.

‡ Ibid.

§ E. H.

her organizing powers; but her brother was called away from his peaceful retreat at Chertsey to occupy a larger sphere as Bishop of London. The monastery at Barking was, however, a little world in itself. On one side lived the brothers, on the other the sisters, whose motherly instincts found a happy outlet in the training of the little children committed to their care; and over all this community reigned "the most dear mother" Ethelburga.

Little is told us of the positive acts of the Abbess Ethelburga, but we gain an insight into the calm foresight which must have been one of the secrets of her influence in the description of her behaviour in presence of the deadly pestilence whereby the brethren were "daily hurried away to meet their God." Before the sickness had reached the women's side she sought to prepare the minds of the sisters for what was before them by frequently inquiring of them where they would have their bodies buried, "when the same pestilence should fall upon them." Bede, in the few pages that he devotes to Ethelburga, links with her name a variety of tender and admiring epithets—"the beloved of God," "the most dear mother," "the pious mother"—which demonstrate better than a longer memoir might do how tenderly she was loved and reverenced both in life and death.

Shortly before Ethelburga's death one of the sisters had a vision of a glorified human body drawn up by golden cords into the open heaven. A few days later "the pious mother of that holy congregation," Ethelburga, was "delivered out of the prison of the flesh," and then the vision was clearly understood, for "no person who knew her ought to question but that the heavenly kingdom was open to her." Some years later the nun who had seen the vision herself lay dying, and those who watched beside her heard her welcoming with delight some unseen presence. They asked her with whom she spoke, and she made answer: "With my most dear mother Ethelberga." *

In Ethelburga's time the church belonging to the monastery was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin alone; afterwards the name of the first abbess was superadded, and it was known as "SS. Mary and Ethelburga." † This monastery church did not, however, become, as so often happened, the parish church of the village; for in later days, when the Virgin-martyr of Antioch (vol. i. p. 130) had become highly popular, the brethren built for the use of the inhabitants the church which now exists, and this was dedicated to "S. Margaret." A link with the mother-church was maintained by the foundation within the parish church of a chantry dedicated to S. Ethelburga,‡ but this has long since been swept away. The monastery itself has vanished, and if we would have a memorial of the first Abbess of Barking we must seek for it, not in the scene of her own labours, but in the City of London, in the heart of her brother's diocese. The Bishop of Oxford cautiously reminds us that the church

* E. H.
† Morant.
‡ Ibid.

of S. Ethelburga in Bishopsgate, commonly associated with our saint, "can only hesitatingly be ascribed to her;" * but to what sainted Ethelburga can it with better show of reason be ascribed? We will give up, however reluctantly, the attractive theory that would make her brother Erkenwald the founder of his sister's church,† but the proximity of this church to that of All Hallows, Barking—a well-known City possession of the great monastic house down in Essex—and its situation in "Bishopsgate," that very gate of the City which is believed to have been erected by Bishop Erkenwald and to take its name from him,‡ strengthens the case in favour of the Abbess of Barking. Surely there is sufficient evidence here to encourage the belief that if London is unhappily lacking in any direct commemoration of the brother, it has at least this one memorial of the sister he loved so well.

S. Osyth, or Sitha, Q. M. Oct. 7, cir. 676.

It may well seem a thankless task to plead that a saint who is seriously reported to have walked about after her execution, carrying her head in her hand, is less legendary than appears at first sight; yet this is the office which we desire to perform in the interests of the once famous Essex martyr, S. Osyth. The story is worth investigating, if only because the claim of the glory of martyrdom is so rarely put forward on behalf of Osyth's more fortunate sisters, the many sainted women who were her contemporaries and even her kinswomen.

It has been said that S. Osyth's story "labours under incurable anachronisms." § Undeniably the anachronisms are numerous and glaring, but we think not incurable. There are obvious apocryphal additions—such as the lady's behaviour after her execution, already alluded to—but many of the seeming anachronisms can be explained by the mistakes of later legend-mongers ‖ dealing with names unfamiliar to them; while, on the other hand, the undesigned coincidences which abound in the story would do credit to the most ingenious of forgers. "The reader is to observe," says Morant, the careful eighteenth-century historian of Essex, in concluding his attempt to unravel the confusion of S. Osyth's tangled story, "that he is not to expect much of chronological truth or exactness in the Lives of the Saints." With this wholesome warning by way of preface to the difficulties that we shall encounter, we will proceed to give the story as best we can.

S. Osyth claims connexion on the mother's side with the royal family of Mercia. She is said to have been, like Mildred and Werburga and Milburgh, a granddaughter of Penda, but if so, it must have been by an illegitimate daughter of the old king. More important, as shaping the

* D. C. B., "Ethelburga" (3).

† "It seems unlikely on careful investigation."—Loftie's "London."

‡ "London P. and P."

§ D. C. B.

‖ The earliest extant version of the life in complete form is one compiled by a canon of St. Osyth's in the thirteenth century. Mr. Baring-Gould (October 7) observes that, though not to be trusted as to particulars, it is, "except in one matter, free from anachronisms." Of the particular confusion to which he alludes we shall have more to say later.

saint's after-history, is her father, Frithewald, a pious and wealthy alderman of Surrey, whose name has come down to us through independent channels as having assisted S. Erkenwald in the foundation of his Abbey of Chertsey. The Bishop of Oxford says that though the charters put forth in Frithewald's name are of no authority, yet "the tradition which connects him with Chertsey is ancient and not inconsistent with probability." *

The little Osyth, instead of being sent abroad for education, or even to any of the Kentish monasteries presided over by her mother's relations, was entrusted to the care of the Irish abbess, Modwenna, to whose presence in the Midlands the dedication of the church at Burton-on-Trent still witnesses. Burton itself, however, is not mentioned in the story of S. Osyth's sojourn with S. Modwenna; but we hear of *Streveshal* and of *Polesworth*, of a S. Edith, and of a Northumbrian king Aldfrid, and each one of these names in turn has roused the suspicion of critics. "Streveshal," says Mr. Hole,† "is suspiciously like Streaneschalk" (Whitby), but we have attempted to show in the story of S. Modwenna that there is good reason for identifying this spot, distinctly asserted to be "in the forest of Arden," with Stramshall in Staffordshire (p. 158). Once again: Polesworth in Warwickshire was famous for the sake of the Irish Modwenna long before it was famous for the sake of the English Edith, and remained so even after the Norman Conquest (p. 145). Then, indeed, it transferred its allegiance, and any monk writing after this date would be naturally tempted to associate with Polesworth the well-known name of Edith. Mr. Baring-Gould ingeniously suggests that the right name is not Editha, but Elfleda, the seventh-century princess of Northumbria, who eventually became Abbess of Whitby. This agrees well with the account in S. Modwenna's own life of her friendship with Elfleda's brother, Aldfrid of Northumbria, who is there said to have made the acquaintance of S. Modwenna during his exile in Ireland, and upon his restoration to have induced her to come to England and to take charge of the education of his sister. "Alfred," it has been objected,‡ "comes two centuries before his time;" and so he does, if we identify him with Alfred the Great; but if he is to be regarded as the *Northumbrian* Aldfrid, he comes just at the right moment; and, indeed, Mr. Hole admits that "the suggestion of fetching him from so great a distance as Northumbria might be tolerated if the story went straight in other respects." On the whole, so far as this part of it is concerned, the separate portions seem to correspond with more exactness than might be expected.

Under the joint care, then, of the Irish abbess and the Northumbrian princess, the little Osyth's childhood was spent somewhere in the quiet solitudes of the forest of Arden. The most memorable incident of this time was the child's narrow escape from drowning as she was crossing a

* D. C. B., "Frithewald."
† D. C. B., "Osyth."
‡ Mr. Charles Hole in D. C. B., "Osyth."

foot-bridge over a swollen stream, on her way to carry a book from one of her teachers to the other. Her cries brought speedy help, and she was happily rescued, still clinging to the book which had been entrusted to her. In the thirteenth-century life this simple adventure is embellished with many wild additions. The next step in the maiden's history was her marriage to Sighere, King of the East Saxons, a prince who held his authority by the favour of Wulfhere, King of Mercia. The alliance was doubtless welcomed by the relations on both sides as tending to draw closer the bonds between the two kingdoms; but from Bede's account of the bridegroom, it is plain that the union could not bring happiness to one brought up as Osyth had been. Sighere was a Christian in name, but not at heart. An outbreak of the plague within his kingdom was enough to destroy his weak faith; and he, "being fond of this life, and not seeking after another, or rather not believing that there was any other, began to restore the temples that had been abandoned, and to adore idols, as if he might by their means be protected against the mortality." * We can easily understand that in Osyth's eyes it would be a plain duty to leave so apostate a husband, and accordingly she took advantage of his absence on a hunting-party to escape from home and to seek refuge with those who would sympathize with her aspirations after the monastic life. We should expect to find her having recourse to her father's friend Erkenwald—especially considering the close after-connexion between the monastery of S. Osyth and the see of London—and assuredly here an inventor would have introduced his name. The life, however, distinctly states that she fled to East Anglia, and there received the veil from the Bishops Bedwin and Ecca, two obscure but well-authenticated bishops, who had been appointed by Archbishop Theodore to act as joint suffragans for the Bishop of East Anglia, whose long continued ill health made him incapable of supervising his immense diocese.

The irrevocable step was now taken, and Sighere offered no opposition. On the contrary, from whatever motive, he bestowed upon the queen a grant of land at Chick, on the estuary of the river Coln, and here she founded a nunnery, which she is said to have dedicated to the Apostles Peter and Paul, but, more probably, judging from the dedication of the existing parish church, to "SS. *Mary*, Peter and Paul."

Dates are scanty, but from the meagre facts to be discerned it would seem that the young abbess did not long survive to rule over her new foundation. In one respect the situation of the nunnery was ill chosen: the creek at the head of which it stood offered a commodious harbour for sea-going ships, and so attracted a band of Danish pirates. They sailed up the river, and began, here at Chick, the work of devastation which was for centuries to come to make the very name of Dane a terror in the land. The savage horde sacked the nunnery, and would have carried off the abbess to their ships, but when she offered some resistance, they struck her dead where she stood. Local tradition still shows the spot, marked by the

* E. H.

"Nun's Well," and tells how when the martyr's head was severed from her body, the place where it fell to the ground was marked by the gushing forth of a pure spring of water; it tells also how the wondrous martyr carried her head in her hand—even as she is represented on the convent seals—from the spot where she suffered to the place of her burial, which is, so it is said, the site of the present parish church.* For all these prodigies we can easily allow, but the mediæval writers have hopelessly confused the situation by giving to the leaders of the Danish pirates the famous names, "Hingwar" and "Hubba." This is the most glaring anachronism of all, inasmuch as these dreaded warriors flourished a couple of centuries after S. Osyth's time, but it is also very easily explained, for the names were familiar to many a later generation from their association with the popular history of King Edmund the Martyr (CH. XXXIX.). Like the name of Bonaparte at the beginning of this century, the mention of "Hingwar and Hubba" served for long to awaken memories of terror; and the mediæval editor, unhampered by troublesome considerations as to dates, no doubt thought to emphasize his sad tale by bestowing these famous names on the anonymous Danish leaders. Such a manifest interpolation as this, however, may reasonably be allowed for, without prejudicing the historic portions of the story.

From the seventh century up to the twelfth there is just such a blank in the history of S. Osyth's monastery as we have found in similar cases. Like her cousins, Mildred, Milburga, and Werburga, Osyth was, as William of Malmesbury would say, "neglected" until Norman times, when she too shared in the revival of veneration paid to the Saxon saints in general. Somewhere between the years 1108 and 1118 Richard de Belmeis, Bishop of London, founded at Chick an Augustinian monastery in honour of the martyred virgin, S. Osyth.† The silence—so far as documentary evidence goes—of five centuries has led some writers to conjecture that the whole story is a myth; that, in short, "the saint is a name and nothing more, imposed on the place to create a fictitious sanctity for Bishop Richard's monastery."‡ We find it very difficult to accept this theory, which seems to raise almost as many difficulties as it solves, and which would, moreover, dispose of a great many saints besides the unfortunate S. Osyth. We could speak more decidedly on this point if we could fix with certainty the date of the City church that bore her name. The earliest mention of it that has yet been traced is in 1122, almost contemporary with the rebuilding of the monastery at Chick; but the fact that the church of "S. Osyda"§ was at about that same period *rebuilt* by one William de Sherehog, who tried with more or less success to give it a new patron, S. Benedict (CH. LI.), is an argument in favour of its original foundation being considerably older than the twelfth century. A quite new church would not have been required to

* See these traditions quoted in a letter to the *Spectator*, September 22, 1894.

† Morant.

‡ D. C. B.

§ Loftie's "London."

be rebuilt, and a quite recently invented patroness, in all the glories of her new popularity, was hardly likely to have been set aside in this cavalier fashion. As to the proximity of S. Osyth's church to that of S. Ethelburga in Bishopsgate, we may observe in passing that it is an interesting coincidence which thus brings together these two contemporary Essex saints —Erkenwald's sister, and the daughter of Erkenwald's fellow-worker. We would not, however, claim that it is anything more than a pleasing coincidence, though some have sought to ascribe to Erkenwald's own foundation, not only the church of S. Ethelburga, but also the church of S. Osyth.* The attempt to oust the national saint was only partially successful, for as late as Queen Elizabeth's time the name of the East Saxon queen still lingered under the popular abbreviation of "S. Sith," though the church no less recognized its other patron, S. Benedict. We shall show elsewhere† how for a while the two patrons, S. Osyth and S. Benet *Sherehog*, divided the field; how, just as this last mysterious combination was beginning to get the mastery, the church perished in the Great Fire; and how a kind of compromise has now been come to, which gives to each saint due recognition, "S. Benet Sherehog" being remembered by the incorporation of his name with that of an adjacent parish,‡ while S. Osyth has left her name upon "Size Lane," or "Sith's Lane," close to the site of her old church. That church, by the way, received a melancholy distinction in the reign of Henry IV., when, in the year 1400, William Sautre, "the parish priest of S. Osithe's," was burnt as a Lollard.§

With the notable exception of the Essex parish of Chick—otherwise St. Osyth—with which her memory is indissolubly associated, our saint has been peculiarly unfortunate in losing possessions that once were hers; and curiously widespread these possessions were. Bishop Stortford in Hertfordshire does indeed still keep its ancient well of S. Osyth, of which the water is deemed highly beneficial in diseases of the eye,‖ but though the saint is traditionally said to have been both born and buried at Aylesbury,¶ Aylesbury has now no memorial of her at all. Once again, of all the many busy citizens of Bradford who daily traverse "Sun Bridge,"** how many are there who give a thought to the "S. Sitha" whose wayside chapel once stood upon that bridge for the benefit of travellers? The earliest known mention of this chapel is in a licence granted by Archbishop Neville of York, in 1466, to give permission to "the beloved inhabitants of the town of Bradford . . . to celebrate masses and other divine services" in "the chapel which has been erected at the end of the bridge at Bradford aforesaid, in honour of the Holy Trinity and Saint Sitha the Virgin, provided always that the said Chapel shall cause nothing to the prejudice

* Loftie's "London."

† Ch. LI., "S. Benet Sherehog."

‡ "S. Stephen Walbrook with S. Benet Sherehog."

§ "London P. and P."

‖ Lewis.

¶ Though the relics were said to have been afterwards removed to Chick.

** Formerly *Ive Bridge;* possibly, it has been conjectured, a corruption of *Ave* Bridge.—"History of Bradford," by John James, F.S.A.

of the parish church." * A Bradford antiquarian † noted that as late as 1576 there was still a "S. Cyte's Quire" in Colne Chapel, but he does not explain whether he refers to Colne in Lancashire, or, as seems more likely, to one of the many chapelries of that name in S. Osyth's own county of Essex.

The Ripon Diocesan Kalendar for 1896 gives the Yorkshire church of Thornthwaite (*alias* Darley) as dedicated to S. Osyth; but this appears to be rather what was, or what ought to be, than what actually is. Thornthwaite anciently formed part of the extensive parish of S. Thomas of Canterbury in Hampsthwaite, wherein were two separate chantry chapels, the one dedicated to "Our Lady and S. Ann;" the other, situated in the township of Thornthwaite, dedicated to "S. Sythe." ‡ Upon this ancient site there have been successive rebuildings, but the existing church of S. Saviour only assumed its present dedication-name when it was restored in 1866.

After all, if S. Osyth has lost much she is nevertheless more brought before the public attention than many a saint possessed of a greater number of churches than she can boast. The fame of her riverside priory was such that in time her name was extended to the whole parish, and Chick is now known for civil as well as ecclesiastical purposes, not by its original name, but as "St. Osyth"—as we find it, for example, in the *Postal Guide*. Ecclesiastically the designation is hardly a correct one, for the existing parish church is not under the invocation of the local patroness, S. Osyth, but has remained faithful to its first scriptural patrons. This is the more unlooked for, since the church was appropriated by Bishop Richard de Belmeis before mentioned, to his newly organized monastery of S. Osyth; but the monks showed themselves faithful to old traditions, and it is not improbable that the existing dedication to "SS. Mary, Peter and Paul" may be an exact reproduction of the virgin founder's original choice.

The South Saxon Saints.

This is the only one of all the different kingdoms that has nothing distinctive to contribute to the present chapter. We pass on therefore to the neighbouring kingdom of Wessex.

The Wessex Saints.

The late Professor Freeman, in one of his published letters, gives an amusing account of the duty that once devolved upon him of welcoming Queen Emma, the Christian queen of the Sandwich Islands, and likening her in a set harangue to "all the crowned saintesses in ecclesiastical history." "I started," says he, "with Helen, but I could not conscientiously hold up Theodora or Eirene as models for anybody, so I left your

* "History of Bradford," by John James, F.S.A.

† Ibid.

‡ Speight's "Nidderdale."

dominions * and got off among my own West Saxons, Jutes, and so forth, where godly women abound." Unfortunately, we are not told who were the professor's chosen representatives of these "godly women" of Wessex. In all probability he spoke of *S. Frideswide*, the patron of Oxford, perhaps of *S. Sidwell*, whose name is so well known in the faithful city of Exeter; but he can hardly have omitted a third Wessex saint, S. Cuthburga of Wimborne, whose influence on missionary work ought strongly to have recommended her to the sympathies of Queen Emma.

S. Frideswide. See Section II.

S. Sidwell. See Section II.

S. Cuthburga, Q. Abs. Aug. 31, cir. 720.

This saint belongs by birth to the kingdom of Wessex, and it was in Wessex, under the protection of her royal brother, King Ina—that liberal benefactor to the Church—that the most important work of her life was done, but by the ties of marriage she was connected with both Mercia and Northumbria, and is closely associated with more than one of our saints. Her husband was that Aldfrid (or Aldfrith) of Northumbria, the son of Oswy, well known for his zeal in religious matters, and a warm partisan of the Celtic party in the Church, who figures in the histories both of S. Modwenna (CH. XXXI.) and of S. Osyth. It will be remembered that the Mercian princess, S. Kyneburga of Castor (p. 372) likewise married a Northumbrian Alchfrith, also a son of King Oswy, and a natural confusion has arisen between the two brothers, both of whom in course of time succeeded to the throne. The slight difference in the spelling of the two names is a distinction observed with too little uniformity to serve as any trustworthy proof of the difference between the two Aldfrids: a more sure indication of their separate identity lies in the fact that, whereas the husband of S. Kyneburga supported the Roman ritual and was a decided patron of S. Wilfrid, the husband of S. Cuthburga was all in favour of the Celtic practices, with which he had been familiarized in his exile, and finally drove S. Wilfrid from his bishopric. It is obvious that such contradictions of opinion and practice are not likely to be combined in one and the same man, and the attempt to identify these two Aldfrids has only resulted in extending the confusion still farther, by making our S. Cuthburga the supposed successor of S. Kyneburga, instead of what she really was, her sister-in-law.

The marriage of Aldfrid of Northumbria with the sister of Ina, the powerful Christian King of Wessex, was the first important alliance between these two provinces. The union did not, however, last long. Cuthburga was inflamed with desire to take the veil. Aldfrid was too much in sympathy with the ideal of the monastic life to wish to thwart her, and with her husband's consent she withdrew to the celebrated convent of Barking, now under the charge, not of S. Ethelburga herself, but of one of her nuns. Here she remained till King Aldfrid's death, when her brother Ina invited her to return to her native province, and

* The letter is addressed to a correspondent residing in Greece.

to organize a religious house on land which he gave her for the purpose, at Wimborne in Dorsetshire. It was at Wimborne that the last twenty years of her life were spent, and here she built the "Minster," which, according to the prevailing usage of her time, she dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Of her personal history we have no further account, but her organizing genius is proved by the wide reputation which the newly founded house at once attained—rivalling indeed the parent house at Barking.

Here, as at Barking, there was a high standard of culture, as we may see from the charming letters quoted elsewhere, from a certain little nun of Wimborne, S. Lioba (CH. XLII.), to her distinguished kinsman, S. Boniface. Wimborne was, in fact, the Girton of its day; but it was much more than this. It was a missionary training college, and from it went forth not a few women workers—S. Lioba was one of them—to take their part in the evangelization of Europe.

S. Cuthburga, as we know, placed her convent church under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin; but a later generation desired to commemorate the royal foundress, and thus at some early period—possibly in the tenth century, when Canons Regular took the place of the nuns—a re-dedication appears to have taken place, to S. Cuthburga alone. No subsequent change has been made, and Wimborne Minster, that graceful double-spired building so familiar to travellers on the South-Western Railway, still speaks to us of S. Cuthburga.

S. Lioba. See CH. XLII.

S. Everilda. See Section II.

The Northumbrian Saints.

S. Ebba, V. Abs. Aug. 25, cir. 683.

There is this melancholy distinction in the story of the Northumbrian Ebba, that in it, for the first time throughout this whole chapter, a note of warning is sounded—a warning of evils to come. Already there have been in abundance the records of heavy sorrows—even of martyrdoms—but such sorrows have a "solemn joy" of their own. In the history of the famous community over which S. Ebba presided, the glory is dimmed, not by trials from without, but by faithlessness from within; and though no direct blame rests upon the royal abbess herself, her closing years were none the less darkened by the reproach which had fallen upon her monastery.

Ebba of Coldingham, like so many other of our saints, stands midway between the old and the new order of things, between paganism and Christianity. She was a daughter of that dreaded Ethelfrid the Ravager, who will always be remembered for the fierce onslaught that he made upon the British priests at Chester,* on the ground that "though they bore no arms they fought against him by their prayers." Ebba was the

* Bede.

daughter of the Ravager, she was the sister of that Oswald who is one of the best-loved of our national saints. On the mother's side, again, she was the niece of King Edwin of Northumbria (CH. XXXIX.) ; but there was deadly enmity between Ebba's father and Edwin, and it was only when the usurper Ethelfrid was defeated and slain in battle that Edwin obtained possession of his own lawful throne. The family of Ethelfrid could have little right to look for protection from their now victorious uncle. Edwin was still a pagan, neither was he as yet married to the Christian Ethelburga, who might have inclined him to look with pity upon his sister's orphan children. Ethelfrid's sons fled for refuge therefore to Scotland, carrying with them their little sister Ebba, who was now probably about ten or eleven years old, or even younger, and it was among the Scotic Christians that Ebba, Oswald, and Oswy first learned the faith of Christ.

And then, so far as Ebba is concerned, there is a complete silence of thirty-six years, during which many and great changes passed over the storm-swept kingdom of Northumbria ; and changes not less marked passed over Ebba's own life. When next we hear of her she is no longer a child, but a woman in middle life ; no longer an exile at a foreign court, but the honoured sister of the reigning sovereign of Northumbria ; no longer a heathen, but a devout Christian, desirous of taking the veil and yielding up her whole life to the service of Christ.

In accordance with her wish then, S. Ebba received the veil from Bishop Finan, the holy Aidan's successor at Lindisfarne ; and her brother Oswy (Oswald was already dead) bestowed upon her a small Roman camp upon the river Derwent, whereon to establish her monastery. "Ebba's Camp" it came to be called, and hence its present name of Ebchester. But Ebchester was not the principal scene of the saint's activity. Much more closely associated with her memory is Coldingham, a spot north of the Tweed, to which she afterwards transferred herself, and where she carried on her religious organization on a much more ambitious scale. The point shown in existing maps as "St. Abb's Head" not only marks the site of Coldingham, but recalls the name of its founder. The great house at Coldingham was one of those twin monasteries for both sexes of which we have already seen an example—borrowed no doubt from this very model—in S. Etheldreda's monastery at Ely. The seaboard situation of Coldingham rendered it easily accessible, and the rank and station of the Lady Ebba attracted many visitors of note, whom she was clearly very competent to entertain. It is more by chance glimpses of her, interwoven into other histories, than by any set biography that has reached us that we gather how influential a personage she was. We have seen in the history of S. Etheldreda how leading a part S. Ebba took in the responsibility of separating husband and wife (p. 364) : and we know also that in this matter she acted in co-operation with S. Wilfrid. Wilfrid belonged unmistakably to the Roman party in the country ; Ebba, by all her early training and associations belonged to the opposite interest ; but

Ebba was not by nature a strong partisan; she liked her friends, independently, it would seem, of their opinions, and was as cordially ready to welcome S. Wilfrid under her roof as to welcome S. Cuthbert.

What with royal visitors from the Northumbrian court, what with all the endless comings and goings, life at Coldingham can have none of the monotony which is commonly supposed to be a characteristic of the cloister. The danger, in fact, was all the other way; the monks and nuns grew used to excitement, and began to create it for themselves when it no longer came from outside, so that a certain laxity of tone and habit sprang up within the walls, all unsuspected by the abbess.

We have seen elsewhere (p. 82) how delightful and courteous a guest S. Cuthbert showed himself when he passed the night at Coldingham: how he laid aside for the moment his ascetic habits so that he might not seem to slight the proffered hospitality of Ebba and her nuns; but we have seen likewise how the evening of social relaxation was followed by a night of austerest self-discipline. Unhappily, at Coldingham it was too much the fashion to enjoy the social relaxation and to utterly ignore the stern self-discipline. Had S. Cuthbert known aught of this, his own action would assuredly have been different; for we must entirely disbelieve those writers who assume that he was alive to all the special evils of the place, and yet made as though he saw them not; that he mingled freely with Ebba and her nuns, and yet with such secret disapprobation that from that time forth may be dated all his supposed fulminations against the sex.*

But there were some dwellers within the monastery who were alive to the evil in their midst, and watched its growth with anxious hearts. It was from the lips of a monk at Coldingham that Bede heard the striking story of the Irish brother of that house, Adamnan, who, as he was walking with a companion, burst into tears at the sight of the monastery buildings, and prophesied their speedy destruction. The other forthwith repeated the dark saying to the lady abbess, who, "being with good cause much concerned at that prediction, called the man to her and narrowly enquired of him how he came to know it." Then Adamnan unfolded to her the warning that had been vouchsafed him one night as he kept his lonely vigil. He told her how an unknown visitant had appeared to him, and commended him in that he was among the few in that house who knew the need of watchfulness. "For I," said the stranger, "having now visited all this monastery, and having looked into every one's chambers, have found none of them except yourself busy about the care of his soul." Then followed a vivid picture of the state of disorder revealed by a visit to the several cells—"even the cells that were built for praying or reading are now converted into places of feasting, drinking, talking and other delights," and the nuns were no more exempt from reproach than the monks. Ebba listened bravely to the whole painful indictment, and then

* Capgrave, quoted in Baring-Gould, August 25.

asked why she had not been told of all this before. Adamnan answered that he had been afraid to tell it, lest it should grieve her over much; "yet," added he, "you may have this comfort, that the calamity will not happen in your days." It was not of her own comfort that the mother was thinking, but of the souls entrusted to her charge: she caused the vision to be made known, and with the characteristic courage of her race set herself to repair the evils of past neglect. So far it does not appear that there had been open scandal. It was rather the sin of "the ungirt loin and the unlit lamp," and Ebba's earnestness of purpose, now that her eyes were once open to the mischief around her, was not without effect in producing at least a temporary repentance.

But the abbess was nearing the end of her long life, and indeed the shock of these unlooked-for revelations may well have told upon her. On the 25th day of August she passed to her rest, comforted, let us hope, by the signs of amendment of which Bede speaks, and was buried in the precincts of the monastery; but when her restraining influence was withdrawn matters grew worse and worse. "The inhabitants of that place returned to their former wickedness, nay they became more wicked;" and then suddenly, "when they thought themselves in peace and security," the Irish monk's prophecy was terribly fulfilled. Through some carelessness the buildings caught fire, and the entire monastery—"the city of Coldingham," as Bede designates it—was burnt to the ground, and the inmates scattered where they would. The English Chronicle dates this memorable fire in 679, but, as the Rev. C. Plummer points out,* "the date must be wrong," for "Bede clearly implies that the disaster did not take place till after Ebba's death." † A certain passage in the life of her friend S. Wilfrid affords indisputable evidence that she was still alive in the year 681,‡ while the commonly accepted date of her death is a couple of years later still—August 25, 683. S. Ebba was buried at Coldingham, where her remains lay till they were translated to Durham in the eleventh century.

S. Ebba was not one of those saints to whom churches are dedicated by generation after generation in ever-widening circles, and we may assume that such dedications as are found in this name are of very early date. They are for the most part, as we should expect, in her native Northumbria. Coldingham and "St. Abb's Head" lie outside our province, as being across the Scottish border, but Northumberland proper and the adjacent county of Durham furnish us with two interesting memorials of the saint. S. Ebba's church at Beadnell on the Northumberland coast, not far from Bamburgh, is only an eighteenth-century structure, but it is the successor of a ruined chapel of the same name, which was supposed

* Notes to Bede's E. H., vol. ii.

† The late Canon Raine, who accepts (see D. C. B.) the traditional date of the fire, observes that "Ebba did not long survive the destruction of her house;" but if the royal abbess was actually driven forth in her old age to seek a fresh home for herself, it is strange that Bede, who has such ample information about Coldingham, should pass this over in silence.

‡ Plummer's edition of Bede.

to have been a cell to Coldingham monastery.* It stood on a promontory known as "Ebbs Snook," † and the choice of the situation may have been dictated by the resemblance to St. Abb's Head.‡

Upon the river Derwent, just upon the boundary line between Northumberland and Durham, is Ebchester, our saint's earliest foundation. The church is still dedicated to her, and we may regard it as her most direct and most living memorial. Ferry Hill, south of Durham, has a nineteenth-century church dedicated to S. Luke. It is a pity that the old dedication-name attached to a ruined chapel in this place was not revived—"SS. Ebbe and Nicholas." The aforesaid chapel belonged to the monks of Durham,§ and therefore cannot be dated earlier than the translation of S. Ebba's remains before referred to. Moreover, the conjunction of the name of "Nicholas" proves that part of the dedication at least was of post-Conquest origin.

It is natural that we should find S. Ebba commemorated in her own country, but there seems no obvious reason why she should have travelled as far south as Oxfordshire. Yet she is, or was, doubly commemorated in that county, within the city of Oxford itself, and again at Shelswell, near the Buckinghamshire border, a church which is said to be now desecrated. The origin of both dedications is very obscure, but we may reasonably suppose that they had a common origin. We can only remember that S. Ebba was a king's daughter, connected with many a royal house besides that from which she directly sprang, and that some of these royal founders may have carried her name and fame into Wessex, and brought her into that curiously mixed company commemorated in Oxford, where the Northumbrian Ebba might find herself with the Kentish Mildred, the Cornish Budoc, the Welsh Winifred, the Roman Clement, and in later days with the Greek Giles, and many another saint of foreign birth. The first authenticated mention of S. Ebba's church in Oxford is in 1005, when it was appropriated by the Earl of Cornwall to his newly built Benedictine Abbey at Ensham,‖ but we can hardly doubt that at that time the church had already a history of its own extending over some three centuries. Anthony Wood¶ notes that the dedication-feast of S. Ebba's church at Oxford was on October 15, a day which has no recognized connexion with our saint, and looks rather as if it might be an imperfect attempt to conform to Henry VIII.'s edict as to celebrating all parochial feasts in the beginning of October.

* Lewis.

† In modern maps simply "Snook," or "Sunderland Point;" but see *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

‡ S. Ebba's fondness for building on headlands, or *Nabs*, as they are called in the North-country dialect, is thus commemorated in an old local rhyme, showing the different situations favoured by the different Northern saints:—

"St. Abb, St. Helen, and St. Bey (*i.e.* Bega)
They a' built kirks whilk be nearest to the sea.
St. Abb's upon the Nabs,
St. Helen's on the lea,
St. Bey's upon the Dunbar sands
Stands nearest to the sea."
(Quoted in Murray's "Durham.")

§ Lewis.

‖ Ibid.

¶ "Antiquities of Oxford."

S. Hilda, V. Abs. Nov. 17, 680.

Our record of this great family of saints began with Ethelburga, the Kentish wife of a Northumbrian king: it has led us on through kingdom after kingdom, and now the circle is about to be completed by the story of S. Hilda, a name ever dear to English ears. Once more we are brought back to our starting-point—to the Northumbrian court of the heathen Edwin and his Christian queen, Ethelburga.

Among those who must have shared the anxieties of that eventful Easter night, when an attempt was made upon the king's life, and the little Princess Eanfled was born, was the king's young great-niece Hilda, a girl of twelve years. Her father had been driven into exile by Ebba's dreaded father, Ethelfrid the Ravager, and had been treacherously killed by the British chieftain with whom he took refuge. Hilda's only sister was married (then or later) to the King of East Anglia, and Hilda herself found an honourable shelter at the court of her great-uncle. We can well believe that the child was drawn to Christianity as much by the influence of her gentle aunt Ethelburga as by the direct instructions of Paulinus; but this alone we know for certain, that when her uncle Edwin was baptized at York on Easter Eve, 627, the thirteen-year-old Hilda was baptized with him. Young though she was, she took this first step on the heavenly road with all seriousness of purpose, and never looked back till her course was run.

From the circumstances of her conversion it might have been expected that in later life the Lady Hilda would be found an ardent partisan of the Roman party in the Church, but in this matter she and her cousin Ebba seemed to have changed parts. Ebba, whose childish associations were all with the Celtic customs, became, as we know, a disciple of S. Wilfrid; while Hilda, who had been first brought to Christ by the Roman Paulinus, took Aidan for her hero, and could never be brought to think well of Wilfrid, or to like the Roman customs—even though for peace' sake she might conform to them.

But this is anticipating; we are thinking here of Hilda in her monastic days, and in reality twenty years intervened between her baptism and her taking the veil. In that interval her second home had been shattered, but a ready refuge was open to her among her royal kindred in East Anglia. It was neither girlish enthusiasm nor yet necessity, but a woman's deliberate choice, that determined Hilda at the age of thirty-three "to forsake her native country and all that she had, and so live a stranger for our Lord in the monastery of Chelles." With her it was not the adoption of a new service; only a more absolute consecration of herself. Bede sums up in one sentence all our knowledge of the first half of S. Hilda's life: "Thirty-three years she spent living most nobly in the secular habit; more nobly," adds he, "she dedicated the remaining half to our Lord in a monastic life."

The plan of going abroad was never carried out. On her way Hilda tarried for a whole year in East Anglia, and while there she received a

summons from Bishop Aidan. He appointed her to a little settlement on the north side of the river Wear, "where for a year she led a monastic life, with very few companions." It was but a humble beginning, but it was enough to test her capacity; and at the end of the year she was removed to a more important post at the already established monastery of Hartlepool. The foundress and first abbess had resigned and gone inland, having, as it would seem, more aptitude for the life of a recluse than for that of an abbess; and it was Hilda's task to "reduce all things to a regular system, according as she had been instructed by learned men; for Bishop Aidan, and other religious men that knew her and loved her, frequently visited and diligently instructed her." "So great," says Bede in another place, "was her prudence, that not only all common people in their necessities, but even sometimes kings and princes, sought counsel of her and found it;" and Oswy, King of Northumbria, showed his confidence in her by giving his baby daughter Elfleda into her hands to be trained up wholly by her.

As the fame of the Abbess of Hartlepool became more widespread, her monastery was endowed with additional lands. Chief amongst the new possessions was an estate on the Yorkshire coast known to all of us by its Danish name of *Whitby*, but then called by a Saxon name * signifying "the bay of the lighthouse," or "the beacon bay." Bishop Lightfoot happily seizes upon the beautiful fitness of the name; for, as he says, the great house which the Lady Hilda here founded was indeed destined to become "the centre of spiritual and intellectual light amid the darkness of the heathen night to the storm-tossed and shipwrecked on the ocean of ignorance and sin, not in Northumbria only, but throughout the whole of England." †

The community at Whitby was a far larger and more important establishment than that at Hartlepool, and differed from it, moreover, in being, like Ely and Coldingham, a double monastery, for monks as well as nuns. We have seen in the history of S. Ebba the grave dangers to which such a system was liable, but Hilda had all those inborn qualifications of a ruler which Ebba lacked. Nothing that passed in that great house escaped the watchful eye of the mother-superior. Hilda had never to undergo any painful awakening to sudden knowledge of scandals that had been for years growing up beneath her roof. At Whitby everything was freely made known to her who was felt to be "the mother of all"—and that sweet title of "mother" was not in those days bestowed as a matter of course upon every abbess, but was accorded to S. Hilda because it so well became her gracious large-hearted nature.

When the wondrous outburst of song sprang from the lips of the untutored herdsman, Caedmon, the tidings of it were forthwith made known to the abbess by her reeve; and she, in consultation with all the most learned men around her, considered carefully how that heaven-sent gift might be best developed and turned to account for the glory of God

* *Streaneshalch.* † "Leaders of the Northern Church."

and the profit of the community. We cannot doubt that one secret of S. Hilda's success lay in her power of drawing out the best of every one who came under her influence. Nor was her ability more conspicuous than her tenderness. The woman who, by her "intellectual sympathies,"* was capable of attracting to her monastery school a band of students whose after fame would have reflected distinction on any university, was the same woman who called forth "the passionate love"† of the girl novices.

The monastery became, to use Bishop Lightfoot's phrase, "a great training school for the clergy." The instruction there given was well up to the level of the age. Bede, who owed much to one of those students—S. John of Beverley (CH. XXII.)—notes with pardonable pride that "we afterwards saw five bishops taken out of that monastery, and all of them," he adds, "men of singular merit and ability." It is only what we might look for in men who had been inspired in opening manhood by the Lady Hilda's own high ideal—that the end of all learning is but to fit its possessor to serve God more perfectly.

The year 664 is a landmark in English Church history, for it witnessed the Synod of Whitby, an important conference of the ecclesiastical leaders of both the Roman and Celtic parties, who met together to discuss in the presence of King Oswy the possibility of agreement on the different questions in dispute, particularly that relating to the keeping of Easter. The chosen meeting-place was S. Hilda's monastery, and the influential position of the lady abbess—the only woman singled out by name in company with the foremost men of the day—is sufficiently indicated by Bede's words: "The Abbess Hilda and her followers were for the Scots." In the end, however, as we all know, S. Wilfrid's tactical skill hastened a victory that could hardly in any case have been long delayed. The partisans of the Roman usage triumphed, and the abbess, with characteristic judgment, yielded to the inevitable, and accepted the unwelcome decision which at least had the unspeakable advantage of tending towards unity.

And so Hilda's strenuous useful life went on year after year for more than a quarter of a century; and then, as Bede tells us, it pleased God to give her holy soul the perfecting trial of a lingering sickness, which never left her for the remaining six years of her life. But bodily weakness could not dim that brave spirit: still as of old she fed the flock committed to her charge—"fed them faithfully with a true heart." In public and in private "the mother" still taught her children, and evermore urged on them the twofold duty of service and thanksgiving; but the most sacred lesson of all must have been the sight of her own gladsome submission. The end came at last, calmly prepared for, patiently awaited. The whole household was summoned to hear her farewell charge, and even while she was speaking she "joyfully saw death approaching, or if I may speak in the words of our Lord, passed from death to life."‡ What better epitaph

* Lightfoot.
† Bede.
‡ Ibid.

can we find for the beloved Abbess of Whitby than Bede's expressive sentence: "Hilda, a woman devoted to God"?

The day of Hilda's death was November 17 (A.D. 680), on which day she is commemorated in certain Gallican martyrologies, but, curiously enough, in no one of our national Kalendars. The absence of S. Hilda's name from our English Prayer-book is a really serious loss.

The dedications to S. Hilda, though few in number, are more than commonly interesting, from the circumstances of their local distribution. With a single exception all the ancient dedications in this name are comprised within a narrowly defined district extending along our north-eastern coast from Bamburgh Castle to Whitby, and embracing also sundry inland villages of North-east Yorkshire. In the line of seaboard churches we may trace out the entire course of the saint's personal history: in the inland churches we may recognize the direct influence of Whitby, but of Whitby as it was represented by the wealthy Benedictine Abbey of the Middle Ages.

Some half-dozen modern churches complete the list. For the most part they are felicitously situated within S. Hilda's peculiar domain; but they show a tendency to enlarge that domain as though by way of illustrating Bede's words: "This servant of Christ was not only an example to those that lived in her monastery, but afforded occasion of amendment and salvation to many who lived at a distance."

S. Hilda's earliest settlement was the little community on the banks of the Wear. Do we assume too much in imagining that the ancient church of S. Hilda at South Shields may be a memorial of that pioneer effort? This much we know: that it was originally a chapelry dependent upon the great neighbouring monastery of Jarrow, and said to be well-nigh coeval with Jarrow itself. So plainly was the little place identified with its tutelary saint that it became known by her name; and it is only within the last two hundred years that its other designation of "South Shields" has finally supplanted the older name of "St. Hild's." *

From the banks of the Wear the next migration was, as we know, to Hartlepool. The ancient parish church of S. Hilda (originally a chapelry in the parish of Hart) recalls the saint's nine years' labours in this place. In 1833, "while digging the foundations of some modern buildings in the field called Cross Close, the monastic cemetery was discovered. Skeletons of females were found, lying in two rows, their heads upon flat stones as pillows, with larger stones above, inscribed with Runic and Saxon letters. Most of the stones bore crosses of different forms." † Among the various women's names here represented were several that occur in contemporary history, and among them that of *Bregusuid*, the name borne by S. Hilda's

* "As recently as two centuries ago," writes Bishop Lightfoot, "after the Restoration, I still find this town described as 'S. Hild's, commonly called Sheelds.'" The latter designation "is taken from the fishermen's *sheelings* or sheds."—"Leaders of the Northern Church." In *Hild* we have the true form of our saint's name, borrowed from the Saxon goddess of war—a form to which scholars are now returning, in place of the more familiar "Hilda."

† Murray's "Durham."

mother. Attempts have been made to identify several of these names with those of celebrated women mentioned in Bede, but in some cases the identification would suggest so many difficulties of its own that it may be doubted whether the memorials do not refer to less distinguished individuals of the same names.

After Hartlepool comes Whitby, for twenty-three years the centre of Hilda's noblest and most fruitful work. The whole town speaks of her. There she is not the "Saint Hilda" of the Kalendar, but still "the Lady Hilda" of ancient usage.* Old half-forgotten legends have been revived, thanks in great measure to the skill with which Sir Walter Scott welded them together in "Marmion," and have once more become current in their local setting; and—most impressive of all—S. Hilda's ruined abbey still stands upon the cliff, mounting guard over the lighthouse bay on the one side, and the busy seaport town on the other. Town and abbey alike seem so instinct with their seventh-century foundress that it requires a momentary effort to remember that of the majestic ruin before us no part can be earlier than the twelfth century, and that the very name of "S. Hilda's" only originated then with the Norman monks of the Benedictine Order, who sought out and piously restored the old associations which time and the cruel Danish ravages had almost blotted out. "SS. Peter and Hilda" was the name which the Benedictines bestowed upon their new foundation, and in the double ascription we have a probable clue to S. Hilda's original choice. It is noticeable that S. Peter is likewise the patron of Hackness, a parish thirteen miles from Whitby, where, as we learn from Bede, Hilda herself, in the last year of her life, founded a cell to the parent house. The Blessed Virgin was, as we know, the favourite choice of most of our English royal ladies. Is it possible that S. Hilda gave her allegiance to S. Peter with deliberate intention to show that the name of the Prince of the Apostles was not to be regarded as a badge of party? Perhaps her own personal predilections may be traced in the dedication of one of the monastic chapelries at Whitby to the Scottish saint, Ninian (CH. XXXIII.). This is a choice which must certainly date from very early times. The Benedictine monks may have retained the name; they would assuredly never have selected it. The abbey church is now unhappily only a ruin,† but a dignified and beautiful church of modern design carries on the honoured name of "S. Hilda."

The ring of "Hilda churches" round about Whitby most of them date from the Norman period, and were in all probability possessions of the great Benedictine house. Such, for example, was Middlesborough. The huge manufacturing town, as we know it, has sprung up with American rapidity: "While other towns boast of their great age, Middlesborough is proud of its youth, and still preserves the first house which stood on the spot—the only one in 1820."‡ The existing church of S. Hilda

* Murray's "Yorkshire."

† The parish church, built by the monks, is dedicated to S. Mary.

‡ Murray's "Yorkshire."

is nearly as young as the rest of its surroundings, for it dates back only to 1839, yet its very name is a witness to the sole link with antiquity which Middlesborough can boast. The land that is now covered by the busy town in the time of Henry I. formed part of the possessions of Whitby Abbey, and was handed over to the abbey by its Norman owner, on condition that the monks should there found a cell or branch. Up to a generation or two ago the monastic cemetery was still used as a burying-place, but every vestige of the old chapel of S. Hilda has long ago vanished,* and we may be the more glad that the new church has inherited the historic name.

To the north-west of Whitby lies the village of Hinderwell, which by its churchyard spring of pure water, and its earlier designation of *Hilderwell*, preserves the memory of its patron saint. The derivation is not quite so obvious in the Cumberland parish of "Ilekirk" (*alias* Westward), but it is said to be a corruption of *Hild-kirk*, and to owe its name to a hermitage dedicated to S. Hilda. We have no record of the foundation of the hermitage, but it was existing in 1215, when King John granted it to the Abbey of Holme Cultram.† The old forest hermitage has now become a farmhouse, but the church remains to perpetuate the name of S. Hilda.

Ilekirk shares with the Northumbrian chapelry of Lucker the distinction of being the only dedications to S. Hilda outside the limits of her own special counties of Durham and Yorkshire. The former county has very legitimately added to her ancient dedications at South Shields and Hartlepool two modern dedications, one at Darlington, the other—the "Lightfoot Memorial Church"—at Millfield, a district of Sunderland.

Yorkshire can boast nine ancient dedications to S. Hilda besides the ruined abbey at Whitby. In addition to the modern Whitby church already mentioned, and another new church appropriately situated in the North Riding, the saint's name has lately been introduced into Leeds. In fact, the number of dedications in honour of S. Hilda is steadily increasing, and may be expected to increase more and more, for it would be hard to find a nobler representative of English womanhood than this Saxon Abbess of Whitby, who "to the tact and sympathy of a woman united the sound judgment and self-restraint of a man." ‡

Section II.—Less well-authenticated Saints.

The fourteen national saints with whom we have hitherto been dealing are all linked one to another by some tie of kinship. They may thus be said almost to form one great family, and we have had the advantage of a clearly defined historic background. The actual history of the particular saint may be obscured by wild legend and glaring

* Lewis.
† Nicolson and Burn.
‡ Lightfoot.

anachronism—as in the case of S. Osyth—but throughout there is some sort of clue to dates and places, both in real names and in the many undesigned coincidences with known history that crop up accidentally here and there. But there are other women saints whose stories afford us no such clue. We can tell the part of England to which they belonged: sometimes we can form a more or less accurate guess as to their period, but we have no sufficient data to enable us to say from what families they sprang, or whether they can in any way be brought into line with the other saints of those times. There is no ground for pronouncing their legends *untrue*, only they are obscure and meagre.

S. Everilda, or Emeldis, V. Abs. July 9, seventh cent.

Foremost among these obscure saints we will place the Abbess Everilda. This saint has faded away, almost out of recollection, except in one corner of Yorkshire, where a couple of churches, not far distant from one another, preserve the memory of her name. But though it is in Yorkshire alone that S. Everilda is commemorated, she seems to belong originally, not to the north of England, but to the kingdom of Wessex. A great impetus was given to Christianity in this kingdom by the preaching of the holy Bishop Birinus (CH. XXIII.). Among those who were converted to the faith was a maiden named Everilda. It is impossible that she can have been among the earliest converts, unless indeed some thirty years elapsed between her conversion and her determination to leave parents and home, and devote herself to the conventual life. But she was at a loss how to carry out her design: her family, she knew, would be opposed to it, and Bishop Birinus was now dead. In her perplexity she bethought her of Wilfrid, the famous Bishop of York (CH. XXII.), and set forth to seek his aid. There are many reasons which explain her aiming at so distant a haven as Northumbria. Ecclesiastical organization in Wessex was still in so rudimentary a condition that there were few if any nunneries in which she could take refuge: the neighbouring kingdom of Mercia was still pagan: Northumbria, on the other hand, was not merely Christian, but had been united to Wessex by very special ties, spiritual as well as political. When, a generation earlier, the great Northern king, Oswald, had come thence to take to wife a princess of Wessex, King Kynegils's daughter, he showed himself not only in the capacity of bridegroom, but as sponsor to his royal father-in-law. Yet again, rumours had, it may be, reached Wessex of Bishop Wilfrid's having given the veil to Etheldreda, the wedded queen of East Anglia, and Everilda may have thought that one who could thus justify the famous Etheldreda in the abandonment of her natural duties would not blame her too harshly for stealing away from home for the sake of religion. Everilda was joined by two other maidens, and together the three made their way into Northumbria, in the hope of finding shelter in some religious house; but before they had attained their desire they fell in with Wilfrid, and he—to whom no woman ever looked in vain for help—befriended them, and not only gave them the veil, but further bestowed

on them a piece of land whereon to build a house for themselves. In course of time other women came to place themselves under the direction of S. Everilda, and the remainder of her days were devoted to the careful training of the nuns under her charge. The year of S. Everilda's death is unknown, but we have the authority of a ninth-century Kalendar for commemorating her on July 9.

All our direct knowledge of this saint is derived from a pre-Reformation breviary which had come into the hands of one of the original compilers of the *Acta Sanctorum*. This book contained an office for S. Everilda's Day, in which were three lessons setting forth the history of the saint. If we had but possession of this breviary, and could tell in what corner of England it was that the Wessex virgin was held in such peculiar esteem, we should be considerably enlightened as to her history; but unfortunately the French Jesuit contented himself with sending to his superiors a transcript of the lessons, without particularizing the source from which he took them. One clue there is, however, which is worth following up. The breviary says: "S. Wilfrid gave to her a spot called before *the Bishop's Dwelling*, but since her time Everildisham, that is, *the Dwelling of Everildis*." The situation of this place has given rise to much discussion. The Jesuit Fathers confessed themselves unable to identify it; Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that it means *Evesham*, and that the meeting with Wilfrid took place as late as the year 689, when that saint came into Wessex for the purpose of consecrating S. Egwin's newly built church at that place (CH. XXIII.). He is aware that by inclining to so late a date for the meeting he puts it out of the question that S. Everilda's conversion can have taken place in the lifetime of Bishop Birinus, who died almost forty years before this time; but he feels that such a discrepancy is not to be regarded too seriously, and he—unlike the writer on S. Everilda in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography"—is not disposed to reject the whole story as "probably fictitious." The discrepancy may be explained in various ways, or it may be sufficient to assume that her biographers were not over exact, and chose to heighten the glory of this saint's conversion by vaguely associating her (the reference is, in truth, of the vaguest) with the golden days of the first bishop and first Christian king of Wessex.

Mr. Baring-Gould's theory has the advantage of assigning S. Everilda's posthumous fame to her own native kingdom, but, as has been already shown, there is no inherent improbability in her having betaken herself to Northumbria, and indeed there is one piece of evidence that strongly supports this theory. According to our lost authority, S. Wilfrid bestowed upon the nun a spot "called before the Bishop's Dwelling, but since her time Everildisham." Not far from York—about thirteen miles as the crow flies—is the parish of *Everingham*, a name which certainly bears a distinct resemblance to the "Everildisham" of the breviary. In the ordinary lists of titular saints Everingham is attributed to the Virgin Mary; but the independent lists of two Yorkshire archæologists, Canon

Raine* and Mr. Lawton,† agree in showing that it had originally a different patron. Canon Raine, on the evidence of pre-Reformation Wills, gives it to "S. Everilda," and Mr. Lawton gives it to "S. Emeldis," a form which seems to be a contraction of the "Everildis" of the *Acta Sanctorum*. Surely we may fairly claim that Everingham in its vicinity to Bishop Wilfrid's own city of York meets the conditions of this perplexing "dwelling of Everildis" better than Evesham. But Yorkshire has yet another dedication to this Wessex saint at Nether Poppleton, three miles or so distant from York. It is possible that the Abbess Everilda may have planted a branch community in this place; but this is a matter of pure speculation. In mediæval times Nether Poppleton was appropriated to the great Benedictine Abbey of S. Mary at York, and it is not impossible that the office-book which fell into the hands of the Jesuit father three hundred years ago may have belonged to *York* rather than to *Evesham*. In support of the Evesham theory, it is fair to remember that one of the principal founders of S. Mary's Abbey at York was a monk from Evesham, and that it may have been he who brought into the North the memory of this Wessex saint, and gave her name to one of the churches within his jurisdiction; but such a theory is not very satisfactory in itself, and, moreover, gives us no help whatever as to the Everingham dedication. S. Mary's Abbey was not founded till the latter part of the twelfth century, and if the conjecture that Everingham means "the dwelling of Everilda" be correct, it is tolerably certain that the designation must have been bestowed long before the twelfth century.

The difficulties in this lady's story are considerable, do what we will; but they are reduced to a minimum by the theory that she migrated to Northumbria, and that these two Yorkshire churches keep alive the memory of a woman who actually lived and laboured in these parts, making herself a blessing to many by training up the maidens under her care to the "most fervent and faithful discharge of all the duties of their holy profession." ‡

S. Frideswide, V. Abs. Oct. 19, 735.

Legend has been busy with the name of S. Frideswide, and accident has made it famous by associating it with the University of Oxford, and making her its tutelary saint; but it is needless to say the bond between them is one of *place* alone.

S. Frideswide belongs to that class of national saints of which we have seen so many examples, whose names lived on all through the Saxon times in the particular locality where they were known, but whose fame had a second birth after the Norman Conquest. Then it was that half-forgotten traditions were revived, amplified, and committed to writing: then it was that all the personages in the story were duly named: then it was that the saints' remains were removed from their original resting-

* *Yorkshire Arch. Journal.*

† *Collectio Rerum Ecclesiasticarum Diœcesi Eboracensi.*

‡ Alban Butler, July 9.

places and guarded in more glorious shrines, and then it was that the shrine of S. Frideswide became more and more an object of veneration, the centre of religious attraction in that city of Oxford which was year by year growing in size and importance. With this mediæval Frideswide we have little to do, and yet it is well-nigh impossible now to get back beyond the mist of legend and to see the pure-hearted eighth-century maiden as she really was.

To admit all this is not to admit that the saint herself is legendary, if by "legendary" we are to understand "without real existence." Imperfect as are the details of the story, they are so completely in accord with the spirit and circumstances of the age in which she is reputed to have lived, that there is no need to doubt their general truth.

It is in vain that we seek to link this Oxfordshire damsel with any of the royal ladies of her day. Her father is said, indeed, to be a king, and later versions of the history name him "Didan;" but no such king is known to contemporary history. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he was a thegn of high standing, afterwards magnified into a king. The story opens abruptly, but very picturesquely, with Frideswide escaping in a boat down the Thames, fleeing from the pursuit of an unwelcome suitor, who is bent on marrying her against her will. The forest that came down to the river's edge seemed to promise a sanctuary, and a deserted swineherd's hut served her for a shelter; but even to this humble refuge the angry suitor tracked his helpless prey. Then in her despair the maiden called upon the great virgin saints of old—S. Cecily and S. Catherine—and lo! her prayer was heard; her pursuer was smitten with sudden blindness, and she was left in peace. The immediate danger was over, but Frideswide was not minded to return to her old home life. She hailed this opportunity of embracing the virgin life, and, gathering round her a band of companions like-minded with herself, she built a nunnery on the spot where she had taken refuge, and there spent the rest of her days.

Such was the popular story. A more prosaic version omits all mention of the pursuit of the wicked suitor, and causes S. Frideswide to come into possession of her estate by gift from her father, in the same peaceful manner in which the Eanswiths and Sexburgas obtained their property; and this version further adds that she dedicated the little monastery in which she dwelt with her twelve companions to the "Blessed Virgin Mary and All Saints," a dedication which would certainly have commended itself to her Kentish sisters.

The later legends tell how on her death-bed Frideswide was visited by those two virgin martyrs whose aid she had invoked in the hour of her peril; but for the rest, there is complete silence as to the long years that lie between her flight into the forest and the close of her life—a silence broken only by one touching incident—*legend*, shall we call it, or *allegory* rich with meaning? It is the story which tells how Frideswide encountered a leper, who besought her for the love of Christ to give him, not alms, but the kiss of charity; and as she overcame her instinctive

shrinking, and making the sign of the cross, bestowed on the poor outcast the token of sisterly love, his scales fell away, and he was made whole. It is this legend of the leper's kiss that marks out our English Frideswide from all her sister saints, and belongs to her even as the chaplet of unfading roses belongs to S. Cecilia.

Local traditions are not as strong as we could wish in Oxfordshire, and there is considerable difficulty in deciding the exact spot where S. Frideswide's nunnery originally stood. Some have thought that it was on the site of the famous abbey in Oxford itself, which for centuries bore her name; but other versions of the story say, with more seeming probability, that her actual foundation, the place where she lived and worked and died, was at Binsey, about a mile and a half distant from Oxford; and that in later times her relics were translated to the city, to the shrine there prepared for them. That some such translation did take place with all imaginable pomp in the time of Henry II. is matter of well-authenticated history; and this translation, on February 12, 1180, is the starting-point of the fame of S. Frideswide's abbey church in Oxford. If, however, this twelfth-century translation was nothing more than "a removal of the relics from the obscure spot of their original interment in the church (on the site of the present Christ Church), to a conspicuous shrine in the same"*—if, that is to say, the relics were already at this time within the city of Oxford—then we are driven to one of two conclusions: either that Oxford was the site of the original foundation, or that a less imposing and unrecorded translation of the relics had previously taken place from Binsey. The different versions of the story are at variance, but it is difficult to see why fourteenth-century hagiologists should introduce into the story an obscure village like Binsey, unless there was some real reason for so doing. The temptation, on the other hand, to make Oxford the whole background of the popular story is sufficiently obvious.

Whatever claims Binsey (anciently Thornbury) may have had to be associated with S. Frideswide, it has forfeited them now by dropping all memory of the saint. As to the parish church, it is known as "S. Margaret"—a dedication that obviously belongs to a much later period than the time of S. Frideswide; but careful researches into pre-Reformation Wills might possibly reveal a long-forgotten dedication to its eighth-century founder, S. Frideswide.

But this is only supposition, whereas we can trace step by step the history of the stately Abbey of S. Frideswide in Oxford, can watch the ever-increasing fame of the saint's shrine, and the ever-growing splendours of her church, until we come to the reign of Henry VIII., and to the conversion of "S. Frideswide's Abbey" into the college known as "Christ Church," and then to the erection of the College Chapel into the Cathedral Church of the newly formed diocese of Oxford, under the designation of "Christ Church Cathedral," or "the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford."

* D. C. B.

And so S. Frideswide was banished from the University that had slowly grown to maturity under the shadow of her name; but her memory still lingers, and quite recently her name has been most happily bestowed upon a London church near the East India Docks, a church founded by Oxford men working in connexion with the Christ Church Mission, who have chosen this name, "because," as one member of the Mission writes,* "S. Frideswide founded the first church at Christ Church, and we are the last founded in the same connexion." It is pleasant to hear that this newest church of S. Frideswide observes its patronal festival on October 19, the anniversary of the saint's death.

But we need not look altogether to modern foundations for memorials of our saint. If her name has unhappily disappeared from both Binsey and Oxford, it yet clings to the Berkshire church of Frilsham—brought there, as we may conjecture, through some association with the great abbey; and what is even more interesting, our Oxfordshire saint has travelled across the channel, and appears, under the softened form of "S. Fréwisse," at Borny, near Boulogne. It is matter of common occurrence for us to import saints from France; it is less common for the Gallican Church to take them from us, and there is something very pleasant in this reversal of the usual order.

S. Sidwell, or Sativola, V. M. Aug. 2,† 740.

S. Sidwell—the name is well known to Exeter people, and unknown to the world in general, yet in her Latinized form of "S. Sativola" this lady had once a fairly widespread reputation throughout the West of England. Her intercessions were invoked in not a few liturgies: her feast-day was marked in Exeter Cathedral by the public reading of lessons taken from the now lost legend of this local martyr; and there remain to this day among the cathedral decorations two *icons*, or images, of S. Sidwell.‡

Who, then, was this saint, once so famous, now almost faded out of remembrance? We might better answer the question had those old pre-Reformation service-books come down to us; but they have shared the fate of thousands more, and our only knowledge of their contents comes from a brief abstract preserved for us by Leland, Henry VIII.'s indefatigable commissioner. The scanty information thus left us has led to much difference of opinion, particularly as regards the saint's nationality. Very high authority § has ranked her among the "British or Cornish saints" whose legends or lives are "not now extant." Mr. Kerslake, on the other hand, held strongly to the belief that S. Sidwell was of Anglo-Saxon birth. "The parish of S. Sidwell," he writes, "bears a Teutonic dedication of that strictly local kind which attests the highest antiquity. It transmits the name of a lady who was martyred on the site of the church, A.D. 740. Her name, S. Sidwell, obviously indicates that the place where she lived and died and was remembered, was already an

* Private letter from the Rev. the Hon. J. G. Adderley, 1891.

† Truro Kalendar.

‡ This account of S. Sidwell is taken from the late Mr. Kerslake's paper on "The Celt and Teuton in Exeter," *Arch. Journal*, vol. 30.

§ The late Canon Haddan.

English settlement." This conviction was still further strengthened by an examination of the names of the other members of her family, one of whom at least—S. Juthwara—was a saint of some local importance.* "It appears," continues Mr. Kerslake, "that her father's name was Benna, a name not unfrequent in Anglo-Saxon charters. This, with her own name, and those of her three sisters, Juthwara, Eadwara, and Wilgitha, clearly shows that they were a family living within the limits of an Anglo-Saxon colony. Indeed her name seems to have been known throughout the kingdom of Wessex."

But it was not under her native name of "Sidwell" that the saint grew to be famous. "The fact is," says Mr. Kerslake, "that the name became known to the learned in a form which obscured its nationality. In litanies, calendars and martyrologies the name of this saint is disguised as Sancta Sativola; but when we come to the place where she lived and died, we find it still alive and vigorous, in the mouths of her own neighbours, in the unmistakably English form, *S. Sidwell*."

The only other known dedication to the virgin-martyr of Exeter is at Laneast in Cornwall, where she is found in her foreign garb as "S. Sativola," in conjunction with a genuine Celtic saint, the hermit Galwell, or Gulval, or Godwald, or Welvela (CH. XXIX.), for under all these various designations do we meet him. Here the Celtic saint stands first, a precedence which is true to chronological order, "SS. Welvela and Sativola." In the time of Henry I. the chapelry of Laneast was transferred from Launceston Priory to Exeter Cathedral, and Mr. Kerslake conjectures that the English patroness may have been added by the Bishops of Exeter as what he calls a "post-Saxon graft." The original Celtic patron was, however, not displaced, and this is, as he observes, "an example of the interpenetrations of the two races."

S. Arilda, V.M.† Oct. 30.

The Gloucestershire martyr, S. Arilda—locally "Arild"—is also shown by her name to be Anglo-Saxon, not British.‡ She is one of those saints to whom Mr. Kerslake might have applied his observation, that "the very narrowness of the limits within which they are venerated attests the highest antiquity."

S. Arilda is a more purely local saint than even S. Sidwell; and if we know little of S. Sidwell we know still less of S. Arilda, though here again it is Leland whom we have to thank for the little we do know. S. Arilda was, so Leland gleaned, a virgin who was martyred at Kington in the parish of Thornbury by a tyrant named Muncius, who caused her to be beheaded because she refused to do his wicked will.

Her feast-day is given as October 30, and she is said to have "lived about the year 1076." In all probability this date points only to the

* Haddan and Stubbs's "Councils." Their view is followed in the article in D. C. B. dealing with the saint's sisters, "Eadwara" and "Iuthwara." She herself is not mentioned.

† This account of S. Arilda is from a memorandum inserted in the parish register of Oldbury-on-the-Hill (based on Leland's "Itinerary" and Willis's "Abbeys"), kindly furnished by the rector, the Rev. G. F. Le Mesurier, 1896.

‡ Baring-Gould, October 30.

translation of her relics to S. Peter's Abbey at Gloucester. This translation is known to have taken place in the reign of William the Conqueror, most probably as a direct result of the Norman revival of veneration for long-neglected Saxon saints, of which we have before spoken; and it was about this time that her shrine became famous for many miracles. Tradition has always associated Thornbury with her memory; but the parish church of Thornbury is now dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and there is no evidence to show that S. Arilda's name was ever attached to it. Her one undoubted dedication is at Oldbury-on-the-Hill, some twelve miles from Thornbury as the crow flies. The church has been known by her name from time immemorial, but it may well be that it owes its patroness, not to any direct personal association with the girl-martyr, but to some subsequent connexion with the great abbey church of which she was one of the glories. It is to be regretted that Oldbury has no trace of any festival on or near S. Arilda's Day.

S. Alkelda, V. M. Poss. Oct. 27, poss. tenth cent.

Twice in the dedications of our Yorkshire churches—once in the village of Giggleswick, and once in the historic town of Middleham—we come across a name that has long proved a stumbling-block to hagiologists. S. Alkald, or Alkelda, has been searched for in vain in all the best-known Kalendars, but at length diligent inquiry on the very spot where she is commemorated has succeeded in gathering together so much of local tradition as enables us to form a tolerably clear idea of this long-forgotten virgin-martyr.

But before proceeding to tell the local legend of the martyrdom of S. Alkelda, it is perhaps only honest to call attention to the modern theory, which wholly denies the personal identity of our saint, and maintains that *Alkelda* is nothing more or less than "a Latinized form of the Saxon Halikeld, the Holy Spring; Halikeld being derived from two Anglo-Saxon words, 'haelig,' holy, and 'keld,' a fountain." * Mr. Mitchell, the archæologist who upholds this view, allows that there may have been a real saint who took up her abode by this holy spring, but he considers it much more probable that "S. Alkelda was no real person," but is rather "an example of what is called eponymy, that is, the invention of a fabulous personage for the purpose of explaining a pre-existing name." Mr. Mitchell further accounts for the double invocation to "the Blessed Virgin and S. Alkelda" (which is the form of the dedication-name at Middleham) by arguing that the new converts would be taught that the good spirit of their fountain was the Blessed Virgin, and when a Saxon church was built on the spot it would be dedicated to S. Mary, and called, for the sake of distinction, "S. Mary of Halikeld." This name, he says, would be unintelligible to the Norman ecclesiastics, so they made "Halikeld" into the name of a saint. Mr. Mitchell applies the like explanation to our saint's other dedication at Giggleswick, which, like

* See the summary in the *Ripon Diocesan Gazette*, September, 1892, of an article on S. Alkelda, by Mr. T. Carter Mitchell, F.S.A., in the current number of the *Yorkshire Arch. Journal*.

Middleham, has its well—"a marvellous well whose ebbing and flowing must in old days have been attributed to supernatural agency;" and in further support of his theory he makes mention of yet a third spring near Melmerby in the North Riding, which is not only itself called by this name of *Halikeld*, or "holy spring," but has given its name to the whole "wapentake," or hundred. We must leave it to the learned to decide upon the true value of Mr. Mitchell's destructive theory, which would altogether rob us of our local martyr; but for our own part we prefer to think of the story as it was popularly received for many centuries in the district of Yorkshire where alone her name holds a place.

If local tradition, then, is to be believed, the Princess Alkelda was not a saint only, but a martyr. We have seen that very few of her saintly sisters were called to this honour. Their work was not to maintain their belief against pagan adversaries, but to lead forward a willing people in the paths of righteousness. S. Alkelda had quite another lot: she lived in days when her country was overrun by heathen Danes, and she remains to us as a standing witness that those gently nurtured Saxon women were ready, not only to do, but to suffer, for their Lord's sake.

All the existing facts that shed any light upon the history of this saint have been brought together in Barker's "History of Wensleydale." * The writer, a devout Roman Catholic, appears to have followed up every possible trace of the saint, and to have studied every inch of ground connected with the story of her martyrdom. He acknowledges that the "written authority" concerning her is of the scantiest, consisting merely of some fourteenth- and fifteenth-century charters in which the day of her feast is mentioned as being well known. It is not, however, specified, and the only possible clue to it is that in S. Alkelda's other parish of Giggleswick there is a yearly fair held on "the Tuesday after October 27."

"In the absence therefore of written authority," continues Mr. Barker, "I must content myself with recording the few particulars of this saint which local tradition has preserved from the remote era when she received her crown to the present day." We need not perhaps pause to inquire how far ingenious surmises have been allowed to mingle with tradition, nor what precise period is to be understood by the term "the remote era;" it may refer to the early part of the tenth century, or it may refer to some much earlier inroads of the Danes. But let us return to the narrative and to the evidence supplied by the ancient stained glass formerly existing in the church of Middleham.

"S. Alkelda," writes Mr. Barker, "is said to have been the daughter of a Saxon prince or earl, who on account of her religion was put to death by the Danes. In the East window of the chantry of our Blessed Lady her passion was depicted in stained glass. She was shown in the act of being strangled by two females who had twisted a napkin round her neck. Possibly the scene of her suffering was the site of the present church, or a little to the west of it; for it is certain that her sacred

* Published 1856.

remains repose somewhere in the sacred edifice, and a spring which rises not far off is named S. Alkelda's Well." As regards this spring, it is curious to note how the belief in its healing virtues outlived all knowledge of the saint from whom its efficacy was supposed to be derived. It was accounted beneficial for weak eyes, and Mr. Barker himself was acquainted with "an old Protestant lady, who in early youth was accustomed to repair to it every morning and received much relief."

A hundred years ago one other memorial of S. Alkelda still lingered in a time-honoured Middleham custom. "Certain fee farm rents are required to be paid upon S. Alkelda's tomb, and were regularly deposited on a *stone table* (most probably an altar) in the middle of the nave, until the stone was removed, within the memory of persons recently living."

The church at Middleham, as we have before said, is dedicated to S. Alkelda conjointly with the Blessed Virgin. In the Giggleswick dedication the name of S. Alkelda stands alone. There is no account of any connexion between the two dedications, and no record of the founding of Giggleswick church, only it is certainly known to have existed in the reign of King Stephen.*

We would gladly know more of this Wensleydale martyr, but at least enough is known to show that she is well worthy of her place among our English saints; and as Sunday after Sunday the quiet folk of Middleham repeat the glorious words, "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee," they may call to mind that centuries ago a maiden from their own village was found ready to take her place in that noble army.

Section III.—The Tenth-century Saints.

The seventh century and the beginning of the eighth may fairly be called the golden age of our national saints. "It was the sunrise then of zeal," and the flood-tide of conversion brought forth a splendid band of workers, both men and women, who gave themselves in all the strength of their single-hearted fervour to the service of their newly learnt faith. A little later the number of names is already beginning to lessen, and the ninth century is almost a blank. In the tenth the number revives again, but the type of saintship has changed, and the monastic life has become a profession rather than a vocation. Eanswith, and Etheldreda, and Hilda, and many another, of their own free choice devoted themselves and their substance to the cause of religion: these later saints were accustomed from infancy to look upon the position of abbess as a suitable provision for future needs.

S. Eadburga, Edburgh, or Ethelburga (of Pershore), V. Abs. June 26,† tenth cent.

Take, for example, this very S. Eadburga, whose fame has spread from her convent at Pershore to a whole cluster of villages in Worcestershire and Gloucestershire. S. Eadburga, as we learn from William of Malmesbury, was one of the youngest of the fourteen children of Edward the

* Barker's "Wensleydale."

† Day so given in the county histories, but not found in the standard martyrologies.

Elder. King Edward appears to have been a painstaking father: it is recorded that he was careful so to educate his sons that "afterwards they might succeed to govern the state, not like rustics, but like philosophers." Neither did he neglect his daughters. "In childhood they gave their whole attention to literature, and afterwards they employed themselves with the distaff and the needle," a change of occupation which we might imagine distasteful to maidens of so literary a turn as were many of these Saxon ladies.

With nine daughters * to provide for, perhaps King Edward may be pardoned if he diligently fostered any signs he might detect of an inclination towards the monastic life, and, in the case of the little Eadburga, he did his utmost not merely to foster such an inclination, but to create it. She was scarcely three years old when he determined "to try whether the little girl was inclined to God or to the world." His highly artificial test was planned not without tenderness. He placed on one side a chalice and a copy of the gospels, on the other bracelets and necklaces, and, setting the child on his knee, bade her choose which she pleased. Unhesitatingly the baby arms were stretched out towards the gospel and the chalice, and, in the ponderous language of William of Malmesbury, she "worshipped them with infant adoration, rejecting the earthly ornaments with stern regard." Poor little child! She little knew how momentous a choice she was making! Not her delighted father alone, but all the guests who were present, hailed her choice as a sign of the Divine call; and as the king embraced her with increased affection, he exclaimed: "Follow with prosperous steps the Bridegroom thou hast chosen, and truly happy shall my wife and myself be, if we are surpassed in holiness by our daughter."

Fortunately, the young princess acquiesced willingly enough in her appointed lot, and made herself greatly beloved by all the nuns, both at Winchester and at Pershore—for it was between these two monasteries that her life was mainly spent. Her companions were quick to perceive that she claimed no privileges for herself on account of her royal birth. Nay, rather, "she esteemed it noble to stoop to the service of Christ," † and so she took upon herself the lowliest offices, only delighting to do them in secret, that none might praise her. But for all this it was pretty well known who was the good fairy who in the night-time stealthily bore away the socks of the several nuns, and after "carefully washing them," replaced them noiselessly upon their owners' beds; and for many such trifling kindnesses the Lady Eadburga was held in grateful affection. A very homely saint this; quite unlike many of her more distinguished kinswomen—her famous aunt Elfleda, for instance, that "spirited heroine" who was able to "protect men at home and intimidate them abroad"—yet one of whom it could truly be said that "Charity began all her works, and humility completed them."

S. Eadburga was buried, as became a king's daughter, in the royal

* See p. 354.

† William of Malmesbury.

city of Winchester, and in William of Malmesbury's time her memory was still green both there and at Pershore; but Winchester has had more saints than it can keep in mind, and it is in the neighbourhood of Pershore that S. Eadburga is best remembered. We say advisedly "in the neighbourhood," for Pershore itself has been somewhat disloyal to the memory of its royal patroness. The existing church there is now known as "S. Andrew;" in the Middle Ages it was "S. Eadburga;" before the Conquest—perhaps at the time when the Princess Eadburga was its abbess—it was dedicated to the "Blessed Virgin, SS. Peter and Paul." Pershore has in truth a very long history, stretching back some twelve centuries, and it seems not unlikely that the name of "S. Eadburga" had already been linked with it from very early days, for before the times of our S. Eadburga there are shadowy traditions of relics of another saint of the same name, possessed by the church at Pershore. The name of "Eadburga," or "Ethelburga," in all its perplexing varieties of spelling, seems to have been as common in Saxon times as "Mary" in our own day—it occurs three if not four times among our dedication saints, and very freely beyond that limit, to the great confusion of archæologists—but if there is any truth at all in this tradition of the relics of an earlier S. Eadburga, it probably refers to a very shadowy eighth-century lady, the widow of King Wulfhere of Mercia, who is said to have received the veil from Bishop Egwin of Worcester, and to have been the second abbess of S. Peter's, Gloucester.* But whatever may once have been the fame of this first S. Eadburga, it has faded into dimness, and we shall certainly be safe in associating with the daughter of King Edward the Elder all churches bearing her name that can show a direct connexion with the great Abbey of Pershore.† There are five at least of these in Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, and in two of the number, *Abberton* and *Ebrington*, we almost fancy we may trace some echo of the saint's name. Abberton lies close to Pershore, and was probably one of the possessions of that great house, as we know Ebrington to have been. Broadway was the country residence of the abbots, and remains of their house—now broken up into cottages—may still be seen.‡ Yardley, too, was one of their manors, and so was Leigh, where the saint appears in all the stateliness of "Ethelburga," instead of under her usual abbreviation of "S. Edburgh." Most of these possessions are of sufficient antiquity to be recorded in the Domesday Survey.

Bicester in Oxfordshire is farther afield, yet not so far distant from Pershore as to make it improbable that the dedication of the church to "S. Eadburgh" is intended for this same saint. Its foundation can be traced to one Gilbert de Basset and his wife, who in 1182 built a little Augustinian monastery, which they dedicated to the honour of "SS. Mary and Edburg." Camden, in mentioning this, observes that the memory of

* D. C. B., "Eadburga" (4).

† Pershore was made a Benedictine abbey in the time of Edgar, 984, probably shortly after the death of S. Eadburga; but the exact date of her death does not appear to be known.

‡ Murray's "Worcestershire."

the latter saint is still preserved in Bicester, not only by a "S. Edburg's Well," but by a wake known as "Yadbury Wake," a corruption of "the Edbury-wake." *

Another Oxfordshire parish has been less faithful to old memories. The church of *Adderbury* is now dedicated only to the Blessed Virgin, but its original patron may be inferred from Domesday Book, where the parish appears as *Edburg-berick;* and even at a later period, in the records of New College, Oxford, we find it written *Ebber-bury*.†

Our saint has been unfortunate in having lost two at least of her most obvious possessions, Pershore itself, and now this *Edburg-bury*, which was so plainly hers by right. It is clear that S. Eadburga's fame reached its zenith about the time of the Conquest; that it lingered on through the twelfth century, and then gradually faded out of recollection.

S. Edith (of Polesworth), Q. Abs. July 15, cir. 964.

If Matthew of Westminster is to be trusted, S. Eadburga of Pershore is not the only member of Edward the Elder's large family who is remembered among our dedication saints. Nothing could well be more monotonously peaceful than the younger sister's career, carried out to the end just as it had been planned before she was three years old; but a touch of mystery belongs to the story of the less fortunate elder sister. Their illustrious brother Athelstan had no sooner come to the throne than he planned for this sister a marriage with Sithric, the Danish King of Northumbria—a marriage dictated, as we may assuredly suspect, rather by motives of policy than by thought of the lady's probable comfort, for Sithric was still a pagan, and he was, moreover, the most formidable rival remaining to the prosperous Athelstan —one whom it was all important either to conciliate or to conquer. Sithric came in person to Athelstan's court at Tamworth, and there Athelstan "gave him his sister" ‡—Sithric promising on his part that for love of his bride he would become a Christian. But Athelstan's sister was not destined to play the part of a second Queen Bertha, and for all this auspicious beginning the alliance turned out ill. In a short space of time Sithric tired both of his bride and of his religion, repudiated both the one and the other, and openly restored his idol worship. His sudden death by some act of violence spared Athelstan the necessity of avenging his sister's wrongs, while it gave him his desired opportunity of asserting his rights over Northumberland; and the unhappy wife—wife only in name—returned to the shelter of her own country. It is not a little curious that William of Malmesbury, who made so careful a study of the children of Edward the Elder,§ could not learn the name of this ill-fated lady, whose story was yet, in part at least, known to him; but Matthew of Westminster says plainly that her name was *Eadgitha*, and that after Sithric's apostasy "that holy damsel, who had always preserved her virginity, continued her time at Pollesbury in fastings and vigils and prayers and almsgiving, and persevered to the end of her life, being mighty in good works; and after

* "Britannia."
† Lewis.
‡ Eng. Chronicle, anno 925.
§ Cf. p. 354, and *note*.

the course of this praiseworthy life she passed from this world on the 15th day of July, and to this very day divine miracles are constantly celebrated at her tomb." *

There can be no doubt that *Pollesbury* is intended for Polesworth, and that here we have a glimpse into the pathetic history of a saint whose reputation is considerably in excess of anything that is known of her actual deeds. It is not difficult to understand, however, that the Lady Edith may have been anxious to dissociate herself as far as possible from the memory of the dark episode of her brief married life, and that in the thirty years' course of her prosperous government of the great house at Polesworth her identity with the unhappy Queen of Northumbria may have ceased to be known to the world at large. At any rate, it is clear, from a mention of her in the life of her better-known namesake and contemporary, S. Edith of Wilton (p. 417), that the Abbess of Polesworth was a very influential personage in her day—more so probably than the younger S. Edith.

It was not, however, S. Edith who first made Polesworth famous: the nunnery had been founded many generations ago, not by any princess of English race, but—so says tradition—by the Irish virgin Modwenna, who is commemorated not far from Polesworth, at Burton-on-Trent (p. 158). The late and confused history of S. Modwenna makes her a contemporary of S. Edith, which is an obvious anachronism; but, in truth, there is a bond between the two women, a unity not of time but of place, for both alike had found a home at Polesworth, and both alike were honoured there, until at length the fame of the later saint eclipsed that of the earlier.

When and how did this change come about? Shall we be hazarding too bold a surmise if we attempt to link it with the influence of one of the favourite followers of the Conqueror, Lord Robert Marmion? This Marmion, he whose titles and possessions Sir Walter Scott has bestowed upon "an entirely fictitious personage," † was the lord of Polesworth, and it is specially recorded of him that he repaired the nunnery at that place, which "Modwenna, an Irish virgin," had founded.‡ There is no mention in this connexion of the Lady Edith; but Lord Marmion was lord, not of Polesworth only, but of Tamworth; and we hear of his removing to the collegiate church which he had built at Polesworth the inmates of a small nunnery at Tamworth, founded by a certain Edith, or Editha.§ Camden adds that this Edith was the daughter of King Edgar—that is to say, S. Edith of Wilton—but probably Camden did not go very deeply into the matter; and we cannot forget that Tamworth was the maiden home of Athelstan's sister, the one place in all the world where our unhappy S. Edith might naturally seek a friendly refuge in her sorrow. We may reasonably, therefore, ascribe both Polesworth and Tamworth

* Quoted in Baring-Gould, September 16.

† Author's note to "Marmion."

‡ Camden.

§ Ibid.

to our saint, and the modern church of S. Editha at Amington in Staffordshire, having been formed out of the parish of Tamworth, must obviously have the same patron as the mother-church.

But this by no means exhausts the list of "Edith" churches; and the question arises—assuming Polesworth and Tamworth to be dedicated to the Abbess of Polesworth—to whom are the rest dedicated? We can hardly doubt that the Wiltshire churches in this name are intended for the Wiltshire saint, Edith of Wilton; and we know positively that she is the patron of the Yorkshire church of Bishop Wilton (p. 418); and we also know positively that the Herefordshire parish of *Stoke Edith* is associated with neither one or other of the sainted Ediths, but with yet a third namesake of theirs, Edith, the wife of the Confessor, the sister of Harold, on whom this place was bestowed.* The proprietorship of this lady is for ever stamped upon the parish, but the church preserves its distinct dedication to the Blessed Virgin.

For the eleven remaining dedications to S. Edith we can only—until further evidence comes to light—fall back upon conjecture; and on the whole conjecture is more favourable to the influential Abbess of Polesworth than to the youthful nun of Wilton. Church Eaton in Staffordshire is likely enough to have felt the influence of the neighbouring house at Polesworth, and the chain may very naturally have extended a little farther, first into Shropshire (Pulverbatch and Eaton-under-Heywood), and thence on to Shocklach in Cheshire. But in an easterly direction from Polesworth the cultus of S. Edith is even more strongly marked than on the western side. Orton-on-the-Hill is so near Polesworth as to be unquestionably ascribed to our saint; nor can there be much doubt as to Monks Kirby near Lutterworth. Passing farther afield into Lincolnshire, it is less easy to speak certainly, and the late Precentor Venables seemed to entertain no doubt that the seven churches in that county—five of them lying close together between Louth and Scrivelsby, the other two somewhat apart and more towards the west—were all intended for the daughter of King Edgar.† We are inclined to doubt it, and even to wonder whether the far-reaching Marmion family may not have brought their favourite saint with them into Lincolnshire, as we have seen again and again that great feudal proprietors were wont to import their favourite saints. It may be the merest coincidence, but at least it is a curious one, that the churches of S. Edith follow the lines of Lord Marmion's possessions as set forth by Scott—certainly with no thought in his mind of the claims of the Abbess of Polesworth—

> "They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
> Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye,
> Of Tamworth tower and town."‡

It is worth while to compare this enumeration with S. Edith's churches at Tamworth, at Monks Kirby near Lutterworth, and with the large

* *Cornhill*, April, 1895.
† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.
‡ "Marmion," canto i. 11.

Lincolnshire group lying to the south of Scrivelsby, and then once more to recall Lord Marmion's connexion with the mother-church at Polesworth. At least we may claim that Marmion suggests a clue worth following up—though it is only a slight one, and does not so far actually *prove* anything beyond a connexion of some sort between the S. Edith at Polesworth and the S. Edith at Tamworth.

S. Edith (of Wilton), V. Sept. 16, 984.

The illegitimate daughter of King Edgar, the youthful, light-hearted Edith of Wilton, presents a lively contrast to her two great-aunts—the gentle, retiring S. Eadburga, and the sorrow-stricken Edith of Polesworth. The shadow that overhung her birth did not dim the radiance of her untroubled childhood. Her father was proud of her, and treated her with all the honour due to a lawfully born daughter; he would also have married her mother, the Lady Wolfrida (p. 419), who, however, chose rather to spend the remainder of her life in the convent of Wilton, where she had taken refuge; and here the little Edith was "trained from her infancy in the school of the Lord." *

A blithe, sparkling creature was this fair young princess, this "beloved bird," as the great Dunstan once fondly designated her. Her powers of mind, her native vivacity, made her the pet of the distinguished men who frequented her father's court, or who visited her at Wilton. Her girlhood was by no means passed in the strict seclusion which we are accustomed to associate with convent training. In early days, at any rate, she was a familiar figure in her father's house, and we have a graphic portrait of the royal maiden from the pen of a contemporary, who thus recalls his boyish reminiscences of the saint: "I have very often seen her," writes the pseudo-Ingulphus of Croyland,† "when only a boy I visited my father at the royal court. Often as I came from school she questioned me on letters and my verses, and willingly passing from grammar to logic caught me in the subtle nets of argument. I had always three or four pieces of money counted by her maiden, and was sent to the royal larder for refreshment."

Yet, notwithstanding a degree of education that might have done credit to any damsel out of a modern high-school, the young princess had a thorough woman's delight in becoming clothes. In England a regular garb for nuns had not yet become the rule, and the Lady Edith was conspicuous for the splendour of her costly dress, "being always habited in richer garb than the sanctity of her profession seemed to require." The matter excited a good deal of remark, and her spiritual father, Bishop Ethelwold of Winchester, at whose hands she had received the veil, felt it his duty to remonstrate with her. The girl made answer seriously enough that God looked to the heart and not to the dress, and that outward poverty of dress was no proof of inward humility; and

* William of Malmesbury, who is the chief authority for this account of S. Edith.

† Quoted in Murray's "Wiltshire."

then with the engaging playfulness that was one of her characteristic charms, she turned the tables upon her instructor, saying archly: "Wherefore I think that a mind may be as pure beneath these garments as under your tattered furs." The kind old bishop took the retort in good part, and said no more. He may well have seen that her own conscience was clear, for, in spite of her girlish sallies, Edith ever showed herself obedient and self-watchful. And for all her little imperious ways the young princess was a child at heart, and when at fifteen her father would have heaped upon her honours far exceeding those bestowed upon her two aunts, and would have made her abbess, not of Winchester alone, but of the great house at Barking, she entreated to be allowed to stay quietly with her mother.

As she grew to womanhood, her sweet strong nature gained in seriousness, and her increasing devoutness became visible to all. She had conceived a special affection for S. Denys, a saint who was just at this time beginning to be a good deal venerated in England (CH. XLV.), and her energies found an outlet in building a church in his honour. When it was completed, Archbishop Dunstan came to Wilton to consecrate it. He marked with delight the joyous reverence of the young foundress, and the frequency with which she made the sign of the cross upon her forehead; but immediately afterwards, as he was celebrating Mass, his voice broke, and he burst into a flood of tears. When asked the reason of his sudden grief, he made answer, in the figurative language which looks like an outcome of his early Celtic training: "Soon shall this blooming rose wither; soon—in six weeks from this time—shall this beloved bird take its flight to God." And William of Malmesbury relates that the prophecy was very shortly fulfilled, for, "on the appointed day, this noble firmly-minded lady died in her prime at the age of twenty-three years;" but the fair vision of the maiden in her holy enthusiasm lingered in Dunstan's memory, and after her death, he dreamed that he beheld S. Denys holding her by the hand and welcoming her into heaven.

S. Edith was buried, even as she would have desired, in the church she had herself founded, but Wilton has lost the memory of this church, as of many more which it possessed in the days of its glory. Once Wilton could boast its twelve churches; now it has but the parish church of S. Mary.

There are close upon twenty churches dedicated to "S. Edith," which are generally supposed to commemorate the nun of Wilton, but we have already given our reasons (p. 416) for believing that the greater number of them belong rather to her great-aunt, the Abbess of Polesworth. We can hardly doubt, however, that the two Wiltshire dedications in this name, at Baverstock and at Limpley Stoke, are both of them intended for the saint of the locality; and there is yet a third very distant dedication, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, which is undoubtedly hers. The parish in question, Bishop Wilton, contains in its very name a good deal

of its history. The first word bears witness to its connexion with the Archbishop of York, who held the manor; the second to its connexion with the monastery of Wilton, to which the church was appropriated. Until the middle of the fifteenth century the parish feast at Bishop Wilton was wont to be held yearly upon September 15, the vigil of S. Edith of Wilton, the patroness of the church; but "now in regard the said day fell in autumn when people were busy about their harvest, John,* Archbishop of York, translated the said feast until the Sunday then next ensuing, every year solemnly to be celebrated." †

It is much to be wished that all churches of S. Edith could tell their story with equal plainness, but unhappily this is not the case, and if we have deprived the Lady of Wilton of any of her lawful possessions, we can only regret it.

S. Wolfrida, or Wilfreda, Abs. Sept. 9, cir. 987.

We can hardly be mistaken in identifying the otherwise unknown patroness of Horton in Dorsetshire, S. Wolfrida, with the unfortunate but blameless mother of S. Edith, who was so cruelly wronged by King Edgar, and who sought a lifelong refuge in the convent of Wilton. The particular form *Wolfrida* seems peculiar to Horton; but as the chroniclers give the name of S. Edith's mother variously as Wulfritha, Wilfreda, Wulfhilda, etc., we certainly need not attach much importance to this matter of spelling.

The Lady Wolfrida had not been destined for a nun,‡ but now her whole career was changed; she received the veil from Bishop Ethelwold of Winchester, who was hereafter to admit her young daughter Edith to the like profession, and ultimately she was elected abbess.

Many historians have endeavoured to identify S. Wolfrida with the injured nun for whose sake the upright Dunstan condemned Edgar to his seven years' penance (vol. i. p. 331). The point is doubtful in the extreme, but at least it is clear that Dunstan showed himself a true friend to both S. Wolfrida and her daughter; and it may have been through his influence that the king offered her marriage—an offer which, as we know, she refused.

Twenty peaceful years S. Wolfrida spent at Wilton, watching her child's steady growth in goodness, and at the close of that time she was called to the new sorrow of standing beside the death-bed of that beloved child. We know little more of her, save only that she was still living some three years later, when S. Edith's body was translated from its first resting-place, and that she contributed a certain sum towards the expenses.§ Henceforward we hear no more of her, and the sole memorial of this bereaved mother is S. Wolfrida's church at Horton, which, though actually in Dorsetshire, yet lies sufficiently near to Wilton to suggest a possible connexion between the two places.

* John Kemp.
† Lawton.
‡ William of Malmesbury.
§ Baring-Gould, September 9.

S. Margaret of Scotland.

See CH. XII. One other name there is which might fitly be included here. Margaret, the sainted Queen of Scotland, was of Saxon blood, the sister of Edgar Atheling; but her story has been given elsewhere, together with that of her namesake, the virgin of Antioch. The lifetime of Queen Margaret covers the period of change from Saxon to Norman rule, and her name closes not ingloriously the long and noble roll of sainted Englishwomen.

CHAPTER XLI.

TWO LOCAL BENEFACTORS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
421	S. Wendreda of March, V.	——	——	1
424	S. Walstan of Bawburgh, C.	May 30	1016	1 *dd.*

THE two saints who are considered in this chapter have these points in common: first, that they both of them belong to the eastern counties, and next, that both of them are of purely local fame, their very names being almost unknown beyond the limits of their own native places. Again, both the lady and the labourer for some centuries after their respective deaths enjoyed a certain degree of fame, while both have now relapsed into such obscurity that to us they are little but names. The story of S. Walstan indeed has come down to us in outline, but as regards the Lady Wendreda, we are at a loss to know even to what century to assign her.

S. Wendreda of March, V.

It is in the town of March in Cambridgeshire that we find the parish church dedicated to S. Wendreda—a name that occurs nowhere else in England. "The Virgin S. Wendred" she is styled in some fourteenth-century document, and from her name we gather that she belonged to the great band of saintly Saxon women. Her name, however, has not been traced in any of the royal genealogies, and, what is more remarkable, it is not found in any of the Church Kalendars. It may well be that she was merely the daughter of some noble family in the neighbourhood of March; a woman "full of good works and alms-deeds," the foundress possibly of the chapel which still—after many a rebuilding—keeps alive her memory.

It is possible that S. Wendreda may have been an abbess, for a little piece of ground opposite the church still retains its old name of "the Nunnery." An old coffin-lid which now lies in the churchyard was discovered on this spot. "It is evident," writes the Rector of March,* "that there was a small conventual establishment there, in all probability connected with S. Wendreda, but no trace of foundations or document can I discover."

* Private letter from the Rev. C. E. Walker, 1890.

It is probable that in her lifetime the saint was little known outside the limits of her native district, but in course of time the fame of her sanctity spread. In the tenth century, in the reign of Ethelred the Unready, her body was removed to Ely, the great mother-church of the diocese, where it was enclosed in a shrine of gold, and was duly venerated.* But the monks did not hold their newly acquired treasure long, for having carried the relics with them to the battlefield of Assingdon, or Ashdoun, in Essex, whither they came to pray for the success of Edmund Ironsides against the Danish Canute, they there fell into the hands of the enemy, and were borne off by Canute to Canterbury.†

The question arises whether this may not have been the third, rather than the second, translation of S. Wendreda's remains. Was the saint, in the first instance, buried at March, or at a still humbler Cambridgeshire village, that of Eltisley, which claims to have given burial to a certain otherwise unknown "S. Wendreth?"‡ We can only say that little Eltisley seems to be the home of lost saints, for in addition to this "S. Wendreth" she also afforded a refuge to the equally unknown "S. Pandiana" (CH. XXXI.).

Of the personal history of the saint absolutely nothing more is known. "All knowledge and tradition of S. Wendreda," writes the Rector of March, "seems to have died out after the Reformation." Her very feast-days are now forgotten;§ but there are documents still existing which show that the name of S. Wendreda was more familiar to foreign ecclesiastics of five hundred years ago than it is to her own countrymen at the present day. The first document—which, unfortunately, is preserved to us only in a translation—is a fourteenth-century "indulgence"—put forth by a dozen archbishops and bishops, gathered together at Avignon—granting all manner of privileges to so many of "Christ's faithful people" as shall "put their helping hands to the Building, Lights or Ornaments of the Chapel of the Virgin Saint Wendred at March in the diocese of Ely." It is evident that this must relate to a rebuilding, and not to the original foundation of the church, for a church that was only about to be founded would hardly be spoken of in this manner by its prospective designation, and, indeed, the document throughout takes for granted a settled order of things, with regular services and a resident clergy. Moreover, the Saxon-sounding name of "Wendred" points us back to a far earlier period than the reign of Edward III. Among the other obligations imposed on those who desire to benefit by the indulgence is a frequent attendance at the said "Chapel of March." The days enumerated are principally our red-letter days—Easter, Whit-Sunday, and so forth;‖ but on a level with these—or, rather, before them all—are placed the feast-days

* Bentham's "Ely."

† Ibid.

‡ Lysons's "Magna Britannia."

§ March still retains its two annual fairs—"pleasure fairs," as they are locally called—the one in July, the other on the second Tuesday in October, but all traces of connexion with S. Wendreda's Day appear to be lost.

‖ With the addition of Corpus Christi, Holy Rood, and All Souls.

of the local patroness. "They shall repair to the said Chapel," so runs the injunction, "upon every of the Feast Days of S. Wendred." Unfortunately the dates are not given: it is taken for granted that they are as well known as the feast-days of S. Peter or S. Michael, but at least we can infer from this sentence that S. Wendred was a saint of some importance, with more than the one feast-day which is the common portion of minor saints.

This indulgence is dated August 14, 1343. Nearly two hundred years later, March attracted the attention of a very distinguished Churchman, Cardinal Wolsey. From the frequent use of the term "Chapel of S. Wendred," it will have been gathered that March was only a chapelry and not a distinct parish. It formed part, in fact, of the parish of Doddington, and it is clear that about this time the mother-church was making the most of her rights in a manner that proved very distasteful to the inhabitants of March. For generations past they had been accustomed to hear Mass in their own chapel, and now it was pressed upon them that they ought rather to worship in the parish church, four miles distant. This was an infringement of ancient rights, not to be borne without remonstrance; and therefore, in the year of grace 1526, the people of March sent up a petition on the subject to the cardinal-archbishop in his capacity as Legate of the Holy See. Wolsey seems to have given careful consideration to the claims of his "well-beloved sons inhabiting the village hamlet called March in the diocese of Ely. He acknowledged that they had both reason and precedent on their side; that on account of distance and other dangers or risks it sometimes becomes burdensome . . . especially to the old and invalids, journeying to the parish church of Doddington." So much for convenience; and as for precedent, he calls to mind that "in the same village hamlet called March there is a chapel erected and consecrated to the honour of Almighty God under the denomination of S. Wendred the Virgin, in which the same inhabitants by ancient custom have peaceably been wont from old time to hear masses and other Divine offices, and to receive Sacraments," etc. The cardinal, having taken all these points into account, and being desirous that "the Chapel of S. Wendred be holden in due veneration, and be continually frequented by the faithful in Christ," decides, not to give it the complete independence for which March was doubtless sighing, but to restore to it the full enjoyment of its ancient privileges, saving only "the right of the said Parish Church and without the prejudice of the Rector of the same." One may doubt whether this most prudent decision gave entire satisfaction to either side, but it was perforce submitted to, and it was not until three centuries later that March at length attained her coveted independence, and became a separate parish.

The "village hamlet" is now a stirring little town of six thousand inhabitants, and the "chapel of S. Wendred the Virgin" has now three daughter-churches of its own; but, unhappily, no further light has been thrown on the history of the obscure patroness whose name it has borne for so many centuries.

S. Walstan of Bawburgh, C. May 30, 1016.

We turn now to S. Walstan, fitly called "S. Walstan of Bawburgh" (locally pronounced *Baber*), inasmuch as he was born, bred, and buried in the little Norfolk village to which alone his fame is confined. His brief legend, preserved in the collection of Friar Capgrave, contains its due proportion of wonders of the most ordinary type, but contains also one or two touches evidently drawn from nature, which give to this purely agricultural saint of the eastern counties a distinct individuality of his own.

S. Walstan was born in the closing years of the tenth century, in the days of Ethelred the Unready. His parents' names are given, and it is stated that he was of good family; but at twelve years old he renounced his patrimony, and left his father's house.

Such a renunciation was common enough with saints of all ages, but usually the next step was to enter a monastery, or to go on pilgrimage, and our Norfolk boy had no such design. He simply betook himself to the neighbouring village of Taverham, and there took service as a farm labourer, being persuaded that he could serve God as well in that vocation as in any other; and, indeed, no convent-bred child could have shown himself more constant and devout in his spiritual exercises than this little lad. Nor did he neglect the humblest of his farm duties, but was so diligent and conscientious as quite to win the hearts of his employers.

On one occasion, however, he roused the wrath of his mistress by parting with the shoes off his feet to a beggar-woman. Such charities were nothing new to the boy; he had little enough to give, but such as he had he gave freely, whether it were his food, or, as in this case, his clothing. His mistress getting to know of his deed, determined to scold him, but finding him intent on his work—loading his cart none the less cheerfully because he was trotting about barefoot among the thorns and brushwood—her rebuke was changed into admiration.

And as he grew up the farmer and his wife loved him more and more, and would have made him their heir, but Walstan would accept of no gift at their hands, save a couple of calves, which he reared with the utmost care, and kept, "not for covetousness," says the story, but because it had been secretly revealed to him that these creatures should bear him to the place of his burial.

But Walstan was young and active, and no man save himself thought of his death, but he dwelt much upon it, and one day, "as he was mowing with his fellow-labourers in the meadow, an angel appeared and warned him of his death; notwithstanding which he kept on mowing till near the time, and then calling his master and fellows together he told them his will, commending his soul to God, S. Mary and all the saints. He ordered them to place his body on a waggon, and yoke his two oxen to draw him, strictly commanding that nobody should direct them where to go, but that they should go wherever God pleased."* The request showed how his mind must have been imbued with stories of the saints, for such a

* Blomefield's "Norfolk," retold from Capgrave.

mode of being carried to burial is often described in them, and probably influenced Walstan almost unconsciously. Then, falling upon the ground, he fervently besought God to bestow upon his resting-place such efficacy that all husbandmen who visited it in the humble spirit of faith to seek help from God—either for themselves or for their cattle—might receive their petitions. And, says the legend, "there was a voice heard from heaven which said: 'O holy Walstan, that which you have asked is granted; come from your labour to rest,'" and instantly he fell asleep, "in the very meadow where he was at work." His fellow-labourers, obedient to his dying wish, laid his body upon the cart, and, yoking the oxen thereto, followed where they led. And the oxen went through wood and water and up an exceeding high hill till they came nigh to Bawburgh, their master's birthplace, and there they made a little halt, and immediately there issued forth a spring, and afterwards "going a little further they made a full stop, and there they buried the holy man's body, and built a church over it and dedicated it to his honour."

As the saint of husbandmen, S. Walstan of Bawburgh soon obtained a widespread popularity, and pilgrims not only from other parts of England, but from beyond seas, flocked to his shrine to seek relief for themselves and for their beasts, for the farm labourer of Bawburgh was ever regarded as the special patron, not of his fellow-labourers alone, but of all dumb animals. "S. Walstan of Bawburgh," says a sixteenth-century writer,* "was neither monk nor priest. . . . He became the god of their fields in Norfolk, and guide of their harvests; all mowers and scythe followers seeking him once in the year."

Up to the time of Henry VIII. the church of Bawburgh flourished exceedingly, but when pilgrimages ceased it underwent a complete change of fortune, and remained for some time in a half-ruined condition. The chapel where the saint lay buried was destroyed in the sixteenth century, but the foundations of it are visible to this day. Reforming zeal happily stopped short of sweeping away the old name, and the existing church is still dedicated to S. Walstan, in conjunction with the Blessed Virgin. When her name was added is not perfectly clear, but it was certainly in or before the beginning of the thirteenth century. The spring, said to have gushed forth at the time of the saint's burial, may yet be seen in a field near the present church, and bears to this day its old name of "S. Walstan's Well."

* John Bale.

CHAPTER XLII.

THREE MISSIONARIES TO GERMANY.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
427	S. Wulfram, B.	March 20 ...	cir. 720 ...	2	
429	S. Boniface, or Winfred, B. M.	June 5	755 ...	6	
438	*S. Lioba, V. Abs.*	September 28 ...	759 ...	1	*alternative ded.*

It may safely be said that with the exception of our own century there has been no time in the history of England when the missionary spirit was so fully awake as in the eighth century. Christianity had then become firmly rooted in the land: religious houses, with all their attendant educational advantages, were springing up on every side, and the gradual spread and organization of the parochial system was driving out the need for an itinerant clergy. Broadly speaking, religion in England had passed out of the direct missionary phase; the work now to be done was the not less difficult one of consolidation and organization.

And so it came to pass that those bold spirits whose genius lay rather in the direction of winning new land for Christ than of building upon other men's foundations, turned their eyes to the unbroken tracts of heathendom that lay between the Alps and the Northern Sea.

It is interesting to observe, in reading the history of the conversion of Northern Europe, how large a part our countrymen play in it. And England gave of her best—it was not only a single monk here and there going forth from his monastery, but it was men of noble birth sacrificing home and lands that they might enlarge the Heavenly Kingdom upon earth. And still the old Saxon tie of kinship was as strong as ever; brother must go with brother—even the little sister must not be left behind; one missionary sends home an appeal for help, it is met by a body of his young kinsmen coming out to rally round him. The convents do not withhold their aid; the Christian colony would else be incomplete, and bands of young English nuns go forth bravely to found a settlement in the unknown lands over the sea. The Church of Rome holds many of these English missionaries in grateful remembrance: there is one whole family,*

* See the history of Richard, King of the West Saxons, and his sons and daughters in Newman's "English Saints." The daughter, "S. Walburga," is commemo-

each member of which—father, sons, and daughter—she has honoured with the title of "saint." In many a continental town and village their names still live, but the English Church is fast letting them fall into forgetfulness.

Unfortunately, our church dedications do little to help us in this matter, for with the one notable exception of S. Boniface, they do not include any of the most famous English missionaries to Europe. Still, we have S. Boniface; and not only is he by far the greatest of the band, but he is an excellent representative of the entire class. Side by side with our Devonshire S. Boniface may not unfitly stand his French contemporary, S. Wulfram, for the two men were impelled by the same missionary spirit, and their respective spheres of work lay so near together that the same difficulties were common to them both; it is almost certain, moreover, that they must for one short interval have come into personal contact. Together with these two we may place S. Lioba, the little nun of Wimborne, S. Boniface's faithful fellow-worker.

S. Wulfram, B.* March 20, cir. 720.

S. Wulfram was a man of wealth and position, owning lands not far from Paris; but he made over all his property to the then recently founded, but afterwards so famous, monastery of Fontenelle † in Normandy. A few years later the archbishopric of Sens became vacant, and Wulfram was elected to fill it. But, like many another spirit of his age, he was moved to leave for awhile the comparative ease of home work and to volunteer for foreign service. He resigned his bishopric, and spent an interval of quiet preparation at Fontenelle. Here he enlisted as helpers a certain number of monks, and in due time the little party set sail down the Seine and launched forth into the open sea. Their destination was the northern coast of Holland—that district which then, as now, bore the name of Friesland.

Wulfram's missionary experiences give us glimpses of the horrible savagery and dark superstition that reigned supreme in this heathen land. One is reminded of the old story of the Minotaur, in reading of the custom that prevailed here of choosing by lot youthful victims to be offered in sacrifice to the gods. The mode of death was either by hanging or drowning. One day Wulfram met a lad on whom the lot had fallen, being led out to the gibbet. He interceded for him, and the king was half inclined to grant his request, but the people clung to their old custom, saying in scorn: "If your Christ can save him from death, he shall be yours for the rest of his days." ‡ During the two hours that the boy was hanging on the gibbet Wulfram knelt in prayer. At the end of that time the rope broke, the boy fell to the ground, and was found to be still living. He was thereupon made over to his new protector, who in due time baptized him by the name of Ouen. Eventually he accompanied

rated by a modern Roman Catholic church at Shipley in Yorkshire.

* The history of S. Wulfram is here given in its commonly accepted form, but it is right to say that the supposed contemporary life on which all the rest are based is "plainly interpolated," and presents "many difficulties."—D. C. B.

† See "S. Wandregisilus," CH. XXVIII.

‡ Fleury.

Wulfram into France, and entered the monastery of Fontenelle, where he became noted as a copyist and amanuensis.

Another time Wulfram found both king and people standing by the seashore, calmly watching the fate of two little boys of seven and five years old, who were set up within reach of the advancing tide as an offering to the sea-goddess. As the water rose, the elder child lifted the little one in his arms and tried to save him. Wulfram was standing praying, and one version of the story is that the tide receded at his prayer; another and simpler version says that he made his way through the water and rescued the helpless victims. He baptized them, and gave them back to their widowed mother. No one hindered him, for there was a belief that the stranger had walked on the water, and this rescue of the children led to many conversions.

The old king of the land—Radbod by name—was predisposed to look favourably upon the new religion for the sake of Wilbrord, a Northumbrian missionary in those parts, whose words had formerly had great weight with him. Doubtless Wulfram was in great part reaping what the Englishman had sown. One of the king's sons had already received baptism, and now old Radbod himself came to Wulfram as a catechumen. The instruction was duly gone through, and the baptismal day arrived. What followed is well known. As the king was stepping into the water, a thought crossed his mind, and he asked: "Where are my ancestors? Are they in the Heaven which thou promisest me, or in the Hell wherewith thou threatenest me?" "Be not deceived," was the bishop's stern answer, "those who died unbaptized are assuredly damned, but whoever shall believe and be baptized shall enter into eternal joy." But on these terms the old chief would not accept salvation. "I cannot," he said, "give up the companionship of my ancestors to dwell in this heavenly kingdom. I cannot believe these new ways, and I had rather follow the customs of my nation." All Wulfram's arguments were powerless to move him; and yet the old man had a secret yearning for the gentler religion of Christ, and in his distress he bethought himself of his first friend, the English Wilbrord, and sent to seek his advice. Loyalty to his brother bishop unhappily induced Wilbrord to send a very severe message as to the awful results of despising Wulfram's teaching, but he set out at once to visit him, intending, let us hope, to temper his message with some words of tenderness and larger charity. It was too late: on his journey he was met by the news that Radbod had died, still holding to the faith of his ancestors.

According to one account,* S. Wulfram only remained five years in Friesland. Perhaps he was troubled with questionings as to the wisdom of his treatment of the old king's misgivings; perhaps he did not feel mission work to be his vocation. According to another account, he worked on for twenty years, and only went home when his health broke down. In any case, he returned eventually to France, and ended his days peacefully and holily in his favourite abbey of Fontenelle.

* So Fleury; Baring-Gould says twenty years.

We have properly two dedications to S. Wulfram in England, both of them in the county of Lincolnshire — Dorrington and Grantham — and it is highly probable that there was some connexion between the two, now no longer traceable. In most lists, however, Dorrington figures as "S. James," and it is only by the help of pre-Reformation Wills that we discover the true name to be "S. Wulfram." Grantham, on the other hand, has never had any doubt as to its dedication-name, and is entered in Domesday Book (1086) as "the Church of S. Wifram." The question arises, what was it that brought S. Wulfram into Lincolnshire; and the answer is most probably to be found at *Salisbury*.

From the time of the Norman Conquest onwards there was a very close bond of ecclesiastical union between Grantham and Salisbury, whereof one solitary link yet remains in the designation of two of the prebendal stalls in Salisbury Cathedral — "Grantham Boreal" and "Grantham Austral." The connexion between these two far-distant places—Grantham and Salisbury—can, at any rate, be traced back to the days of William the Conqueror, when the church and church lands of S. Wulfram at Grantham were held by Osmund, the celebrated Bishop of Salisbury (CH. XXIII.), by whom they were afterwards given (in 1091) to the Cathedral Church of Salisbury. If we assume that it was this bishop who conferred upon his church at Grantham its name of S. Wulfram, we must next inquire whether there is any known reason why S. Wulfram of Fontenelle should have been held in special honour at Salisbury. Undoubtedly very friendly relations existed between the French abbey of Fontenelle and the cathedral at Salisbury, of which we see a striking proof in the close of the twelfth century, when the abbot and convent of S. Wandregisilus at Fontenelle made over all their rights in certain English churches, which had been appropriated to Fontenelle at the time of the Norman Conquest, to the Cathedral Chapter of Salisbury.* So splendid a gift must surely have been the outcome of a long-standing friendship between the two bodies. It is difficult for us nowadays to realize how close was the intercourse between the great religious centres of France and England. Bishop Osmund, himself a Norman, must have been well versed in the glories of the famous house of Fontenelle—that house which had furnished ships and men for William of Normandy at the time of his invasion of England—and so it would come about, naturally enough, that when he had to choose a name for his new church in Lincolnshire, he should bestow upon it the name of S. Wulfram, Fontenelle's brightest ornament.†

S. Boniface, or Winfred,‡ B.M. June 5, 755.

About the time when the French bishop Wulfram was ending his missionary labours in Friesland, and returning to die in his own land, those labours were taken up and extended by an ardent young Englishman, Winfred of Crediton—better

* From an ancient charter of Fontenelle published by the Camden Society.

† The account of the connexion between Grantham, Salisbury, and Fontenelle has been largely drawn from some notes on the subject kindly supplied by the Vicar of Grantham, the Rev. William Glaister.

‡ The following histories of S. Boniface and his companion, S. Lioba, are

known as S. Boniface. Devonshire is deservedly proud of her list of worthies, and among those worthies the great missionary Archbishop of Maintz may fitly hold a high place.

Winfred was born about the year 680. He was the child—the eldest child, it would seem—of wealthy and noble parents, and was the intended heir of all his father's wealth. But from his babyhood the little fellow declared that when he grew up he meant to be a monk, a declaration which was opposed by his father, and welcomed by his father's clerical friends. At seven years old the boy was still in the same mind as he had been at four. Just at this time he was taken with a dangerous illness, which resulted in his being allowed to have his own way; for when he recovered his father was in no mood to deny him anything; and as a first step towards his desire, the small scholar was sent to the monastery school at Exeter. When more advanced teaching was required, he was removed to a Hampshire monastery at *Nutescelle*, or *Nutsall* (we shall hear again of this place under its modern name of "Nursling"), and here he remained for many years, perfecting himself in all those branches of learning which came within his range, and in due time becoming himself a teacher.

Quietly the years passed on, and Winfred was already thirty when he was admitted to Priest's Orders. It seemed as though his whole life were to be passed in this scholarly tranquillity, with no interruptions beyond the sermons that he was occasionally called upon to preach; but—"the stone that is fit for the wall is not left on the roadside,"—the talents of the young monk did not escape the notice of his superiors, and he was more than once delegated to report to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the condition of ecclesiastical matters in Wessex. With action came the yearning for further action, and Winfred became bent on giving himself to foreign missionary work. His abbot disliked the plan, but did not forbid it; and in the year 716 Winfred and three of his fellow-monks sailed from London to the northern coasts of Holland, to that very district of Friesland which had been the scene of Wulfram's greatest successes and greatest failures. The time and place were most inauspicious. King Radbod had been for ever alienated by Wulfram's harshness, and was now plunged into war with Charles Martel. Radbod did not indeed refuse to see the new-comer, but he made it very plain that nothing was to be hoped from him; and feeling that there was no open door for him at this time, Winfred decided that it was his duty to return home. There was everything to tempt him to remain there permanently, and to renounce his missionary projects. The first journey had turned out a complete failure, and now, if he were content to remain peaceably in England, he had the offer of succeeding to the vacant post of abbot of his

compiled from various sources. The authorities for Boniface's life are a biography of him by a contemporary who was his constant companion, together with his own letters, of which more than a hundred are still extant. S. Lioba's life was written about sixty years after her death by a monk of Fulda, from the testimony of four of her disciples.

own monastery. But he was not to be persuaded, and before very long he left England for the last time, and journeyed to Rome, where he determined to consult the Pope as to his future plans. Gregory II. received him kindly, inquired whether he were duly provided with letters from his diocesan—the Bishop of Winchester—and being satisfied on this point, furnished him with full written authority to preach and baptize among the heathen tribes of Central Germany.

Thus equipped, our missionary made his way across the Alps, and began work in somewhat spasmodic fashion, first in Bavaria, and then in Saxony. In those provinces the gospel had indeed once been preached; but the standard was low, among clergy and people alike, and the majority of the inhabitants had relapsed into practical heathenism. Thus Winfred found himself face to face with missionary work of perhaps the most difficult and disheartening kind—the slow building up of that which has been allowed to fall into decay, the patient reiteration of great truths that have lost all their novelty, and are neither gainsaid nor accepted, the restoration of disused habits of discipline—labour, in short, that has neither the glory of pioneer work, nor yet the ease of parochial work. The difficulties were great, and it is clear that Winfred was not strikingly successful. He had not been long settled in Saxony before news reached him that Radbod was dead, and Friesland consequently reopened to Christian effort. Friesland had been his first love, and to it he now turned once more. S. Wulfram appears to have been just quitting the country, but there remained still the distinguished English missionary bishop, Wilbrord by name, who had been labouring with much success in those same regions for nearly thirty years. Conscious, it may be, that there was something lacking in his own methods, Winfred offered himself to his aged countryman as a volunteer assistant, that he might learn the secret of his success. It is a mark of Winfred's true greatness that he never counted as lost the time spent in preparation for future usefulness; and now he was content to pass three whole years in this subordinate condition. At the end of that time Wilbrord would fain have raised him to the episcopate, but the younger man was bent on breaking new ground; and so returned to his former post in Central Germany, and began to preach there with far greater success than heretofore. Before settling down, however, to what was to be his life's work, Winfred paid a second visit to Rome, in order that he might consult with the Pope as to the special difficulties that lay in his path. There, on S. Andrew's Day, 723, he was consecrated bishop: no diocese was assigned to him, but he was given a general permission to evangelize the heathen, and was, in short, constituted what we should now call a "missionary bishop."

It is generally supposed that it was at the time of his consecration that Winfred assumed the name of "Boniface," by which he is everywhere known; but some writers are of opinion that he had already adopted it before he left his Hampshire monastery. Such changes of name were by no means uncommon in those days, and it is very likely that Winfred may

have found his Saxon appellation—"Ouinfrid," as the French write it—a stumbling-block to his foreign converts. The change of name fitly emphasizes a very marked stage in the great missionary's career. "So far in Winfried's career," writes Canon Gregory Smith,* "it has been only the skirmishing before the battle, or the athlete's training for the race. From this date his work becomes more systematic, and the link closer which binds him to Rome."

On his return to Germany, Boniface, as we must now call him, took for his special field of labour that part of the country which corresponds, roughly speaking, to the modern Duchy of Hesse. His first care was to minister to those who were already Christian, and to strengthen them in the faith. By some of the most ardent of these native Christians the bishop was advised that he could strike no surer blow at heathenism than by boldly cutting down a great oak tree, sacred to the god Thor, which was regarded with the utmost reverence. If the mighty Thor did not protect his own, or at least avenge himself on the doer of so great a wrong, the popular belief in his power would be greatly shaken. Boniface accepted the challenge, and made known as widely as possible what he meant to do. On the appointed day, he, together with all the clergy in the district, went forth to the forest, and there, in the presence of a silent, awestruck gathering, both of friends and foes, the bishop himself lifted his axe and struck the first blow. Other helping hands were now stretched forth—the work went on apace. And now a rushing sound was heard overhead, a fierce wind had got up, and was hastening the destruction of the time-honoured tree; and as the bystanders watched, the rushing sound was changed into a crash, and the oak lay stretched upon the ground, shattered into four by the weight of its fall. The story does not end here. Boniface caused the trunk to be sawn up into planks, and with the wood of Thor's oak he afterwards built a Christian church, which he dedicated to the Apostle Peter.

Perhaps no sermon could at that time have produced so powerful an effect on the rude Hessians as this one memorable act of the new missionary, nothing could have appealed so strongly to their imaginations; but Boniface neglected no opportunity of convincing their reason also, and his sermons are models of directness and simplicity, both on their negative and their positive side—dealing in plain terms with the sins and superstitions to which his converts were peculiarly liable, and setting forth no less plainly the new truths, the new rules by which they were now called on to live and walk.

The building a church out of the wood of the fallen oak was an act highly characteristic of Boniface, who was ever as earnest in building up the good as in destroying the bad. The most enduring part of his work was to be found in the schools and monasteries he planted—homes of industry and learning, whose benefits were to be felt by many a succeeding generation. The best known of these monasteries in after days was that

* D. C. B.

of Fulda, but Fulda was only one among several. Year by year the work grew under his hands, and we gain some idea of the progress of Church organization in the province from an incidental statement in a letter of Boniface to the Pope, written some thirty years after his consecration, in which he apologizes for his long silence, on the ground that he had been occupied in repairing more than thirty churches which the heathen had burnt down.

Boniface had the peculiar gift of attracting good helpers, and of knowing how best to make use of them when he had attracted them. Did he need superiors and teachers for his various institutions? He had only to make known his wants to his friends at home, and willing workers, both men and women, would leave their peaceful English monasteries to come and work under his direction. Did he need books? All were cheerfully copied out for him, whether they were the replies of the great Gregory to Augustine of Canterbury to guide him in points of ecclesiastical discipline; or commentaries on the Pauline Epistles to help him in his sermons; or the rich manuscript of the Epistles of S. Peter, done at his special request in letters of gold, "that the Holy Scriptures may be reverenced and honoured before the eyes of the pagans;" or that volume for his own special use containing six of the prophets written *without contractions*, "because of my old eyes" —that volume which we may feel certain was such a labour of love to the devoted nuns who copied it.

Boniface never for a moment forgot that he was an Englishman; throughout life he kept up a steady correspondence with friends at home, amongst others with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. To them he submitted various difficulties of his own, while he entered with the liveliest interest into all their affairs; with them he discussed the best methods of protecting the many helpless young Englishwomen who flocked to the continent as pilgrims; he gave in full his own views on questions of current interest, and added information as to the attitude of Rome towards such matters; in fact, he poured himself out with all the freedom of a man to whom letter-writing is a refreshing outlet. The buoyant enthusiasm of these letters, the tone of utter indifference to fatigue, opposition, misrepresentation, the bold determination to risk martyrdom rather than to fall under the reproach of being "a dumb dog," "a sleeping sentry," the fixed purpose to show himself to all under his care, alike to high and low, rich and poor, a faithful pastor, preaching the word in season and out of season—all this noble zeal must often have stirred up the hearts of his readers to fresh efforts. But the gain of the correspondence was not on one side only. Boniface's enthusiasm needed to be tempered with discretion, and the wise counsels of the English bishops more than once restrained him from acts that would have led to the most miserable dissensions. Boniface was always great and large-hearted towards the heathen; but he could not bring himself to be large-hearted towards the so-called "schismatical" Frankish clergy—"the false Christians," as he harshly termed them. In his early days he raised

a fierce storm of indignation against himself by seeking to re-baptize converts who had received baptism at the hands of these clergy, whose worst offence in the eyes of the rigid Boniface was that they were married. A worse difficulty arose at another time, when Boniface insisted on the same course, because the officiating priest in his ignorance of Latin had made a mistake in the termination of two of the words of the Baptismal formula. In the judgment of the English scholar such a blunder amounted to a crime; but in this case the Pope intervened, pronouncing that the mistake was not to be regarded as introducing error or schism into the Church. Meantime Bishop Daniel of Winchester urged Boniface to turn his mind to the wide field of usefulness that lay before him among the heathen, and to be very forbearing towards the Frankish clergy. Moreover, he gave him substantial help by drawing up a very simple catechism for the use of his ignorant converts. This catechism may have been made use of just as Bishop Daniel wrote it, for the speech of the "Saxons" on both sides of the sea was so closely akin that Boniface was spared the labour of learning a new language, and had but to accustom his ear to a somewhat different dialect. The form of abjuration and confession which he required of his catechumens at the font is still preserved, and is sufficiently like modern English to be read without much difficulty. The formula is interesting, especially the significant reply to the question: "Forsakest thou all works of the devil?" "I forsake all works and words of the devil, the worship of groves, Woden and Saxnote, and all the evil spirits who are their companions."

At the end of nine years, Boniface was raised to the dignity of archbishop, and was endued with metropolitan authority over all the Frankish bishops and clergy. He continued to be in this manner titular archbishop until after his last visit to Rome, when he was appointed to the see of Maintz. On his return from this visit he created several new bishoprics in various portions of his immense arch-diocese.

The title that is usually conferred on Boniface of "the Apostle of Germany," splendid though it is, is yet hardly adequate; for a glance at the map of Europe will show how extensive were his labours, stretching as they did from the Rhine to the Danube, embracing Northern Holland and Eastern France, as well as the modern Austria and Germany.

The death of Charles Martel in 741 brought Boniface more conspicuously to the front, as the friend and adviser of the two next kings, Carloman and Pepin. He obtained a commanding influence over both, and it is not too much to say that when Charles Martel was gone, the most prominent figure in Europe was the zealous missionary archbishop. Above all things, Boniface was at heart a missionary: no court success, no cares of the Church at home, could for long divert him from his first love—direct evangelistic work among the heathen.

It was more than forty years now since he had left England, and he had more than passed the Psalmist's limit of threescore years and ten: it was time for him, he thought, to be seeking a helper, a possible successor

in his great work. It was characteristic of our English Boniface that his choice fell upon a countryman of his own, one Lullus, who like himself had been brought up from early childhood in a Wessex monastery—"little Lullus," as he was there fondly called—and who had come out to Germany to work under Boniface. The loyal co-operation of the younger man set the aged archbishop free from many of his cares; and joyfully he hailed such freedom, because it gave him the right, not to cease from work, but to give himself anew to the work he loved the best. His heart still yearned over those rough Frieslanders among whom he had in vain sought an entrance nearly half a century before. Something, indeed, had been done for them by his great teacher, Wilbrord, but in that far-away corner of the earth there were still whole tribes who remained untouched by any missionary efforts, and to them Boniface would fain, before he died, deliver his Master's message. Before departing on this last journey, he set his house in order, and gave full directions concerning all that was to be done in the event of his returning no more. At seventy-five he felt that death could not be far off, and he was preparing himself now for death with the same earnest care with which in earlier days he had prepared himself for his life's work. He carried with him on his journey a shroud that had been wrought for him by loving hands, and in his little travelling library he found a place for S. Ambrose's treatise on "The Advantage of Death." Long and minute were the instructions he gave to Lullus regarding the care of all the churches, and most tenderly did he commit to him his devoted band of English workers. The ardour of the veteran reacted on his followers: besides his own clergy, some forty laymen joined the expedition, so that when the time for embarkation came the little army numbered in all about fifty persons.

They first followed the course of the Rhine, then crossed the Zuyder Zee, and made their way into the very heart of Friesland. Everywhere they met with good success, and the work of preaching, baptizing, founding churches, went on apace. Orderly and carefully Boniface led his new converts on through the various stages of Christian teaching, and the time was now at hand when a large company of those who had been baptized were to come to the bishop for confirmation. The day appointed was the eve of Whit-Sunday, A.D. 755, and early on that June morning all was in readiness in the little missionary encampment for the coming of the catechumens. But suddenly the stillness was broken by sounds, not of peace, but of war, and speedily the tents were surrounded by an angry host of heathen warriors all in battle array, and all plainly bent on plunder. Some of the younger members of the missionary party carried arms, and they would fain have made what resistance they could, but their master forbade it. "Children," said he, as he stood forth in their midst, "let us not return evil for evil. The day that I have been long expecting is now come. Fear not them who kill the body, but put all your trust in God Who will speedily give you entrance into His Kingdom." A few were able to save themselves by flight, but the main body gathered round their leader,

and calmly awaited the end. The savages rushed on them sword in hand, and when Boniface saw that his time was come, he laid down his head upon a copy of the gospels, and thus received the fatal blow.

The sole object of the attackers was plunder, and they pressed on into the tents, hoping to find all manner of treasure; grievous, therefore, was their disappointment at finding the coffers filled with nothing more valuable than books. These they contemptuously tossed aside into the reedy marshes, from whence not a few of them were afterwards recovered—blurred and bloodstained—to become in the eyes of future generations most precious relics. The recovery, not only of the books, but of the remains of the martyrs themselves, was the work of the native Christians. The bodies received temporary burial in one of the newly built churches of Friesland; but the body of Boniface himself was afterwards removed, according to his known wish, to his beloved monastery of Fulda. The grief that was felt in Germany at the news of his death was echoed in England. Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, on hearing of it, wrote at length to Lullus of Maintz, speaking of the glory that had been brought to the Church through this martyrdom, and adding that it had been determined by a synod of the English Church that June 5, the day of his death, should henceforth be yearly observed in honour of Boniface.

It is somewhat surprising, considering the promptitude with which his feast was instituted, and the extreme veneration with which he was regarded by contemporary Englishmen, that S. Boniface should be so inadequately honoured amongst us. There are at most four churches (one of them modern) that commemorate him under his later name of "Boniface," and perhaps two more which retain the earlier form of "Winfred."

The connexion of the Cheshire parish of Bunbury with the Apostle of Germany is not apparent, but it dates back at least as far as the Conquest, and probably earlier; for at the time of the Domesday Survey there was already a church existing at Bunbury, or *Boneberrie*, though its dedication to S. Boniface is not there specified. Is it possible that the very name of "Bonbury" was derived from our saint? This is, at any rate, the case with the well-known island parish of *Bonchurch*, which is nothing but a contraction of "the church of Boniface"—a name that is now doubly carried on, as well by the picturesque old church (at present used only for burials) as by its stately modern successor. We do not know with certainty how the connexion came about, but it is undoubtedly of very old standing. Bonchurch was originally a chapelry in the ancient mother-parish of Brading, and if we might believe the tradition that before the close of the seventh century Brading was appropriated by Ina, King of Wessex, to the see of Winchester, we could easily account for the dedication at Bonchurch; for what more natural than that the Bishops of Winchester should commemorate the newly made saint who had been a personal friend of two at least of them, and whose name in these early days must still have been a household word in the diocese

with which he had so many links? Unfortunately, the only authority for this statement is a deed of gift of King Ina's that is now generally held to be spurious. It cannot, indeed, be proved that Brading was *never* in the possession of the see of Winchester, but it must be admitted that by the reign of Edward the Confessor it had become private property. The date of the dedication of Bonchurch remains, therefore, uncertain, though from the way in which the name of the saint is imbedded in that of the parish, we may safely assume it to be very early.

But by far the most interesting of all the dedications is that in the little village of Nutshalling, or Nursling, the very spot (p. 430) associated with his boyhood and early youth, the place where all his early training was gained, and where first his opening powers began to make themselves felt. Most right and fitting is it that he should here be remembered, and we should like to know to whom we owe this happy linking of the name of the great missionary with his English home. Once, at the outset of his career, Boniface had had the opportunity of connecting his name with Nutshalling by becoming the abbot of the monastery: he chose a different and more laborious life, but grateful Nutshalling has none the less taken him for her patron, and thus for eleven hundred years the name of Boniface has been indissolubly bound up with this little Hampshire village.

We have not yet, however, quite exhausted the dedications belonging to our great West-country missionary. Branscombe, near the Dorsetshire border, is commonly ascribed to "S. Winifred," but the late Mr. Kerslake* gives it in the form of *Winfred*, and unhesitatingly assigns it to the Devonshire Boniface, whose native name was, as we have already seen (p. 431), "Winfred." If this is true of Branscombe, it would apply even more forcibly to Manaton, another Devonshire parish with a like dedication. Manaton lies not far from Crediton, the saint's birthplace, the very spot of all others where he might rightly be remembered under his own native name, instead of under his Latin designation. The theory has everything to recommend it, and we have shown elsewhere that the claims of Winifred, the Celtic virgin (vol. i. p. 128), do not stand very firm when brought into competition with such Saxon saints as Wilfrid in the North of England, and Winfred of Crediton in the South.

The flourishing missionary college of S. Boniface at Warminster is a sign that our saint is beginning to be recognized in his missionary capacity; but there is another aspect under which S. Boniface is less considered than he deserves to be, namely, as an international saint. Within the last seventy years churches for English-speaking congregations on the continent have been multiplied with increasing rapidity, and in each case the question of a suitable patron saint has had to be taken into account. At one time S. George was much in favour, as the Champion of England (CH. XLV.); but, apart from the objection that there is something slightly aggressive in putting forward a saint whose name has

* *Dorset Antiq. Club*, vol. 3.

served so often as a battle-cry, there are other difficulties in the way of S. George; for we have first to make it clear to ourselves and to others who it is that we mean by S. George, whether the mythical and allegorical hero of the dragon, or the obscure martyr of Cappadocia. And so S. George fell into disfavour, and was succeeded by S. Alban, England's proto-martyr, who had the advantage of being already known and venerated, at least in Northern Europe (cf. p. 299). This was better; and yet it came to be felt that S. Alban was somewhat shadowy, and, moreover, that he belonged to England only by virtue of the circumstances of his death; in all else he was a Roman. In short, the difficulty of finding a suitable patron proved so great that many English churches on the continent took refuge in the safe and comprehensive dedication of "All Saints." In some respects it is no doubt impossible to improve upon this choice; but, on the other hand, there may be a peculiar significance and interest in a directly personal dedication; and for this purpose S. Boniface has a special fitness, since there is hardly a country in Central Europe which was not the scene of his labours. With Holland, Germany, France, Italy, and Austro-Hungary, he is more or less distinctly connected; and yet, while his whole sphere of work lay on the continent, he was from first to last a true Englishman, never for a moment forgetting his love for his native land. Neither the dividing seas nor half a century of absence could sever the ties that bound him to England, and it makes him all the more a typical saint for our age that this close union was maintained chiefly by means, not of personal intercourse, but of a copious correspondence, steadily maintained through a long series of years.

S. Lioba, V. Abs. Sept. 28, 759.

An element of softness and romance in the arduous life of S. Boniface is supplied by his relations with his tenderly loved young kinswoman, the Abbess Lioba; and no history of the great archbishop can be complete that does not make mention of this maiden missionary, the most loyal of all his many helpers. What we know of S. Lioba's early history is contained in a letter of her own addressed to Boniface, and written from the convent of Wimborne, where she was being educated. From this letter it appears that her father had been some years dead, that her mother was a chronic invalid, and that the poor little nun felt herself somewhat alone in the world. And so she writes to her unknown kinsman, whose name is so honoured among his fellow-countrymen, and by the friendship that he bore to her dead father she appeals to his compassion, and pours out all her troubles, and plainly tells him how "there is no one in the family in whom I have so much hope as in you." And then she goes on: "I send you a little present; not that it is worthy of you, but that it may cause you to remember me." This "little present" was a copy of Latin verses addressed to Boniface himself, produced according to the instructions of one of the nuns, who was held to be a mistress of the art; and doubtless the young writer felt that she could make no more suitable offering to her scholarly cousin. So far she had written with tolerable boldness, but towards the close of the

letter it is clear that her own boldness half frightens her, and she entreats her distinguished correspondent not to think her presumptuous, and to overlook all the mistakes in her writing—and yet, girl-like, she cannot resist adding: "Do not refuse to send me some words as tokens of your kindness, I pant eagerly for them." We may be quite sure that S. Boniface did not fail his impatient little cousin, but his answer has not come down to us. Certainly he never forgot her, and when, some years later, he was organizing a monastery for women on the same lines as those which he had previously founded for men, he determined to trust the superintendence of it to his kinswoman, Lioba. *Lioba*, by the way, was merely a pet name given her in childhood, and meaning the "beloved," or the "darling" (compare the German *liebe*); her baptismal name seems to have been *Truthgeba*, but the other suited her so well that it clung to her all her days, even when she had come to be an aged and most revered mother-superior.

We can fancy the excitement at Wimborne when a letter came from Boniface to the abbess, requesting that Lioba might come out and work under him. The good abbess demurred somewhat, for Sister Lioba had grown to be a very useful personage in the home circle, and could not lightly be spared, but neither could the great Archbishop of Maintz be refused; and so the little nun had her heart's desire, and went forth to give visible help to him whom for years past she had been helping by her prayers.

For more than thirty years Lioba laboured on in the wider field to which she had thus been called. She had in no small measure the governing and organizing capacities that marked her cousin Boniface; and in the management of her convent, and in her conciliatory attitude towards the suspicious heathen without, she showed much large-hearted wisdom. In her self-discipline she might be rigid, but she was tenderly careful of the young nuns under her charge, and would not allow them to indulge in any irregular austerities, such as unseasonable vigils. "Take away sleep and you take away sense," she would say. Notwithstanding her theoretical wisdom on this point, she indulged in a quaint habit—which we trust edified the novices more than it can have edified the mother-superior herself—of having a succession of nuns to read to her all the time she slept; and the story went that if the novice on duty made a blunder, the mother would instinctively open her eyes and correct her, and then sink to sleep once more.

"She had a pleasant speech, a bright understanding and sound sense," says her biographer; and to this he adds: "In faith she was most catholic, in hope most patient, in charity most large-hearted." Perhaps, however, nothing more explains the love which all felt for her than the incidental statement of her biographer, "that she was careful never to require others to do that which she did not do herself."

And still, as in the days of her enthusiastic girlhood, the centre of her romance was her cousin Boniface. The friendship which had begun by

being nothing but the generous kindness of a distinguished man for an eager girl to whom he knows himself to be a hero, ripened into something very real and equal as the years passed on, and as Boniface learnt to rely more and more on his kinswoman's judgment and fixity of purpose. We have seen how dear to him were all his English fellow-workers, but none was so dear as Lioba. She was one of those whom, on the eve of his departure to Friesland, he most specially commended to Lullus; and at the same time he gave directions that when she died she should be buried together with him at Fulda. Then, turning to Lioba herself, he earnestly exhorted her never to think of leaving Germany, but to continue patiently at her post, through weariness and weakness, looking upwards for the recompense of the reward. She obeyed him unfalteringly, and worked on to the very end; but about four years after the death of Boniface her call came. She received the sacrament from the hands of one of the English clergy, and sank peacefully to rest on September 28, A.D. 759.

We have given the story of S. Lioba, not merely because the story of Boniface would be so imperfect without it, but because one of our churches has been supposed to be dedicated to her. The church in question is that of Beetham in Westmoreland, which is generally attributed to S. Michael the Archangel. The only authority for associating it with the name of S. Lioba is a certain early eighteenth-century antiquarian, Machell by name, who, without giving any grounds for his statement, says in his account of Beetham:* "The church is dedicated to S. Lioba or Liobgytha." This is very unsatisfactory, but it is difficult to believe that Mr. Machell had not some reason for the assertion. If there were no historic connexion, what should have suggested the introduction of this little-known Wessex abbess into a far-away region with which she can have had no natural concern? The suggestion, if entirely baseless, is almost as difficult to account for as the reality could be. We look in vain for any light on the matter from the date of the village feast, for whereas S. Michael's Day is September 29, S. Lioba's is September 28; a confusion between two days so near to one another would inevitably arise, and, equally inevitably, the less-known feast-day would be merged in the better-known. It is possible that further search among the "Machell manuscripts" in the Chapter Library at Carlisle might throw fresh light on this matter, and justify S. Lioba's claim to be the true patron of this Westmoreland church; but in the meantime we are glad to have even this slight excuse for commemorating so gentle and lovable a saint as Lioba, the lifelong friend of S. Boniface.

* Quoted by Nicolson and Burn.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SCANDINAVIAN SAINTS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
441	S. Olave, or Olaf, K. M. ...	July 29 ...	1030 ...	13 *See also dd.*
455	S. Magnus, M.	April 16 ...	1107 ...	3

ONE of the most interesting and curious points in the study of church dedications is the frequent international exchange of saints. Thus our S. Alban,* and even our Northumbrian S. Oswald, become familiar names in Denmark, while the Northmen bring into England their own saints, S. Olave the King, and S. Magnus the Martyr. It was in the reign of the Danish Canute that S. Olave came to be so highly honoured amongst us, and yet it is true that so long as King Olaf of Norway lived he was on no very friendly terms with his royal rival, Canute. Olaf's subsequent saintship, however, caused the former jealousy between the two kings to be forgotten, and Denmark, having at this time a lack of national saints of her own, adopted those of her neighbour.

S. Olave,† or Olaf, K.M. July 29, 1030.

The sea-king of Norway introduces an entirely new type into our roll of saints, and creates a pleasant variety. His story would be interesting, even apart from his own individual character, for the picture it gives of Norway in the early years of the eleventh century, and of the struggle between the dying heathenism and the newly taught religion of Christ; and we must therefore be excused for telling it at some length.

S. Olaf's‡ father and predecessor reigned over a land that was nominally Christian, and yet when the infant Olaf came to be named, he merely underwent the ceremony of "Odin-baptism," a fashion imitated in its outward form from Christianity, but having no Christian signification. Old Rane, one of the leading chiefs, "poured water over him," and called him Olaf. Olaf's father had been assassinated shortly before the child's birth, and in the then unsettled state of Norway hereditary

* See p. 299.

† The following account of S. Olave is taken from the translation of the "Saga of King Olaf," in Laing's "Kings of Norway."

‡ In every one of our English dedications the name of King Olaf has been softened into "Olave;" but the native Sagas and all the histories of Norway know him only as "Olaf."

succession was by no means a matter of course. Right must needs be supported by might, and since there was no one capable of pressing the claims of the infant king, his mother fled for refuge to her father's house in the Uplands, where, after a short interval, she married again. When the little Olaf was three years old, Olaf Tryggvesson,* a notable royal personage, conspicuous for his zeal in propagating Christianity, whether by force or persuasion, came into those parts. The ex-queen and her husband "allowed themselves to be baptized," together with the boy, to whom the fierce Olaf Tryggvesson stood godfather.

It was evident from the first that the blood of the old Vikings ran in the veins of the future saint, and that he had nothing in common with his worthy stepfather, Sigurd—"a careful householder, who kept his people closely to their work, and often went about himself to inspect his corn-rigs and meadow-land, the cattle and also the smith-work." Such cares might suit his little half-brothers, but they had no charms for Olaf, who much preferred the society of old Rane — "the far-travelled"—who taught him all manner of manly sports. Sigurd was very forbearing with his stepson's mischievous pranks, and even when he brought him a goat saddled and bridled in place of the riding-horse he had been ordered to prepare, he merely observed: "It is easy to see that thou wilt little regard my orders; and thy mother will think it right that I order thee to do nothing that is against thy own inclination."

It was probably, however, a relief to both parties when, at twelve years old, King Olaf—from this time forward he bore the title of king †—was despatched to sea under the care of old Rane upon his first viking voyage—or, in plain words, his first piratical cruise. A contemporary poet thus sings of his setting forth—

> "Young was the king when from his home
> He first began in ships to roam,
> His ocean-steed to ride
> To Denmark o'er the tide.
> Well exercised art thou in truth—
> In manhood's earnest work, brave youth!"

Let us pause a moment and study the picture of our hero as it is sketched in the Saga. Olaf "the Thick," then—for by this inglorious surname was Olaf the Saint known in his own day—was "not tall, but middle-sized in height, although very thick and of good strength. He had light brown hair, and a broad face which was white and red. He had particularly fine eyes which were beautiful and piercing, so that one was afraid to look him in the face, when he was angry. He was distinct and acute in conversation. He was beloved by his friends and acquaintances, eager in his amusements, and one who always liked to be first."

* See the mention of him in the life of S. Alphege (vol. i. p. 339).

† "The vikings," explains the Saga, "who usually have many people to command, give themselves the title of kings, although they have no lands to rule over."

After harrying the coasts of Sweden and Denmark, Olaf, according to the Saga, sailed to England, and offered his services to our Ethelred the Unready, who was at this juncture endeavouring, with indifferent success, to hold his own against Canute of Denmark. But here a word of caution must be given. Altogether to omit the account given in the Sagas of King Olaf's doings in England would be to spoil the continuity of the narrative, by losing one of the most stirring and picturesque portions of it; but at the same time it should be carefully borne in mind that, though these Sagas are in the highest degree valuable and trustworthy where Scandinavian matters are concerned, their knowledge of English affairs is misty in the extreme, and names, facts, and dates are mingled and transposed with a boldness that makes subsequent disentanglement very difficult. Here and there, in some English exploit attributed to our S. Olaf, we may detect a reminiscence of something wrought twenty years earlier by his warlike godfather, Olaf Tryggvesson; Flanders stands for Normandy, and so on; but it is hopeless to unravel all the confusions, and as a whole we can only conclude, with Professor Freeman, that "the part assigned to S. Olaf in English affairs evidently belongs to romance and not to history."* "His career in his own country," adds the same authority, "is more authentic and more important."

According to the Sagas, then, our English Ethelred eagerly accepted Olaf's proffered help. The Danes were strongly encamped in Southwark —"a great trading-place on the other side of the river"—and all Ethelred's attempts to drive them from their position failed, for the Danes were in possession of London Bridge, which was the very key to the situation. Olaf devised a plan whereby his own ships might safely approach the bridge. He fitted each boat with a set of stout posts on which rested a strong roof, and under cover of this shelter rowed boldly forward, amid a shower of arrows and stones which drove back the unprotected boats of the English. He laid cables round the piles of the bridge, and then "rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down stream." The supports were thus weakened, and soon the overladen bridge began to give way. Many of the Danish troops who stood thick upon it fell into the river; others escaped to land, on one side or the other. Southwark was stormed and taken, and the Danes, "seeing that the river Thames was mastered, became afraid, and surrendered, and took Ethelred to be their king."

The Norwegian laureate thus commemorates King Olaf's share in the transaction—

"London Bridge is broken down—
Gold is won, and bright renown.
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,

* "Norman Conquest."

Hildur * shouting in the din!
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing—
Odin makes our Olaf win!"

And, again—

"At London Bridge stout Olaf gave
Odin's law to his war-men brave—
'To win or die!'
And their foemen fly.
Some by the dyke-side refuge gain—
Some in their tents on Southwark plain." †

It is curious to find Olaf's success thus ascribed to Odin, and still more curious perhaps that it should occur in connexion with Southwark of all places—Southwark, where for eight centuries the memory of this very "Olaf the Viking" has been kept alive by the existence of a church dedicated in his honour as "Olaf the Saint."

King Olaf was "commander"—so at least says the Saga—"of all the forces at Canterbury," when the town was sacked and burnt. This again is not history, but only what Mr. Freeman describes as "a yet more amazing confusion" on the part of the Sagas, and so we may happily exonerate our saint from the charge of being in any way accessory to the death of Archbishop Alphege, who was taken prisoner after the siege of Canterbury (vol. i. p. 342).

"At this time," says the Saga, "King Olaf was entrusted with the whole land defence of England, and he sailed round the land with his ships of war." Entrusting the defence of England to Olaf was somewhat like entrusting a flock of sheep to the care of the wolf! He took advantage of his position to scour the country, taking tribute of the people, and plundering where it was refused. The bard before quoted thus expressively sums up Olaf's guardianship of England—

"The English race could not resist thee,
With money thou madest them assist thee.
Money, if money could be got—
Goods, cattle, household gear, if not.
Thy gathered spoil, borne to the strand,
Was the best wealth of English land."

There are not a few churches on or near the coast dedicated to S. Olave. One cannot help wondering whether at the time of their consecration the parishioners joyfully accepted their new patron, or whether the older inhabitants indulged in covert reminiscences of the former exactions of the irresistible viking; but again we must remember that we are following the rather fancy history of the Sagas, who love to dwell on the warlike rather

* The war-god.

† Is it possible that the rhyme still sung by Yorkshire children in the north-country form of the old game of "Oranges and Lemons"—

"London Bridge is broken down, broken down, broken down,
Build it up with iron bars, iron bars, iron bars," etc.,

is a far-off echo of the song of Olaf's Norwegian bard?

than on the commercial relation of the Northmen with this country; but commercial relations they none the less had, for, as it has been well said, "these northern pirates were as keen traders as they were hard fighters," * and King Olaf himself, as we shall see later, was not above being a partner in a trading vessel.

After several years of this sort of wild life, Olaf returned to Norway with the determination to assert his claim to the kingdom; and at this point our confidence in the Sagas revives. As he was landing he slipped with one foot on some clay, but managed to support himself with the other. "The King falls," said he. "Nay," answered old Rane, "thou didst not fall, King, but set fast foot in the soil." And Olaf laughingly accepted the omen.

At the outset he reduced to submission one of his most formidable rivals, and his success gave him popularity in the eyes of the peasantry, who flocked to his standard. With this irregular force, and a hundred fully armed men to boot, Olaf presented himself at his old home, determining to take counsel with his prudent stepfather before making his purpose generally known. All was excitement so soon as his banner was seen approaching. The queen-mother, Aasta, set all the household to work, "to put everything in the best order," and despatched messengers to her husband, who was busy in the harvest-field, beseeching him for this once "to comport himself in the fashion of great men." Now, the worthy householder was "nowise given to pomp," and he had his private doubts whether his impetuous consort would be able "to lead her son out of the business with the same splendour she was leading him into it." However, he consented to lay aside his homely attire, transformed himself into the smartest of soldiers, and rode forth at the head of a mounted escort to welcome his warlike stepson. After a few days Olaf disclosed his purpose. The queen warmly approved, and observed in no wifely terms that it were better to be the supreme king of Norway for a short time than to be "no greater king than Sigurd is," and to die of old age. Sigurd with characteristic prudence forewarned his stepson—only too truly—of the opposition he would meet with from the Kings of Sweden and Denmark; homilized him at great length on his pride and ambition, but added that he knew it was useless to dissuade him, and that therefore he would seek to influence the neighbouring chiefs on his behalf, and would help him to the utmost in the matter of supplies. "It is not unlikely, in my opinion," said he, "that thou wilt get good support from the people, as the commonalty always loves what is new; and it went so before, when Olaf Tryggvesson came here to the country, that all rejoiced at it, although he did not long enjoy the kingdom." Probably Olaf chose to be deaf to this parting shot, but subsequent events curiously verified Sigurd's words.

For the moment all went well. The lesser kings met in council and agreed to acknowledge Olaf's supremacy, a decision which was confirmed by an assembly of the *Thing*, or Parliament, convened for this express

* Green's "Conquest of England."

purpose. There Olaf very ably stated his claims, in the presence of the people's representatives. The kings one after another spoke in his favour, and "at last," says the Saga, "it came to this, that King Olaf was proclaimed king over the whole country, and the kingdom adjudged to him according to law in the Uplands."

This peaceful revolution needed to be followed up by force, but the complete defeat of the most formidable of his remaining rivals strengthened Olaf's position, and ended for the present all disputes as to his claims. No king ever had a more favourable opportunity of becoming a popular sovereign; but Olaf was wanting in all the qualities that make for popularity. The unswerving singleness of purpose, which was his greatest characteristic, was no merit in the eyes of his subjects, for they knew his object to be the overthrow of the ancient national faith; his courage was indeed a virtue, and his cruelty, in their eyes, scarcely accounted a vice. Cruelty to a foe was a matter of course among these Norsemen, but Olaf's uncertain temper caused even friends to stand in awe of him. He was "very silent" in his anger, and yet that anger was so formidable that his lords never durst risk arousing it by disturbing him from sleep. Once, when it was a matter of life and death, they bethought them of waking him without offence by ringing the chapel bell. On the occasion of the birth of his heir, when the imminent danger of both mother and child made it necessary to have the infant baptized without delay, the favourite court poet thought it wiser to bestow a name of his own choosing rather than wake the king.

Much might have been forgiven him, however, if he had but been a merry, open-handed monarch, but he was as avaricious as he was austere. Such, at least, was the popular belief concerning him, which tended to hasten his fall; and those who knew him best allow that he was "greedy of money," though they deny the charge of stinginess, and say that he was "a most generous man toward his friends." It is possible, moreover, that his trading propensities were not looked upon as consistent with the kingly dignity; the merchant ship did not sail under his name, but since "it happened, as it often does," says the Saga, "that people cannot keep their own secrets, the people of the country came to know that in this ship was Olaf the Thick's partner."

And yet, with all his faults, Olaf had many of the qualities of a great king, and Norway owes to him far more than she recognized at the time. In the first place, he was scrupulously just. "He punished great and small with equal severity," and the historian observes that these "just judgments" of the king were the origin of the hostility felt towards him by the great men of the country. And secondly, he was resolved—partly from policy, partly from conviction—on christianizing the country. He spared no pains in investigating and revising the old laws, and "bent his whole mind to uprooting heathenism and customs which he thought contrary to Christianity." At first he strove to bring about this great change in a constitutional manner. He travelled through his dominions convoking

the different local *Things*, and in each he ordered the Christian law to be read, "together with the message of salvation thereunto belonging," and the Saga expressively adds that by this means "many ill customs and much heathenism were swept away at once among the common people."

It had been the complaint of the great chiefs that under the rule of Olaf's fierce godfather the people had come at last to have so little freedom "that it was not allowed to every man to believe in what God he pleased." Nor was liberty of conscience to be enjoyed under the reigning king. Olaf honestly thought that it was better for his subjects to be baptized in spite of themselves than not to be baptized at all. If persuasion failed, force must be tried. We think differently nowadays, and shudder at the "zeal" which showed itself in mutilating and hanging those who "would not serve God;" but a man must be judged by his own standard of right, and Olaf had not advanced far beyond the spirit of the Old Testament. "King Olaf has been harshly blamed," writes Carlyle,* "for his over zeal in introducing Christianity. Surely I should have blamed him far more for an under zeal in that! He paid dear enough for it; he died by a revolt of his Pagan people in battle near that Drontheim where the chief cathedral of the north has now stood for many centuries dedicated gratefully to his memory as *Saint Olaf*."

And it must be said in defence of Olaf that he was very straightforward in his methods of proselytizing. His people knew exactly what to expect from him, as he went among them with his strange alternative, "Be baptized or fight." If they chose the latter, Olaf showed no mercy; but if, as most often happened, "they chose the part which was most to their advantage," then "he had the people christened," and provided them with churches and teachers.

The story of one of the most successful of these wholesale conversions may here be given. Perhaps no chapter in the Saga better illustrates the habits and manner of thought of these eleventh-century Norsemen. There was an old Odin-worshipping chief, named "Dale Gudbrand," who was "like a king in the valley"—that valley which to this day retains his name of *Gudbrandsdale*. Now, when word came into the district that King Olaf was coming thither, this Gudbrand called together the *Thing*, and announced that Olaf was about to force upon them a new faith, and to break in pieces all their gods. "He says," adds the chieftain, "that he has a greater and more powerful god, and it is wonderful that our god lets him go about unpunished when he dares to talk such things. I know for certain," he wound up triumphantly, "that if we carry Thor, who has always stood by us, out of our temple that is standing upon this farm, Olaf's god will soon melt away, and he and his men be made nothing, so soon as Thor looks upon them." During the next few days all the staunchest adherents of paganism in the district joined themselves to Gudbrand with the purpose of fighting Olaf. But more prudent counsels prevailed, and a truce was agreed upon, during which a meeting of the *Thing* was to take

* "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

place, at which both sides should state their arguments. Now, on the day appointed there fell a heavy rain, a circumstance which was more important than at first appeared. After Olaf had ended his speech, Gudbrand rose and said: "We know nothing of him thou speakest about. Dost thou call him God, whom neither thou nor any one else can see? But we have a god who can be seen every day, although he is not out to-day because the weather is wet." Gudbrand went on to depict in burning words the terror that would overtake the Christians at sight of this god, and then suggested that the meeting should be adjourned till next day, when the God of the Christians might make proof of his power by providing a day "cloudy but without rain." The weather on the morrow was faultless: the proceedings were the same as before, only that a certain Bishop Sigurd spoke in the king's stead. "Many things are told us by this horned * man with the staff in his hand," observed the next speaker, who, however, ended by asking for a further adjournment; and "to-morrow," said he, "we shall meet here again and do one of two things, either agree with you about this business, or fight you." Olaf accepted the proposal, and having thought out his plans for the next day, spent the night in prayer that the matter might have a favourable issue. Next morning, as the king stood at the place of meeting, he saw a great crowd approaching, and in the midst of it was borne a huge image of the god Thor, at sight of which the peasantry prostrated themselves. Dale Gudbrand expected the Christians to be seized with terror. "I think now," said he, "that neither thou, nor the man with the horns, whom ye call bishop, are so bold to-day as on the former days. Where now, King," he asked scornfully, "is thy god?" Then the king stood up and said: "Greatly hast thou wondered that thou canst not see our God; but we expect that He will soon come to us, and that thy god will in a short time meet his fate:—turn your eyes towards the east—behold our God advancing in great light." As the expectant multitude turned towards the rising sun, Olaf gave a signal to one of his warriors, who struck the idol a mighty blow with his club. It burst asunder, and there swarmed forth from it "mice and reptiles and adders." The assembly dispersed in confusion, but Olaf recalled them, and showed in a few telling words the folly of trusting in such a god. The faith of the Odin-worshippers had received an overwhelming shock, and Dale Gudbrand expressed the general feeling when he said: "We have sustained great damage upon our god; since he will not help us, we will believe in the God thou believest in." The Saga adds that "then all received Christianity; and they who met as enemies parted as friends."

The chief point of interest is to know how far Olaf was himself sincere in his religion. It is to be remembered that with him outward observances formed a very large part of religion, and in his rigid adherence to these observances he showed a consistency that commands respect. He enforced church-going on others; it was his own daily custom to "rise betimes,

* *i.e.* mitred.

put on his clothes, wash his hands, and then go to the church." No Jew could have held stricter views than he concerning the sanctity of the day of rest; and when once he had in mere forgetfulness transgressed his own code by cutting up a piece of wood he held in his hand, he punished himself by burning all the shavings upon his naked hand—"showing thereby," says his biographer, "that he would hold fast by God's law and commandment, and not trespass without punishment on what he knew to be right." The king's religious scruples were well known, and were occasionally taken advantage of by his subjects for their own ends. Thus, when he had condemned a certain man to death, the prisoner's friends persuaded him to delay the execution, now because it was a Friday, now because "even an evil-doer must have the Sabbath peace," and now because it was the hour of service—till in the end the storm blew over and the man was set free. No doubt Olaf's religion savoured more of the Law than of the Gospel, yet his long forbearance towards the old pagan chief whom he kept in his house in the hope of converting him, and his continued generosity, even after the man had attempted his life, show an understanding of the spirit of Christianity.

For ten years Olaf had held his own in spite of numerous revolts, but he was weakened by a protracted war with Sweden, and disheartened by seeing that Christianity was "not thriving" according to his hopes. In some districts the old heathen rites were kept up simultaneously with those of Christianity; in others the inhabitants relapsed utterly into heathenism as soon as outward pressure was withdrawn. The stern measures adopted by Olaf in order to meet this reaction added to his unpopularity, and when Canute the Great announced his intention of conquering Norway, he found his path made easy by the discontent that prevailed among Olaf's subjects. A large number of the nobles even bound themselves under an oath to Canute to take Olaf's life if opportunity offered. There was treachery on all sides, and spies in the very army itself, and Olaf felt himself compelled to withdraw from the kingdom for a time, until events should take a more favourable turn. He was connected by marriage with the Russian royal family, and in Russia he found a safe and generous shelter.

During this time of exile Olaf advanced much in ripeness of character; his bearing in these last years of adversity more than all else justifies his subsequent saintship. His royal brother-in-law offered to make over to him a portion of his vast dominions; but this Olaf declined, for "deep in his soul" lay the hope of recovering his own kingdom of Norway, and if this was not to be, he would go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or enter a monastery. What to resolve upon he knew not, but "he left his cares to God, praying that He would do what to Him seemed best."

His doubts were ended by a dream in which his warrior godfather, Olaf Tryggvesson, appeared to him, and reproached him for "even thinking of laying down the kingly dignity which God had given." Contrary to the advice of his friends, Olaf now determined to make a final attempt

to recover his kingdom. As he marched through the rebel districts, his officers urged him to lay waste the unprotected villages with fire and sword; no surer means, they argued, could be found of dispersing the insurgent army, for many a man would desert for the sake of saving his homestead. Olaf put aside their counsel; it was true, he made answer, that thus he had treated many a pagan village: "We had then God's honour to defend. But this treason against their sovereign is a much less grievous crime. It is more in my power to spare those who have dealt ill with me, than those whom God hated. I will, therefore, that my people proceed gently, and commit no ravage." We have on record no speech of S. Olaf's more characteristic than this. It is noteworthy, too, that at a moment when every adherent was of importance to him, he steadily refused the services of all who were not Christians. On the eve of the battle, he discovered that there were in his army nine hundred heathen men. He ordered them to be baptized, and four hundred of them agreed, but the remaining five hundred refused, and these he dismissed to their own land.

Previously to this the king had received offers of help from two brothers, strong and mighty free-lances, who offered their own services with those of a body of men as powerful as themselves. "Are ye Christian men?" asked the king. The brothers answered that they had no faith, except in their own strength and luck. This was not enough for Olaf, and the brothers turned away in a rage, declaring that as they had never before come into a place where they were rejected, so they would never return thither. But they had an irresistible desire to see "the King's order of battle," and once again they presented themselves before Olaf, who stood firm as before. Then said the youngest: "I will go into the battle, and I don't care much in which army I am." But the eldest made answer: "The King has most need of help. And if I must believe in a God, why not in the white Christ as well as in any other? Let us be baptized, since the King insists so much upon it, and then go into the battle with him." Accordingly they were baptized and confirmed, and the king appointed them to a most honourable position in the forthcoming battle.

Olaf was less content than of old, however, with the mere willingness to be baptized. Another great chief came to him when he was actually on the field of battle. He said that hitherto his faith had been in himself alone, but that henceforth it should be in the king. "If thou wilt put faith in me, thou must put faith in what I teach thee," said Olaf. And then and there he began to teach him "so much of the holy faith as appeared to him needful," and spoke to him of the Saviour: "to Him shall all those who are good and rightly believing go after death." The chief answered that he had indeed heard of "the white Christ," but knew little concerning Him; "but now," said he, "I will believe all that thou sayest to me, and lay down my lot in your hands." This man was among the first to fall, together with the two brothers before spoken of.

It was about noon on a brilliant summer's day that the royal army

took up its position at Sticklestadt, not far from Drontheim. The enemy was not yet in sight, and the king, having made all his preparations, sat down in the midst of his people, and resting his head upon the knee of one of his officers, snatched a few minutes' sleep. When he was roused, he spoke with rapture of the dream he had had—how he had seen heaven opened and a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, "and when you awoke me," said Olaf, "I was come to the highest step towards heaven." His officer liked not the dream, and said: "I think it means that thou art fey." In about an hour's time the battle began. The royalists charged down the hill, distinguished by the white crosses painted upon their shields, and shouting their war-cry of "Forward Christ-man! cross-man! king's-man!" The king himself stood conspicuous, clad in his bright armour and with a gold cross blazoned upon his shield. He fought bravely, but the royalists were outnumbered by two to one, and from the first their cause was hopeless. Soon after the battle had begun a total eclipse of the sun took place, which added to the general confusion, and shortened the fight. "The battle began before half-past one, and before three the King fell. The darkness continued from about half-past one to three." At dusk a farmer and his son ventured on to the field and carried off the king's body. It was taken by boat to Drontheim, and there hastily laid in the earth till the time should come for a more honourable burial.

The reaction set in quickly. Already, immediately after the battle, "a kind of dread came upon many of them who had been against the King." Very soon the unpopularity of his Danish successor, Canute's son, caused Olaf's memory to be more favourably regarded. During the winter many began to seek his intercessions and to tell of miracles wrought by him, in life or death. By the following summer the tide had completely turned. Even among those who had hated him most were many who now believed him to be a saint. His sanctity was next solemnly confirmed by the bishop; and then the country—constitutional to the last—submitted the question to the decision of the *Thing*. The Danish king was too politic to withstand the popular voice, and thus Denmark—and through Denmark England also—stood pledged to recognize Olaf as a saint. A few years later it was "appointed by law that King Olaf's holy day should be kept holy all over Norway, and that day," adds the chronicle, "has been kept ever since as the greatest of church days." *

We have rather more than a dozen churches in England dedicated to S. Olave. Two points may be laid down with regard to dedications in this name: first, that they for the most part date back to the time of the Danish supremacy; and secondly, that they are usually Danish in origin. King Olaf was popular to some extent among his fellow-Northmen, but he was a saint who quickly "went out of fashion," so to speak, and has

* S. Olaf's Day is, of course, the day on which he fell in battle. The Church Kalendars give it as July 29, 1033; but the surer evidence of the eclipse shows the true date to have been August 31, 1030.—Laing.

never been revived, except in the accidental case of S. Olave's, Mile End, a modern church in East London, which, having been endowed out of the funds of S. Olave's, Hart Street, has naturally adopted the dedication-name of its benefactor.

Most of the churches dedicated to S. Olave are in large towns, such as London—and London had no less than four to its own share—York, Chester, Exeter—in all of which we know that there were regular Danish colonies. In the case of Exeter, it has been suggested * that S. Olave's parish may have been a district allotted to such a colony—most likely under the reign of Canute—on one of the waste places within the city.

Of S. Olave's church in Chester, Mr. Green remarks † that it points to "a Danish settlement, the result perhaps of a Danish occupation in the city in the later struggle between the Danelaw and the English kings," and then he draws for us a vivid picture of the crowded Chester market-place of that day, with the Danish trader standing amid the motley throng, striving "in his northern tongue to draw buyers to his gang of slaves."

S. Olave's church at York owes its name to Siward, the powerful Danish earl of Northumbria, who plays a leading part in the reign of the Confessor as one of Edward's most able and loyal adherents. That he was still a Northman at heart is shown by his choice of a saint for "the minster which himself caused to be built" ‡ on the banks of the Ouse, without the city walls, in what was then the Danish quarter of York. "He consecrated it in God's name and Olave's name," says our English Chronicle. The sturdy old warrior—who at the approach of death donned his armour and stood upon his feet, because it was "shame for a warrior to die like a cow" §—this Siward, was buried, according to his own desire, in the church of S. Olave, which "himself had before built." Siward's death took place in 1055, which enables us approximately to date the foundation of the church. The original foundation was afterwards merged in the great abbey of S. Mary,‖ but a small separate parish church of S. Olave hard by preserves to this day the memory of the Norwegian king.

London, as might be expected, is rich in associations with S. Olaf, more especially in that one small area round about London Bridge which, from the very prevalence of Danish nomenclature, is supposed by Mr. J. R. Green to have been in Canute's time the chief centre of the Danish trading activity. ¶ The bridge itself is flanked on the Southwark side by S. Olave's, Tooley Street, while at the Middlesex end we find another Scandinavian hero, S. Magnus the Martyr (p. 460). A little to the north-east of S. Magnus's church we find S. Olave's, Hart Street; while still farther to the east is the newly built daughter-church of S. Olave, Mile End. Just across Cheapside we meet S. Olave, Old Jewry, and some half a mile farther on we come to Silver Street, where the Danes placed yet a fourth

* Mr. Kerslake in *Arch. Journal*, vol. 30.

† "Conquest of England."

‡ English Chronicle.

§ Green's "Conquest of England."

‖ Ibid.

¶ Ibid.

church to their national favourite ; but this was destroyed in the Fire of London and never rebuilt. The parish was amalgamated with that of S. Alban's, Wood Street, so that the name is still preserved. As late as the year 1557 the patronal festival of the saint (July 29) was still observed in the parish, for we read that "on St. Olave's day the holiday of the church in Silver Street was celebrated," by the performance of "a stage play of *goodly matter*, being the miraculous life of that saint," a performance which lasted four hours, and was concluded at midnight, "with many religious songs." *

Of all the London churches of S. Olave, none is so closely associated with the history—or, rather, the legendary history—of the saint as the church on the Southwark side of London Bridge, known as S. Olave's, Tooley Street. This in itself, by the way, is a curious reduplication,† for *Tooley* is only a corruption of "Saint Olave," developed on the same principle that gives us *tawdry* from "Saint Audrey," and *Taphyns* for "Saint Alphege." The Scandinavian Chronicles furnish good indirect evidence that this particular church of S. Olave was in existence within thirty-five years of the king's death, so if we choose to dismiss from our minds all troublesome doubts as to the precise historic value of the Sagas, we may reasonably enough please ourselves with the supposition that among those who worshipped in "Olave's minster" were not a few who remembered the new-made saint's famous exploit of breaking down the bridge in the interests of his English allies.

Another of the Sagas records in quaint language a miracle of which the scene is laid in this same Southwark church, some twenty or thirty years after Olaf's death. A cripple in the west of France was bidden in a dream to "go to S. Olaf's church that stands in London," with the promise that there he should be cured. "Thereupon he awoke, and went straightway to enquire the road to S. Olaf's church in London. At last he came to London Bridge, and asked the men of the castle if they could tell him where Olaf's church was ; but they replied, there were so many churches that they could not tell to whom each of them was consecrated. Soon after a man came up and asked him where he wanted to go, and he answered, 'To Olaf's church.' 'Then,' said the man, 'we shall both go together to Olaf's church, for I know the way to it.' Thereupon they went over the bridge to the shrine where Olaf's church was ; and when they came . . . the cripple . . . rose up immediately sound and strong."

The only other town of any importance in which we find a church dedicated to S. Olave is Chichester. The church is interesting to antiquarians from the fact that it occupies the site of a Roman building, and that in the process of restoration it was found to contain various Roman remains, and from these circumstances it is thought that "it may perhaps claim to be the first Christian church of Chichester." ‡ If so, it is

* "London P. and P."

† We have another illustration of such reduplication in S. Vedast's, *Foster* Lane, which was originally "Vedast's Lane" (see vol. i. p. 468).

‡ Murray's "Sussex."

abundantly clear that it must once have had some other patron saint than the eleventh-century King of Norway. But as regards the later connexion with the Danes and their favourite saint, a glance at the map of Sussex will show how convenient a settlement Chichester offered for the Danish invaders, and when once they had forced their way into a district, their settlements, we must always remember, became "as much markets as pirate-holds."* This observation, which Mr. Green makes primarily of the Danish settlements along the north coast, applies generally to all their settlements in this country; and, inasmuch as the Danes had by this time accepted Christianity, a church—in many instances recalling the name of the saint of their own blood and speech—rose up together with the dwelling-houses and the market.

Most of our village dedications to S. Olave are situated within easy reach of the sea; as, for example, Ruckland in Lincolnshire,† Creeting in Suffolk, Gatcombe in the Isle of Wight, and Poughill near Bude, in North Cornwall.

Suffolk has no longer any existing church dedicated to S. Olave, but it has a twofold reminiscence of "the guardian of the defences of England;" first in the name of the parish of "Creeting St. Olave," now consolidated with Creeting St. Mary (S. Olave's church has been pulled down), and again in the railway junction of St. Olave, close to Great Yarmouth, so called from the neighbouring Augustinian Priory of Herringsfleet, dedicated to "the Blessed Virgin and S. Olave." The priory is said to have been founded in the time of Henry III., but we cannot doubt that the name of S. Olave is a survival from some earlier dedication. The priory seal represented the king in highly characteristic fashion, with his crown on his head, a cross in his left hand, and a battle-axe in the right.‡

Gatcombe in the Isle of Wight has no recorded association of its own with King Olave, but it is a curious coincidence that the ancient parish of Newport § hard by was the scene of one of his naval victories.

A passing mention must be made of Shipton-Oliffe in Gloucestershire, for though its church is ascribed, and with good reason, to S. Oswald (cf. p. 316), it has been suggested that the true patron is the King, not of *Northumbria*, but of *Norway*, and that the name of the parish is itself a corruption of Shipton *Olave*.

All the churches of S. Olave hitherto enumerated have been in situations easily accessible by water. The only one that remains to be noticed, Fritwell in Oxfordshire, is indisputably an inland parish, but it is worthy of note that Oxfordshire is one of the sixteen shires specially enumerated in the English Chronicle as having been overrun by the Danes in the reign of Ethelred the Unready.

* Green's "Conquest of England."

† Of which the late Precentor Venables remarks that it is "the only distinctly Danish dedication in the county which in its local nomenclature has so many evidences of Danish occupation."—*Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

‡ Murray's "Suffolk."

§ Called *Nyamode* in the Saga. Mr Laing suggests that it may mean New Romney in Kent, but it is usually understood to mean Newport.

S. Olave is not exactly a saint to whom we should nowadays be disposed to dedicate our churches, but, all his faults notwithstanding, many a church in England has a patron saint less interesting and less worthy of respect than King Olave of Norway.

S. Magnus, M.* April 16, 1107.†

We now pass on some seventy or eighty years to our other Scandinavian saint, S. Magnus the Martyr, Earl of Orkney, who is not to be confounded with King Magnus the Good, the son of our S. Olaf.

In these days when the Islands of Orkney return their representative to Parliament and are included within the limits of the Penny Post, they so manifestly form a portion of the British Isles that it requires some mental effort to carry back our thoughts to the time when they were but an appendage of the kingdom of Norway, Norse in language, and even in some measure Norse in belief.

But at the period with which we have to do—namely the closing years of the eleventh century—the islands owed no more allegiance to the King of the Scots than to William Rufus: they spoke the Norse tongue, and though they had, at the bidding of the masterful Olaf Tryggvesson, accepted Christianity, the old superstitions had lost but little of their power.

The government of the islands, subject to the supremacy of the King of Norway, was divided between two brothers, both of them Earls of Orkney. So long as these two brothers were in power this joint arrangement worked well; but the possibilities of dissension were obviously many, and so soon as the children of the respective brothers grew to manhood troubles began, which their fathers were powerless to prevent. The family relations in the following story are exceedingly complicated, and the more so from the frequent recurrence of the same Christian names. We shall endeavour to simplify them as much as possible by fixing the reader's attention upon the two chief figures—our hero, S. Magnus, and his ambitious and envious cousin, Haco.

So far as Magnus was concerned, the good understanding that had existed between the elders would have been carried on to the younger generation. As a child he showed himself of a quiet, peaceable disposition. The Saga describes him as "glad-spoken and blithe, gentle in his words, yielding and reasonable in his ways, and in all his behaviour well matured and staid." Even in his school-days he took more pleasure in books than in games: nature plainly intended him for a student, and we cannot help thinking how far happier he might have been turning his gifts to account in some monastery, than disputing with his turbulent Scandinavian kinsfolk for the possession of rights which he valued but little.

* Authorities: Forbes's "Scottish Saints;" but mainly an article in *Good Words* for September, 1892, by Dr. Metcalfe, which is derived at first-hand from the Icelandic Sagas.

† The date of S. Magnus's death has been endlessly disputed, but it is known to have taken place on Easter Tuesday, and the only two available years in which Easter Tuesday fell on April 16 are 1107 and 1118. Of these two the first seems best to agree with all the circumstances of the case.

So the cousins grew up side by side, and it was noted that Magnus was "the quietest and best mannered of them all." Very unlike must he have been to his cousin Haco, who was a veritable firebrand. The prospect of a divided sovereignty was hateful to Haco. He was an only son, and royal blood ran in his veins, for on the mother's side he was descended from the kings of Norway, Olaf the Saint and Magnus the Good; and the one object of his life—long concealed and held in abeyance, but never forgotten, and finally attained—was to make himself sole ruler of the Orkneys.

At last matters came to a head between the young men. Just at this time the future saint was passing through a not uncommon, but with him a very short-lived, phase. The premature piety and sobriety of his childhood had vanished, and he threw himself with unrestrained ardour into the wildest life of the period. He can have been in no mood to tolerate Haco's assumptions of mastery; quarrels broke out between them, and Haco found himself obliged to leave his father's court and seek refuge in Norway, where he turned his exile to account by improving his position with the king of that country, and by consulting one of the old heathen soothsayers as to his ultimate prospects of reigning supreme. The soothsayer, before delivering any oracle, inquired why Haco did not seek help from his own Christian kinsmen rather than from one in whom his kinsfolk no longer believed; and Haco, who knew himself to be as little under the influence of Christianity as the fiercest of his heathen ancestors, replied with perfect truth: "It has come into my mind that neither of us will need to look down upon the other because of virtue or religion." In the end the answer given to him was that he would most likely one day become the sole ruler of the Orkneys, though the time might seem to him to be long in coming; and the soothsayer forewarned him that he himself would "let that wickedness be done, for which he might or might not obtain forgiveness from the God in whom he believed."

The next event of importance was that the King of Norway—Magnus Barefoot by name—stimulated by some hints dropped by his late visitor Haco, sailed to the Orkneys, deposed the two reigning earls, and sent them off to Norway, putting his own young son in their place; and in order to prevent the possibility of a revolt, he ordered the three heirs to the earldom, Magnus and his brother and the redoubtable Haco, who was by this time at home again, to accompany him on his "hosting"—a well-understood equivalent for a piratical expedition by sea.

Now, some such scheme had been put into his mind by Haco himself, but it was taking a turn that Haco had by no means foreseen or desired. The ships sailed westward, down the Scottish coast, conquering as they went. On and on they sailed till they came into the Menai Straits, where a great battle was fought between the Northmen and the Norman Earls of Chester and Shrewsbury, and in this, too, the Northmen were victorious.

But the triumph of King Magnus was mixed with bitter anger; for before the conflict began, his young subject, Earl Magnus, had told him

plainly that he would not fight against those with whom he had no cause of quarrel. "Then get down into the hold, coward!" was the wrathful order; but the imputation of cowardice stung the youth to the quick, and to prove its falsity, he chose to stay in his accustomed place in the fore part of the ship, and there he remained throughout the battle, with psalter in hand, chanting the appointed psalms in calm disregard of the arrows that were flying on all sides of him.

Up to this time the king had had a special liking for the tall, well-built youth, who was not only "strong and of a goodly countenance," but "noble in bearing and most courteous in all his demeanour;" but now his feeling was changed towards him, and S. Magnus "saw that it would not be for his honour or salvation to remain longer with the king. Accordingly, one night, while the fleet lay off the coast of Scotland, he made up his bed as if some one were sleeping in it, and then, quietly slipping into the water, swam ashore." When the king discovered his flight, he set blood-hounds on the track, who soon overtook him. Magnus climbed into a tree, and, breaking off a bough, defended himself therewith, and succeeded in beating off the dogs.

After this the pursuit ceased, and Magnus made his way unmolested to the court of the Scottish Edgar, the son of the sainted Queen Margaret (CH. XII.). In Edgar he found a congenial spirit, and with him he spent a considerable time, and the Sagas note that this was the period of his greatest spiritual growth, when "S. Magnus grew to be great indeed in divine things as in name, advancing in prosperity and sanctity." *

How long this exile lasted we cannot tell, but it was of sufficient duration to allow of a visit to a certain unknown bishop in either Cumberland or Wales. It must have been in the opening years of the twelfth century that news reached the exile which caused him to turn his steps homewards. Great changes had taken place during his absence. The King of Norway had been slain in battle in Ireland, and our Magnus's only brother had fallen with him; the young prince Sigurd had been recalled from Orkney to occupy his father's throne, and since the two deposed earls had died in exile, there was no one now to dispute the joint rights of the natural heirs—Magnus and Haco.

Magnus found himself gladly welcomed by many friends; but the ever ready Haco had been beforehand with him, and had obtained from the Norwegian king the somewhat dangerously worded permission to exercise such authority in the Orkneys "as his birth might claim"—a permission to which he gave a very liberal interpretation. But Haco, by his greed, both of money and of power, "by his injustice, by his hard temper," had already made himself unpopular, and seeing that there was danger of a rising in favour of his better-loved cousin, he made a virtue of necessity, and consented to the partition of the earldom.

The arrangement worked more smoothly than might have been expected—in great part, doubtless, owing to Magnus's rare self-control and earnest

* Quoted in Baring-Gould, April 16.

determination to avoid a rupture. Gentle and lovable though he was, he showed no weakness as an administrator. "He was severe and unsparing with robbers and vikings. Many of those who plundered the inhabitants of the land he caused to be put to death. He also seized murderers and thieves, and punished rich and poor impartially for robberies and thefts and all crimes."

But all that tended to increase Magnus's popularity with his subjects tended likewise to increase Haco's hatred, and his determination to be rid of him. At last it came to Magnus's knowledge that a plot against his life was on foot, and he decided—perhaps not very judiciously—"that he ought to give some place to the malice and fury of Haco;" he therefore departed to England, and spent a twelvemonth at the court of Henry Beauclerc. About this time he married a Scotswoman, but she does not play much part in the story.

On his return he found his position, as might have been expected, greatly changed for the worse, and Haco in possession of all that lawfully belonged to his cousin. War once more seemed imminent; but at length it was agreed that during this present season of Lent peace should be kept, and that after Easter the rivals should meet with equal forces on the little island of Egilsha, and there submit themselves to the arbitration of the chiefs of the clansmen on both sides.

Easter Monday (April 15) came, and Magnus and the specified number of followers made their way in two ships to the trysting-place. The shadow of coming evil was upon S. Magnus; he recalled the dark words of the Swedish soothsayer concerning the crime that Haco should some day commit, and added: "Maybe he is plotting treacherously against us at this meeting." His friends entreated him to turn back; but this he refused, saying: "May God let Haco my kinsman get forgiveness, though he do me wrong."

His suspicions were quickly confirmed by seeing his cousin approaching the island with eight ships of war. On that side there had been no pretence of keeping faith; and as they sailed, Earl Haco, with characteristic shamelessness, announced his intention of so settling matters that there should no longer be any question of a divided rule. On hearing this, one of his followers leaped overboard and swam ashore, determined to have no part in the crime. That day there was no meeting; Magnus and all his men went straight to the church, where their leader passed the whole night in prayer. On the morning of Easter Tuesday (April 16), he sang Mass and received the Holy Eucharist, and then went forth to meet his fate. Even as he left the church violent hands were laid upon him, and he was dragged like a prisoner before Haco.

Magnus spoke first, in grave and dignified words reproving his cousin for his breach of faith. He saw plainly that all hope of coming to any fair agreement was gone; and his whole soul seemed bent on saving Haco, in spite of himself, from the sin of blood-guiltiness. With rare calmness and magnanimity he offered his cousin "three choices." The first was

that he should himself become a voluntary exile for the remainder of his days, and go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, there to make atonement for himself and Haco. This Haco refused. The second was that Haco should send him to Scotland as a prisoner. This also was rejected. Then said Magnus with matchless heroism: "Much harder are now the conditions. Now there is but one choice left, which I will offer thee, and God knows that I am more concerned for thy salvation here than for the life of my body. . . . Let me be maimed in my limbs, or let my eyes be put out, and set me so in a dark dungeon whence I may never come out." To this the brutal Haco would have agreed; but his adherents refused, insisting that a divided sovereignty was no more to be borne; and then Magnus "knew that his time was come"—yet he shrank not from what must needs follow. There were many present who recoiled in horror from such a butchery; Haco's standard-bearer indignantly refused to do the work of executioner, and the poor cook, on whom the command was next laid, stood weeping, and would not obey till he was bidden by Magnus himself. "Weep not," said he, "for there is fame to thee in the doing of such deeds. Nor be afraid, for thou doest this by force, and he who forces thee has more sin than thou." Then, with the unshaken composure that marked his bearing throughout, he reminded him that by law and custom the clothes of the victim were the right of the executioner. He asked for a brief interval for prayer and confession, and on rising from his knees, once more spoke to the unhappy man, assuring him of his forgiveness, and bidding him strike well, "for," said he, "it beseemeth not a chief to be beheaded like a thief." Then he made the sign of the cross, and the fatal blows were given. According to the island tradition, a flower may always be found in bloom on the spot where the saint fell.

The body was at first buried where it lay; Haco in his blind jealousy forbidding to his followers even the satisfaction of giving it Christian burial, but afterwards, under the influence of drink, he yielded to the entreaties of Magnus's widowed mother, wept at the memory of his own evil deed, and bade her bury her son where she would. The remains were then brought to Christ Church on the island of Birsay; but some thirty years later, when the memory of the martyred earl had grown great in sanctity, a yet more stately resting-place was provided for them. One of the sons of the reigning house, himself a kinsman of S. Magnus, in his turn found it difficult to secure his share in the earldom, and vowed a vow that if S. Magnus would help him he would build a worthy church in his honour at Kirkwall, the chief town of the islands, and remove to it all the precious relics. This was the origin of the present Cathedral of S. Magnus at Kirkwall, which is our saint's most conspicuous memorial, though there is also an Abbey of S. Magnus in the Shetland Islands.*

Of English dedications there are three, and these three in widely different parts of the country.

S. Magnus the Martyr, like our other Scandinavian saint, S. Olave the

* Forbes's "Scottish Saints."

King, is commemorated within the City of London. His church, at one end of London Bridge, occupies its old site in the peculiarly Danish quarter of the City, and is situated, appropriately enough, in a small triangle guarded at each one of its corners by churches dedicated to the saint yet more highly honoured among the Danes than himself—S. Olave, King of Norway. We may safely assume that the church was founded at no very long period after the death of S. Magnus—in the lifetime, it may well be, of many who remembered the young Northern earl and his visit to the court of the English king.

This same juxtaposition of the two leading Scandinavian saints may also be noted where it is more naturally to be looked for, in the chief island of the Orkneys—at Kirkwall—where we have "the united parishes" of S. Magnus and S. Olave.

But to return to England. S. Magnus of Orkney is still remembered in two little country villages—neither of them at any great distance from the sea-coast. The first of these is Moreton in Dorsetshire, the other is Bessingby in the East Riding of Yorkshire—a name which by its very termination declares its Danish associations.

Both the City church and the church in Dorsetshire are careful to retain the full appellation of "S. Magnus *the Martyr*." This is as it should be, for no man ever died bearing more steadfast witness to the truth of his Christian principles than this Magnus, who was willing to suffer the worst of bodily ills, if so be he might thereby lessen another's guilt.

It will be a satisfaction to some readers to know that the wicked Haco lived long enough to repent his misdeeds, and to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, from whence, say the Sagas, he returned "a changed man."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A YORKSHIRE CRUSADER.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
461	S. Leonard of Reresby	——	cir. thirteenth century	doubtful
	Cf. S. Leonard the Hermit, CH. XXIX.			

S. Leonard of Reresby, cir. thirteenth cent.

AMONG the many churches of S. Leonard scattered over the length and breadth of England, there is one at least that chooses to put forward as its patron, not the popular French hermit (CH. XXIX.), but an English gentleman of the thirteenth century, the hero of a romantic love-story. The parish, which still gives its allegiance to so uncommon a patron saint, is Thribergh in Yorkshire, not far from Sheffield. Until comparatively recently the Thribergh property was in the hands of the ancient family of Reresby: it is to this family that our hero belongs. His memory was fondly cherished by the Reresbys of after days; and it is to the statement drawn up by one Sir John Reresby, M.P., living in the seventeenth century, that we owe our only connected account of the floating traditions relating to him.*

We are constantly complaining that our saint-roll is lacking in richness and variety: it would be ungracious, therefore, to scan too critically the claims of a saint who certainly introduces a very novel element, and so we need not be too careful to inquire whether the saintship of Sir Leonard de Reresby rests upon any more authoritative title than the affection of his own people. Neither need we consider the probability—nay, more, the almost certainty—that the church, the wayside cross, even Sir Leonard himself, did in reality, all three of them, derive their names from S. Leonard, the French hermit; though, after the local hero had won for himself a name, he became in the eyes of his fellow-villagers the one and only "S. Leonard." As a matter of fact, the true patron of the church is undoubtedly the French hermit, as was conclusively shown by a stained glass window existing in Thribergh church up to the time of the Civil

* Quoted in Baring-Gould, November 6. See also the account in Murray's "Yorkshire."

War, but then destroyed, in which S. Leonard was represented with the emblematic chains and fetters that were the proper attribute of this friend of captives; but without pressing this point further, we will be content to tell the tale as it was told among the dwellers at Thribergh.

We are not troubled with any dates, beyond the general statement that these things befell in the times of the Crusades; but Sir John Reresby carefully notes that the first mention of "the altar of S. Leonard, the tutelar saint of Reresby, appears in a deed of 1349."

The story goes that when Leonard of Thribergh was on the eve of departure to the Holy Land, he met his lady-love, the heiress of the house of Reresby, at S. Leonard's Cross on East Hill, near Thribergh, and that there they plighted their vows one to another. But in Palestine the knight was taken prisoner by the Saracens, and for long years no tidings of him reached his home. He was mourned as dead, and his betrothed was on the point of being forcibly married to another, when a mysterious message bade her repair secretly to S. Leonard's Cross. There she found her faithful lover disguised as a palmer. Needless to say, they were married—and thus the crusader became the head of the house of Reresby.

Such is one version of the story; but for those who prefer tragedy there is a more melancholy and romantic ending. According to this other account, the pair were married before their separation, but he remained absent so long that his wife was looked upon as a widow, and the unhappy crusader was saddened in his captivity by an intimation of her approaching re-marriage. He gave himself to prayer, and in time found himself miraculously transported to his old home and lying beside the cross on East Hill, still loaded with fetters, and with the sound in his ears of his wife's marriage bells. He desired instantly to be borne into the church, and, by his presence, delivered his wife from the union that was being forced upon her, and then straightway died.

Such is the version given by Sir John, who, though guardedly refusing to stake his credit upon its truth, tells us that some such story was widely believed, and proceeds to enumerate as follows the different traces of it that had come down to his time: "An ancient cross remains to this day upon the same East Hill, though defaced in late times, called S. Leonard's Cross; the church of Thrybergh and the great bell are dedicated to S. Leonard; his picture in chains and fetters was in the church window till late broken down; and as some will have it, his festival observed in the family on Whit-Sunday, and his fetters preserved in the house, till my great-grandfather, Sir Thomas Reresby's times, when in his absence they were converted into ploughshares by his wife's orders."

The memory of Leonard the Crusader became such a part of Thribergh associations that, in spite of the prior rights of S. Leonard the Hermit, we may fairly now claim him as, in some sort, the tutelary saint of Thribergh. There are two other churches, not far distant from Thribergh—

Horbury * and Wortley—both of which are likewise dedicated to S. Leonard, and Mr. Baring-Gould observes that at Horbury certainly, and he believes also at Wortley, "the village feast, which is the old dedication festival, is observed on the same day as at Tryberg—viz. Whit-Sunday." Too much stress must not, however, be laid upon such a point as this; for, in the first place, dedications in honour of "S. Leonard" are to be found in all parts of England, in districts quite removed from the sphere of influence of our West Riding knight; and, in the second place, throughout Yorkshire there is no more popular festival than Whit-Sunday, and there is a strong natural tendency to translate all feasts to the most convenient and popular date.

On the whole, therefore, it will be wisest not to attempt to claim for our crusader any other church than that of his own native village, and even this one only with the distinct understanding that the original dedication must be ascribed, not to him, but to S. Leonard, the French hermit.

* Horbury has a double dedication, to "SS. Peter and Leonard."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
464	S. George, M.	April 23 ...	cir. 289 ...	193	*See also dd.*
474	S. Denys, or Dionysius, B.M. ...	October 9 ...	cir. 273 ...	38	*See also dd.*

S. George, M.* April 23, cir. 289.

WHILE Ireland and Wales have the satisfaction of claiming for their patrons saints whose life-history is indissolubly bound up with the countries in which they laboured, while Scotland and Spain have placed themselves under the special protection of Apostles, England and France are alike in this, that their several patrons—so famous in the annals of chivalry—are both of them very difficult to account for in an historical point of view, though it must be owned S. Denys, the Bishop of Paris, has a personal association with France which invests him with a local interest such as we cannot claim for our S. George.

The identification of S. George, the champion saint of England, is a no less complex affair than that of his great rival, S. Denys of France. In each case some three distinct personalities, at the very least, have become curiously interwoven, and the task of separating them is laborious, if it be not wholly impossible. We may, indeed, arrive at saying, Such and such are the separate historical facts—these personages have no actual connexion with each other; but in so doing we shall have disentangled only a small portion of the web, for the confusions that cause us so much trouble did unfortunately exist in the minds of our forefathers. To them these national champions were, not so much distinct historical figures as ever-changing *ideals*, with deeds and attributes borrowed, now from one, now from another, historic source, and embellished by many a fanciful addition that had no pretension whatever to historic truth. S. Patrick and S. David belong not only to their own country, but to their own time: S. George and S. Denys, on the other hand, belong emphatically to the Age of Chivalry. Though for many centuries past the names of both had been venerated as holy martyrs, it was then that they sprang into

* The following account of S. George is largely indebted to the articles on the subject by Canon Bright and the Rev. G. T. Stokes in D. C. B.; use has also been made of Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints," Mrs. Jameson, Gibbon, etc.

prominence. But there is a marked difference in the honour paid to the two champions: S. Denys of France has nothing approaching to the widespread fame of S. George, as may be seen by many tokens—as, for example, by noting the comparative space occupied in a gazetteer of the world by places named in honour of the respective saints, or by comparing the twelve existing European Orders of Knighthood that claim S. George for their patron, with the solitary one that claims S. Denys.*

Let us not flatter ourselves, however, that the difference in their celebrity is entirely owing to the nationalities with which they are severally connected. England did not create the fame of her chosen patron; she appropriated him because he was already famous; but by her choice she added to that fame a new glory and a splendid continuance. By common consent S. George has been recognized as the patron of England. Even in Raphael's picture of him in the Gallery at St. Petersburgh,† he displays on his knee the insignia of the Garter; and when, a short time ago, a proposal was mooted by the Roman Catholic hierarchy in this country that England should be solemnly placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and S. Peter, Cardinal Vaughan thought it advisable to write a letter to the *Times*,‡ reassuring those who feared that S. George was in danger of being deposed from his rightful place, acknowledging his claims as "military protector," or patron of England, and concluding with these words: "Of one thing you may be certain—that, if the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter should be officially declared to be still the patrons of England, it will not be to substitute them for St. George, who will always retain his place among our patrons. Catholics, at all events, are not likely to forget the historic and national cry and prayer, 'St. George for England.'"

S. George has, indeed, left upon this country marks that can never be effaced. More than a hundred and ninety churches are dedicated to him: the Knights of the Garter are properly the "Knights of S. George:" the red cross of S. George is the foundation of our national flag. Hardly an old provincial town is to be found without its "George Street," or its "George Inn;" while in many of our leading towns "S. George's Hall" is the centre of all manner of activities, intellectual, musical, or political. In the great picture galleries of Europe are to be found frequent representations of S. George slaying the dragon, showing it to be a specially favourite subject of mediæval art. The Christmas "mumming," which still survives in parts of England, is interesting to the antiquarian, from its connexion with the rude old plays of "S. George and the King of Egypt's daughter," which count among the earliest efforts of the English drama. Even the sovereigns in our purses keep alive the memory of this famous legend, and the plain business-like looking coins from the Sydney and Melbourne mints jostle against the striking effigy of the victorious

* Haydn's "Dates," *Knighthood.*

† Mrs. Jameson.

‡ June 15, 1893.

S. George—a suggestive bringing together of the Old and New Worlds, of the Middle Ages and the nineteenth century.

The name of S. George is found in all Kalendars, alike of the Eastern and Western Churches, and the Greek Church honours him with peculiar honours under the names of "the Great Martyr," "the Victorious Commander," "the Trophy-bearer."

As Englishmen we have a peculiar interest in this famous saint, and it is disappointing to find that while legend and art have so busied themselves with his name, history has so few solid facts to tell us concerning him. So confused and conflicting are the accounts that his very existence has been denied; but this denial involves the still greater difficulty of explaining the reverence paid throughout the whole Church, from the fourth century onwards, to some martyr bearing this name.

There can be no doubt, we repeat, then, that S. George was an historical personage, and a martyr for his religion; but since there are no less than three claimants for the name, all living within a century of one another, it becomes a task of considerable difficulty to discriminate between them. For convenience' sake we may designate them: I. George the Arian Archbishop; II. George the Tribune; III. S. George the Unknown Martyr.

I. George the Arian Archbishop.

It is sometimes contemptuously said in answer to the inquiry, Who was S. George? that he was an undertaker, a pork butcher, a seller of bad meat. Those who give this answer are following the lines laid down by Gibbon, who identifies the famous Champion of England with George, the Arian Archbishop of Alexandria, the rival and antagonist of S. Athanasius. This George was a man of mean origin, but endowed with natural talents and force of character that were certain to make their mark in the world. From being an army contractor of bad reputation, he worked his way up to a higher position; he was ordained, and, by the influence of his Arian friends, he was chosen Bishop of Alexandria in opposition to Athanasius. He was a man of considerable literary tastes, but these tastes had no effect in softening the natural coarseness and brutality of his nature. "He had the temper of an executioner," writes Athanasius, and external testimony supports this judgment of him. When once he had attained to power, his keen business instincts asserted themselves more strongly than ever; he bought up the monopoly of the nitre works, the marshes of papyrus, and the salt lakes; but his profits from these sources, however unjust, might have been forgiven him, if he had not hit upon a yet more galling form of exaction. "He kept in his own hands," we are told, "not for humanity, but for profit," the management of funerals; so that it was not safe even to bury a corpse without employing those who let out biers under his direction.

The man was not without a fierce blind zeal for truth, as he understood it; he persecuted Catholics and pagans alike, and made himself equally obnoxious to both. He had sufficient worldly wisdom, however, to keep well with the emperor. Partly by pointing out to him new

methods of raising money, partly by poisoning his mind against those who surrounded him, he contrived to render himself very acceptable to Constantius, who used to speak of him in terms of high praise as "the venerable George." The closing years of his life were those most marked by persecution. He was not content with seeking to suppress all manifestations of paganism; he missed no opportunity of accompanying his prohibitions with insults, which earned him more hatred than even his outward acts. Once as he passed the magnificent temple, known as "The Fortune of Alexandria," he was heard to utter the scornful exclamation: "How long will this sepulchre stand?"—words that were neither forgotten nor forgiven. The time came when the accession of Julian the Apostate gave the heathen mob of Alexandria the opportunity of avenging itself. The cry was raised: "Away with George!" He was seized, thrown into prison for the night, and the next morning brought forth and actually torn in pieces by the raging mob. The contemporary Catholic writer, Epiphanius, says that George's death would have placed him high among martyrs had he died "for the truth, for the confession of Christ." It is by his death alone that this champion of the Arians has redeemed his memory from utter infamy, and made even possible the belief that this murdered tyrant was one with the true George the Martyr. "The odious stranger," says Gibbon, "disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of a martyr, a saint, and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned S. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter."

So runs the famous passage, which has been all too readily accepted; but it is worthy of notice, as a sign that Gibbon wrote rather what he chose to believe than what he was convinced was true, that in the foot-note he adds: "This transformation is not given as absolutely certain, but as *extremely* probable." So far from being "extremely probable," nothing is more incredible, when we remember the intensity of party feeling in general, as between Arian and Catholic, and the peculiar bitterness of the hatred against the Alexandrian George in particular. But if the question could ever have been considered doubtful, it has been clearly decided against this George by the known fact of the existence of churches dedicated to "S. George the Martyr," at a date previous to the Alexandrian murder. This murder took place in 361, and we find it recorded that some thirty years earlier (about 330), Constantine the Great dedicated a church in Constantinople to "S. George the Martyr." In Palestine there still exist two ruined churches of very ancient date, both of them dedicated to S. George. One of them bears an inscription stating that from a heathen temple it had been converted into a church, and dedicated to George "the Holy Martyr." There are strong grounds for assigning this inscription to the year 346, and, if this be the case, it is clear that we must go back to an earlier date than 346 to find the true S. George.

II. George the Tribune.

The second claimant, and the one whose claims were unquestioningly allowed throughout the Middle Ages, was George the Tribune, a soldier of good family, born probably in the latter half of the third century. He is sometimes called, from the country of his birth, George of Cappadocia, but as George, the Archbishop of Alexandria, is also so called (most likely from his descent), the designation tends rather to confusion than to distinction.

It is probable that he was a Christian from his birth, for it was a lady of his family, Nina by name, who was the chief instrument in the introduction of Christianity into Georgia. There is a tradition that his father died a martyr's death while George was still a child, and that his mother carried him for safety to Lydda in Palestine, where she had property. In time the young man entered the army, and from being a centurion he rose to the rank of tribune. He is believed to have returned from Lydda to Nicomedia, and when next we hear of him, it is—according to the widely received belief—as the principal actor in a very famous scene.

In the year 303 the forty years' truce between the Church and the empire was abruptly broken by the promulgation of Diocletian's edict, ordaining the destruction of all Christian churches and the burning of all sacred writings. In addition to this, those Christians who held any official position were to be degraded and deprived of all their civil rights, while private Christians were to be reduced to the condition of slaves. At Nicomedia, where the emperor was then residing, the edict was enforced to the letter. Even the day before it actually appeared the church was destroyed. The prefect, attended by a band of officers, marched to the church and broke open the doors. Vain search was made for any image of the Christians' God ; the fittings of the building were sacked, and all the books that came to light were burned. Orders were then given for the church itself to be pulled down stone by stone, and in a few hours the work of destruction was done. Diocletian watched the proceedings from his palace hard by.

The next morning the hateful edict was posted up in a conspicuous place. It is easy to imagine the intense indignation and excitement already produced among the Christians of the city by the outrage of the preceding day. The contemporary accounts tell us that "a certain man of no mean origin, but highly esteemed for his temporal dignities, stimulated by a divine zeal, and excited by an ardent faith," openly took down the edict, and "tore it to shreds," with the scornful exclamation : "More triumphs of Goths and Sarmatians!" He was seized, tortured, and burnt alive, and "after enduring what was likely to follow an act so daring he preserved his mind calm and serene until the moment when his spirit fled." Christian tradition has loved to identify this nameless martyr, this bold champion of Christian rights, with George the Tribune, but the evidence for such identification is imperfect and too intricate to be discussed here. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that while there

is no positive evidence for ascribing the destruction of the edict to George the Tribune, Greek tradition declares it to have been the deed of one John of Nicomedia.

It is highly improbable that the fate of George the Tribune will ever now be certainly known. The apocryphal Acts of his Martyrdom give lengthy accounts of his glorious death, but the glaring impossibilities and absurdities with which they abound are sufficient at the first glance to discredit them. When, however, all allowances have been made, there remains much to recommend the theory that in George the Tribune we have the true S. George. His military calling agrees with the old tradition that the saint was the special patron of soldiers; his birth and position agree with what we are told of the anonymous martyr of Nicomedia; his date is not incompatible with the inscriptions in the Syrian and Constantinopolitan churches, and his connexion with Lydda makes it natural that he should be, as he is, specially venerated in Syria.

So far as our knowledge of him goes, this George is quite worthy to be our national saint, and in England his claim was freely admitted throughout the Middle Ages. It was Calvin who first declared his disbelief in the existence of any historic S. George at all; and a century later a certain Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich, propounded the theory—afterwards accepted, as we have seen, by Gibbon and others—taht the original S. George of England was the schismatical Archbishop of Alexandria.

III. S. George the Unknown Martyr.

But there remains a third claimant, the most obscure of the three, and yet perhaps in truth the rightful one, S. George the Unknown Martyr.

The whole known history of this early martyr is summed up in a single sentence in a volume known as the *Chronicon Paschale*, an epitome of universal history, compiled by an anonymous author, most probably about the year 630. The writer must have had access to many earlier histories and documents now lost, and it is this which gives his Chronicle its chief value. Now, in this Chronicle occurs the following mention of a martyr, by name George. "In the year 255 of the Ascension of our Lord into heaven" (*i.e.* 289 of our era) "a persecution of the Christians took place, and many suffered martyrdom, among whom also the Holy George was martyred."

It may well be that in this "Holy George" we have at last found the true S. George, the "Holy Martyr" of the ancient inscriptions. We know neither his country * nor his calling, nor why he alone should be singled out by name from among the many who suffered with him, unless indeed he was held in such loving remembrance because of the purity of his life, as well as the constancy of his death.

If this unknown George be indeed the rightful S. George the Martyr,

* Except indeed this one important clue, that in the Alexandrine Chronicle he is mentioned in connexion with S. Babylas, the Martyr-bishop of Antioch, which would agree with the special Syrian veneration for him.

we have a feeling that he has been hardly treated in being so long ignored, so long deprived of his due honours, and we need to remind ourselves that the "Holy Martyr" is above our poor meed of human fame, and that it is for our own sakes, rather than for his, that we are anxious now to recognize his claims, and to give honour where honour is due.

From S. George himself we pass to his inseparable companion, the celebrated dragon; and here we at once find ourselves in a labyrinth of difficulties. Two points, however, stand out with tolerable distinctness: (1) That the dragon has no historic existence, and is purely allegorical; (2) that he is the sole property of George the Tribune.

The legends concerning S. George are innumerable, and vary considerably in form, but the following is the one that was most popular throughout the Middle Ages, and which has furnished the subject for many representations of S. George, both in painting and in poetry. The hero of it is George the Tribune.

The legend relates that as the young soldier was travelling to join his legion he came to the city of Selene in Libya. And there he found the inhabitants in sore distress by reason of a noisome dragon, who devoured their flocks and herds, and who could only be kept from entering the city by the daily sacrifice of two children. Now, these children were chosen by lot, and at last it came to pass that the lot fell upon the king's daughter, the Princess Sabra. And the maiden herself was ready to die, but her father was not willing to give her up. Then the citizens were angry, and murmured because their children were offered in sacrifice, while the king's daughter went free. So after eight days the princess was clad in her royal robes and led forth out of the city gates, and left alone to be devoured by the dragon. And as she lay weeping, and waiting the coming of the dreadful monster, S. George rode by. And seeing so fair a maiden in trouble, he stayed to ask her of her grief. And she told him, yet besought she him to depart, lest the dragon should make an end of him also. But though she besought him once and again and with tears, yet would he not leave her. And when the dragon drew near, S. George made the sign of the cross, and so went forth to meet him. And having struggled long with him, he overcame him, and having asked of the princess her girdle, he therewith bound the dragon; and so they went back together into the city, the princess leading the conquered dragon. And at the sight the people fled, but S. George bade them not to be affrighted, and, in the presence of them all, he slew the terrible monster, and cut off his head. Then was fear turned into joyful wonder, and both the king and his people believed in the God of S. George, and there were baptized of them in one day twenty thousand souls.

So runs the most famous of the many legends of S. George. There are different versions, and the name of the princess is variously given as Sabra and Cleodolina, and, we might almost add, as Una—for undoubtedly the originals of Spenser's Red-cross Knight, of Una, and of her subject lion, are to be found in the old legend of S. George and the King of

Egypt's daughter; and the Red-cross Knight himself is explicitly named S. George. In the Middle Ages the story was popularly accepted as part of the true history of S. George the Martyr, and for a time it even found a place in the service-books of the Church. The origin of the legend was at that time either lost or ignored; but there can be no question that it is one of the old classical myths adapted to Christianity —a Christianized version, it may be, of Perseus and Andromeda— symbolical of the triumph of the Cross over evil. The legend is not of very early date, and the successive stages of its growth, from the simple dragon-slayer to the fully equipped mediæval knight, can be clearly traced.

Less famous than the dragon myth, but of older origin, are the spurious accounts of the Acts of S. George's martyrdom. Absolutely worthless as history, they yet have a certain value of their own as furnishing the clue to the long-standing confusion that has existed between George the Tribune and George the Archbishop. They show that the confusion has not been all accidental, but that there was a deliberate attempt on the part of the Arians to deck their own infamous hero with the honours of the Catholic saint. For this purpose they appear to have got hold of the history of George the Tribune, and ingeniously adapted it to the history of their so-called S. George, thus "endeavouring," as an eighteenth-century writer suggests,* "to invest their champion with rays stolen from the celebrated orthodox martyr of the same name." Such an undertaking agrees well with what we know from other sources of the peculiar and not over scrupulous ingenuity shown by the Arian party in popularizing its own doctrines. Unfortunately, it cannot be claimed for the Catholics that they were a whit more scrupulous: so long as the Arian additions were to be counted as improvements they gladly adopted them, only suppressing whatever marked their origin.

As an illustration of the way in which a story was "adapted" so as to suit the views of both Arians and Catholics, we may instance one version of the legend of S. George in which he does battle with *Athanasius, the evil magician*, in presence of the Empress Alexandria. The conversion of the empress to Christianity belongs to the common groundwork of the legend; the intervention of "a magician named Athanasius" is an Arian touch, while the miraculous conversion of this Athanasius to a belief in a crucified God, plainly comes from a Catholic source. To unravel this confusion would be a task as unprofitable as it is difficult. Pope Gelasius lived fourteen centuries nearer the rise of the Georgian controversy than we do, yet the result of his efforts to sift the truth was a decree stamping *all* the reputed Acts as the forgery of heretics.

The special connexion of S. George with England remains to be considered. Even in Anglo-Saxon times his fame had reached to this country; he was reverenced here and in Scotland, as throughout the rest of Christendom, and his name is found in the somewhat scanty

* Dr. Milner, quoted in D. C. B.

roll of Bede's Kalendar. S. George's church, Doncaster, counts its foundation from 1061, and there may be other English dedications in this name of even earlier date. The Norman invasion still further quickened the veneration for him, and in 1074 we find one of the Conqueror's followers dedicating to S. George a conventual church within the castle at Oxford, which was the original of the existing parish church of S. George in that city.* Hatley St. George in Cambridgeshire belongs to very much the same period; but here the connexion with the saint is indirect, for both church and parish doubtless took their name from the lords of the soil, the ancient Norman family of St. George.†

The next great advance in the saint's popularity may be plainly traced back to his supposed intervention in the first crusade, when, during the weary siege of Antioch (1098), new vigour was infused into the Christian ranks by the apparition of "the martyrs George and Demetrius hastily approaching from the mountainous districts, hurling darts against the enemy, but assisting the Franks."‡ The splendid vision of the white-clothed knights "dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army" —so writes Gibbon—and henceforth S. George and his companion were regarded with the same mystic awe as the great Twin Brethren of the Battle of Lake Regillus. The old Norman church of S. George at Fordington in Dorset still has on the doorway a curious bas-relief of the apparition of S. George before the battle of Antioch.§

In the crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion the aid of "the excellent S. George" was invoked with fullest confidence by Christian warriors of all nationalities, and it was noted that in one of the hottest and most hopeless fights near the Dead Sea, victory followed the appeal to S. George's name.

So the veneration for the "victorious commander" went on ever increasing. In a national council held at Oxford early in Henry III.'s reign (1222), S. George's Day was ordered to be observed as a lesser holiday throughout England, but Edward the Confessor still remained the recognized patron saint of the country until the reign of Edward III. It was this king who introduced the famous battle-cry of "S. George for England:" it was he who instituted the world-famous Order of "the Knights of S. George," better known to us as "the Knights of the Garter:" it was he who re-founded and re-dedicated (about 1350) the glorious cathedral-like church at Windsor, the burying-place of so many of our kings, which is known as S. George's Chapel. But it was in the reign of Henry V. that the veneration for S. George reached its highest point, for Chicheley, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, directed that his feast should be observed with the same solemnities as Christmas Day.

S. George's church at Trotton in Sussex was *rebuilt* about 1400 by

* Wood's "Oxford."
† Camden's "Britannia."
‡ William of Malmesbury.
§ Murray's "Dorset."

Thomas, Lord Camoys, who for his subsequent bravery displayed at Agincourt was created one of the Knights of the Garter.* It is probable that the church was newly dedicated at the time of its rebuilding to the favourite saint of the day.

In the First Prayer-book of Edward VI. S. George's Day was printed in red letter, and a special epistle and gospel were appointed for it ; but a few years later these were struck out, and the name was printed in black letter. It is a curious evidence of the fluctuations of opinion at this time as to S. George's proper claims that seven years later—1559—the red letter was again restored, only to be again and finally struck out under James I.

After this final deposition of S. George from his place as a red-letter saint, there comes, as is to be expected, a pause in the dedications to him, until they were revived again out of compliment to the royal Georges. S. George the Martyr in Queen Square, Holborn, was built in the reign of Queen Anne,† and may perhaps have been named with a reference to Prince George of Denmark—just as S. Anne's, Soho, was named in honour of his wife. Georgian loyalty certainly contributed largely to the number of churches dedicated in this name, both in the last century and the first half of the present. It was probably at this period that S. George began to be made choice of as a suitable British patron for use in our colonies and dependencies ; witness the several cathedrals dedicated to him at Madras, Capetown, Grahamstown, Kingston in the Windward Islands, and Georgetown in British Guiana.

As regards the geographical distribution of English churches to this saint there is not much to be gleaned. If we include post-Reformation churches, dedications to S. George are to be found in all but three‡ out of the forty counties ; but he seems to have an unexplained degree of popularity in Lancashire, where his churches number sixteen, and in Kent and Devonshire, where they number thirteen each, as against the average five. In some places an alternative dedication is given to one of the Apostles, but in two at least of these doubtful cases § the original patron is shown by the fact of the fair being kept on S. George's Day. The most common confusion—one that occurs no less than four times—is between S. George and S. Gregory. How easily such a confusion arises is shown by an error of the kind dating back as early as the days of Richard I., when a contemporary chronicler,‖ describing the advent of the white-clad victorious knight at Antioch, calls him "S. Gregory."

Of double dedications we have fewer than might be looked for, and no doubt some of these have originated only in the consolidation of separate

* Murray's "Sussex."

† Though not formally consecrated till 1723.

‡ Huntingdonshire, Hertfordshire, and Rutland.

§ Toddington, Gloucestershire ; and Halstead, Essex.

‖ Geoffrey de Vinsauf, who, describing the glorious exploits of one of the Knights Templars, says : "Inasmuch as he rode on a white horse, and fought that day in white armour, the idolaters who knew S. Gregory to have fought in such garb boasted that they had slain . . . the bulwark of the Christians."—"Chronicles of the Crusades," Bohn's Edition.

parishes. Twice we find S. George together with S. Mary, once with S. Lawrence, once with the national saint, King Edmund, and once with his fellow-champion, S. Denys, a combination of which we shall speak again later (p. 482).

As a rule churches dedicated to this saint are content to be "S. George," and nothing more; but many of the modern, and a certain proportion of the ancient, churches are careful to add his proper designation, "the Martyr."

Of quite modern churches in this name we find a fair number, though not so many, relatively or even absolutely, as in the earlier half of the century. S. George, the military protector of England, is quite in his right place as patron of a church at Woolwich; but the combination found in a newly built English church at Freiburg in Baden—"SS. George and Boniface"—is not a very happy one. The idea has plainly been to represent England under a twofold aspect, but S. George, whether the Martyr or the Dragon-slayer, is too legendary a personage to harmonize satisfactorily with the historic missionary, S. Boniface. Something of the same objection applies to the various attempts that have been made of late years to revive the religious commemoration of S. George's Day, for, in spite of the most painstaking researches, no commemoration of the historic S. George can ever be very satisfactory while our knowledge of him remains so dim and uncertain.

And so if we would gain teaching and inspiration from the story of our national saint, we must look beyond what Mr. Froude calls "the literal truth of fact" to "the general truth of the idea." The Englishmen who long ago reverenced S. George did not ask themselves how much of his history was true and how much legendary; they did not trouble themselves to sift the conflicting evidence concerning him, but they accepted their patron saint according to the noblest conception of him, as the pattern of a brave, pure knight, the champion of the oppressed and helpless, the very embodiment of chivalry. To the popular imagination of the Middle Ages S. George was the King Arthur of the Kalendar. And S. George may fairly be this and even something more, for he is not only the "ideal knight," but he has a real though dim historical existence as the "Holy Martyr." This is all that we can with confidence assert concerning him, and we cannot with safety go beyond the beautiful pronouncement of Pope Gelasius, who declared that S. George was to be ranked with those saints "whose names are justly reverenced among men, but whose actions are known only to God."

S. Denys, or Dionysius, B.M. Oct. 9, cir. 273.

The Kalendar of the Scottish Church, in its entry for October 9, "S. Denys the Areopagite, bishop and martyr, cir. A.D. 273," embalms* a confusion of centuries' standing—a confusion in its origin not perhaps wholly unconscious.

* The English *Churchman's Almanac* has a similar entry, but without the addition of the date. The Prayer-book Kalendar restricts itself to "S. Denys Bishop and Martyr."

Denys, or Dionysius,* the Areopagite is known to us through S. Luke's mention of him in the Acts after S. Paul's sermon at Athens: "Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite." To this brief notice of him Eusebius adds, upon the authority of another Dionysius, an early Bishop of Corinth (cir. 171), that the Areopagite became the first Bishop of Athens. Both Dionysius the Areopagite and his namesake of Corinth must be carefully noted, as both have helped, in a greater or less degree, to increase the marvellous entanglement concerning the patron of France.

But the Scottish Kalendar, while faithfully reproducing the ancient tradition, seems to signify its secret distrust of the identification by adding the date "cir. A.D. 273," † which is plainly incompatible with the claims of either the Areopagite or the Bishop of Corinth. This date points us to yet a third claimant, and the only one who has the distinction of a genuine local connexion with France.

This third Dionysius, likewise a bishop, whom for convenience' sake we may distinguish as "S. Dionysius of Paris," is introduced to us in the pages of S. Gregory of Tours's "History of the Franks." There, in a single brief paragraph, is summed up all that may safely be believed concerning the real patron saint of France. S. Gregory, speaking, not from his own knowledge, but on the authority of an earlier writer, of the origin of several of the principal Churches of Gaul, enumerates the different cities to which the several bishops were sent—Tours, Arles, Toulouse, and so on—and amongst the rest he assigns, "to Paris, Dionysius the Bishop"—concerning whom he adds further: "The blessed Dionysius, bishop of the Parisians, afflicted with many pains for the name of Christ, ended this present life under the sword."

From a careful investigation of the various proper names mentioned in this passage, the best authorities have come to the conclusion that S. Dionysius's martyrdom must have taken place in the reign of the Emperor Aurelian.‡ Very little is added to this meagre outline even by the so-called "Acts of S. Denys," nor are they greatly to be trusted; but their importance lies chiefly in their furnishing the names of two of his companions, SS. Eleutherius and Rusticus, who in the Roman Kalendar are still commemorated together with S. Denys.

There can be little doubt that in the martyred Bishop of Paris we have the real S. Denys of France, and it is not too much to say that for five centuries after his martyrdom (reckoning that event in A.D. 273) he was so regarded unhesitatingly. Little was known of him beyond the dim tradition that he had preached in the neighbourhood of Paris, organized

* The longer and shorter forms of the name are used interchangeably, the French keeping to their national abbreviation even in their rendering of Acts xvii. —"entre lesquels étaient Denis, juge de l'Aréopage," etc.

† Very possibly the description, "S. Denys the Areopagite, bishop and martyr," was inserted when the Kalendar of the Scottish Prayer-book was revised under the direction of Charles I. in 1637, and the addition of the date is a modern gloss.

‡ Baillet; and D. C. B.

the infant Church in that place, and in the end suffered a martyr's death. It was little indeed, and yet it was more than was known of many of the honoured pioneers of the Gallican Church, the Julians and the Lucians who are still remembered in her Kalendar.

And local memory is faithful. Nearly two hundred years after the death of S. Denys, it came into the heart of a French maiden, to whom these traditions of the founder of the Church of Paris were familiar and precious, to build a church in his honour, on the very spot where he was supposed to have suffered and to have been laid to rest. This was the beginning of the famous church of S. Denys, and the first foundress was no other than S. Genevieve (CH. XLVI.), the revered saviour of Paris. The building and perfecting of this little church was the great joy of her life, and the forgotten S. Denys began to shine with new brightness because he was the chosen saint of the darling of Paris. It was probably more for the sake of S. Genevieve than for his own, that during her lifetime other churches were dedicated to S. Denys, in places as far removed from Paris as Tours and Bordeaux.*

From this time forth the fame of S. Denys's church in Paris was assured. Very soon it was said that miracles had been wrought there by his intercession ; pilgrims came to his shrine to seek the saint's aid, and oaths made there acquired a peculiar sacredness. S. Genevieve's humble structure was replaced by successive buildings of greater splendour ; and about a hundred years after her death the church was raised by King Dagobert to the rank of an abbey (630). Even before this time one of the Merovingian kings chose the church of S. Denys for his son's last resting-place—little deeming that in the course of centuries it was to become the Westminster Abbey of France.

It might reasonably be supposed that five centuries were a sufficiently long period to give the martyr-bishop of Paris a vested right in his own abbey, and to make it quite needless to seek for any other patron ; and inasmuch as we unquestionably have here before us the real historic S. Denys of France, it may be asked why we should pay any attention to the confusions, wilful or accidental, of a later age ? The answer is, that we should be ignoring half the problem in hand if we did not make it our business to ascertain as nearly as possible who it was that the founders of the Middle Ages intended to honour when they dedicated their churches to S. Denys or Dionysius, and we may safely affirm that their associations with the name ranged far beyond the little-known martyr-bishop of Paris.

In the beginning of the ninth century the Abbey of S. Denys had advanced to a well-acknowledged prominence among the churches of France : more than this—the cultus of S. Denys of Paris had been introduced into Rome itself by no less a personage than the Pope—Stephen II.—who during a visit to France had fallen ill in the Abbey of S. Denys (754), and had been restored to health, as he believed, by the

* Baillet.

intervention of "the blessed Dionysius," who appeared to him in a dream, bearing "a censer of incense and a palm, and assured him that he should live to return to his own land." *

But for all that there was a feeling abroad that S. Denys himself was not quite adequate to the honours that were being heaped upon him. There was a secret desire for a less obscure, a more glorious patron, and such desires are apt to bring about their own fulfilment.

In the meantime, in a wholly different quarter, immense and ever-increasing interest was growing up round the name of *Dionysius*. The most thoughtful minds of Christendom were becoming more and more centred upon the great mass of theological writings that had appeared in the closing years of the sixth century—writings that we undoubtingly call the works of "the pseudo-Dionysius," but which then and for many a century to come were freely accepted for what they chose to call themselves—the works of Dionysius the Areopagite.

It is no part of our present business to say much concerning the writings themselves, though so long as we continue to think of "the Nine Orders" of the Heavenly Powers, so long we shall have to own our indebtedness to the anonymous author who has so largely influenced all our poetical conceptions of the heavenly hierarchy.†

But there was in the writings of the supposed Areopagite something else which appealed more forcibly to popular interest than these lofty speculations regarding the unseen world. The author professed an intimate knowledge of sacred persons and things concerning which the natural instinct of Christians eagerly hungers. In his far-off home in Egypt he claimed to have witnessed—though without comprehending its cause—the awful darkness that overspread the earth at the time of the crucifixion; he had been the pupil and companion of Apostles; nay, it was inferred from one passage in a letter addressed to S. Timothy, that he had been beside the blessed Virgin at the hour of her death. These touches and many similar ones were to be found dispersed throughout the celebrated writings, and so enhanced the fame of S. Dionysius the Areopagite that he was admitted into the Kalendars of both the Western and Eastern Churches on October 3, while S. Denys, the Bishop of Paris, was commemorated on the 9th.

Here, indeed, was a sufficiently noble patron; but for the moment he was well differentiated from S. Denys or Dionysius, of Paris, and it did not seem easy to make the two saints into one. It happened, however, that in the reign of Louis le Débonnaire—early in the ninth century—a copy of the Dionysian Writings was sent by the Emperor of Constantinople as a gift to this king. It reached Paris just before the feast of S. Denys, and was carried in state to the abbey of that name. The Abbot of S. Denys, Hilduin by name, was an ambitious man, clever enough to gauge the marvellous credulity of his contemporaries. He saw his opportunity,

* D. C. B., "Stephen II."

† See article on the Dionysian Writings in D. C. B.

and set to work to produce a forged life of the author of the much-valued writings, which, in addition to all that was already accepted concerning him, supplied the gaps that inconveniently divided him from the patron of the French abbey. Thenceforth the saint of Paris emerges as the convert of S. Paul and the first Bishop of Athens, afterwards sent into France by S. Clement himself. In this life there are miracles enough to satisfy any one; and here for the first time we meet with the amazing legend—possibly intended to be understood in a figurative sense, but most consistently misunderstood by the popular mind—of the martyred saint rising up and taking his severed head in his hand, and walking from the place of execution to the hill of Mont Martre, two miles distant! "Mont Martre," needless to say, was supposed to derive its name from the martyr—modern critics derive it rather from *Mons Martis*, *i.e.* "Mars Hill," thus furnishing us with another curious coincidence between the Areopagite and the Bishop of Paris.

To us it seems almost past belief that so glaring a forgery should not at once have been detected and exposed; but the ordinary mind has an astonishing capacity for believing what it chooses to believe; and even those who secretly disbelieved it were in no haste to expose it; for in the Middle Ages a forgery of this kind did not outrage the moral sense as it would do in our times. It remained only to drop out the separate commemoration of the Areopagite on October 3, to choose the seventeenth chapter of the Acts as the lesson for the feast of S. Denys of France, and in a short time the identification was completely established, to the general satisfaction of the Western Church. The Eastern Church continued as before to honour the Areopagite on October 3, and paid no attention to the second festival.

It was not until the seventeenth century that the endless confusions, first between the author of the pseudo-Dionysian Writings and Dionysius, the convert of S. Paul; and again, between the latter and the Bishop of Paris, were seriously questioned. A French Roman Catholic of the eighteenth century boasts, touching these double errors, that "the glory of having buried them both in one tomb may be attributed to the century of Louis the Great;" * but it may be doubted whether these venerable errors are as completely buried as this writer fondly supposes, for a French scholar of to-day † thus pointedly sums up the whole controversy, in a fashion that proves him not wholly to have relinquished his faith in the old identification: "Born in Athens, the Paris ‡ of the East, he dies at Paris, the Athens of the West; successively the spouse of two Churches, one of which possesses his cradle, and the other his tomb." "Montmartre," so the writer concludes, "vaudra la colline de Mars."

But if the legends are confused and confusing, they are simplicity itself compared to the complications that meet us when we come to the various

* Baillet.
† L'abbé Dulac, quoted in D. C. B.
‡ Strictly speaking, he uses the old form of the name, *Lutetia*. *Lutetia Parisiorum* was the ancient designation.

translations and discoveries (how appropriately termed "Inventions!") of the saint's remains. Fortunately for us, we are not concerned with the after history either of himself or of his abbey; we need not tell of the strife between Paris and Ratisbon for the possession of the precious relics, nor paint the ill-concealed vexation * of the monks of S. Denys when Pope Innocent III., with the best intentions in the world, sent them an unwelcome gift of the remains of yet a third S. Dionysius, the little-considered second-century Bishop of Corinth.

Nor need we dwell upon the circumstances which caused "Montjoie St. Denys" to become the battle-cry of France, and the banner of the favourite Abbey of S. Denys to become the national standard. With all this we have nothing to do, except to note that the growing glories of S. Denys in France reacted more or less upon the English veneration for him. England of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was not more critically disposed than the rest of Europe, and she made no difficulty in accepting S. Denys in his threefold aspect as the Areopagite, the author of the Dionysian Writings, and the first Bishop of Paris. The Bishop of Corinth did not probably receive much attention.

We in England can show about forty dedications to S. Denys—less than one-fourth of the number dedicated to our own S. George; but while churches have been built in honour of S. George at different periods and from varying motives, the churches of S. Denys are, almost without exception, of pre-Reformation date, and, with perhaps one single exception, belong to the time after S. Denys of Paris had come to be identified with the Areopagite. The one certain exception is the church of S. Denys at Rotherfield in Sussex, which claims to have been founded in 792, long before the days of King Alfred. If this be really so, it is interesting, as affording an example of a genuine dedication to S. Denys, Bishop of Paris, at a time when he was honoured for his own sake, apart from any confusion with the Areopagite. The account of its foundation, together with certain curious local touches that prove that Abbot Hilduin's abominable forgery and his legend of the headless martyr did in course of time find their way to Rotherfield, is thus given by a Sussex antiquarian:† "Rotherfield, or Riderfeld, was at an early period in possession of a Saxon Dux, or chieftain, called Bertoaldus, who, falling sick and being incurable by neighbouring physicians, went to the monastery of S. Denis and S. Eleutherius, near Paris, whose bones were working mighty marvels for diseased persons. Here being fully restored to health, he procured a few of their holy relics, brought them to Rotherfield, and dedicated a church to S. Denis in 792. The older inhabitants of Rotherfield remember the legend:

'Saint Denis had his head cut off;
He did not care for that;
He took it up and carried it
Two miles without a hat.'

* Baillet. † Lower.

When the Dux Bertoald founded Rotherfield church he made a charter, in which he says that 'if any one shall attempt to seize, diminish, or usurp anything from the monks [of S. Denis] he will have to answer to Almighty God, the King of Ages, when He shall come in His Majesty and that of His holy angels,'" etc. The church at Rotherfield was not only placed under the invocation of S. Denys, but it was subsequently appropriated to the great French Abbey of S. Denys, who planted a cell of monks there;* but this does not quite conclude the connexion of the lords of Rotherfield with their chosen saint. Dedications to S. Denys are exceedingly rare in the North of England; in the four most northerly counties he is altogether wanting, and Yorkshire can show but two examples, the one within the city of York, the other at Hickleton,† near Doncaster, a church which is diversely ascribed to S. Denys and S. Wilfrid. Now, curiously enough, this rectory of Hickleton was for a while in the hands of the Rotherfield family, and it looks very much as though they, caring little for the national saint, Wilfrid, whom they found in possession, endeavoured—with only partial success—to superimpose their own favourite, S. Denys.

The neighbouring county of Lincolnshire goes far to make up for Yorkshire's deficiencies in respect of dedications to S. Denys, for it has no less than five. With the exception of Killingholme, in the extreme north of the county, they are all of them grouped closely together round about Sleaford, in so marked a manner as to suggest a common origin. "The most probable explanation of such groups," writes the late Precentor Venables,‡ "is that the present dedication was given when the church was enlarged and the High Altar consecrated; that it takes the place of an older dedication to a comparatively obscure saint, and that the new dedication commemorates the saint under whose patronage the consecrating bishop had placed himself." The same phenomenon, whatever its cause, of a group of closely associated churches, all of them dedicated to S. Denys, may be observed in the adjacent counties of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, in a district centring, roughly speaking, about Market Harborough. In addition to these two groups, we find a long line of dedications to this saint, generally one to each county, stretching right across England to the Welsh border. In some cases the connexion with the saint is emphasized, as at Stanford-in-the-Vale in Berkshire, by the celebration of the village feast on S. Denys's Day; in others, as at *Stock-Dennis* in Somerset, and at *St. Dennis* in Cornwall, yet more strongly, by the very parish bearing the name of the saint.

It is possible that some key to the popularity of the name in the western counties of England may be found in a story related by William of Malmesbury§ touching S. Edith of Wilton, the daughter of King Edgar. This holy young nun had a peculiar affection for the martyr Denys, in whose honour she built a church, which was consecrated by

* Murray's "Sussex."
† Lawton.
‡ *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.
§ "Kings of England."

Archbishop Dunstan.* This event took place in the year 984, at a time when the forged history of S. Denys was exercising a powerful influence on the popular veneration for the saint. S. Edith's foundation no longer exists, but it may well be that this proof of the youthful abbess's known affection for the patron of France, followed as it was by her untimely death and S. Dunstan's dream of S. Denys welcoming her to heaven—it may well be, we say, that all this conduced to give an impetus to the West-country feeling for S. Denys, and may account for some at least of the churches in his name that we find in Wiltshire and three of the surrounding counties.

It is not a little surprising to find the Champion of France in counties so devoted to the commemoration of their own Celtic saints as Cornwall and Monmouthshire; but we may safely conclude that such dedications bear witness to some mediæval re-consecration, and not to the original choice. The Monmouthshire church of *Llanishen*, though now dedicated to S. Denys, is, plainly enough, "the church" of some earlier and forgotten native saint; and the Cornish "St. Dennis" may not improbably be a corruption of the national chieftain *Dinan*, whose name occurs in other local combinations, such as "Pendinas" (cf. p. 267).

It is natural enough, having regard to the French source from which, directly or indirectly, our dedications to S. Denys spring, that in the great majority of cases we should find him commemorated under his French form of Denys.† Occasionally, however, as in the Cornish parish of St. Dennis, and again at Market-Harborough, we find the church carefully marking the supposed connexion with the Areopagite by the fuller form of "S. Dionysius," the form familiar to English ears through the Latin version of the Scriptures. Yet a third rendering of the name is found in the old City church of "S. Dionis, Backchurch." The church is now demolished, but the name is retained in two forms, first in the full title of the group of amalgamated City parishes to which it belongs,‡ and again in the modern church of S. Dionis, Fulham, built out of the funds raised by the sale of the site of the City church. The Fulham church was legally bound to reproduce the patron saint of the church to which it owed its foundation, but it is almost a pity that it was excused from reproducing the ancient addition of "Backchurch," which is interesting as introducing us to another and most unexpected theory concerning the identity of our saint. Hitherto we have only brought before the reader the three episcopal patrons, of Athens, Corinth, and Paris respectively, together with the author of the pseudo-Dionysian Writings. We have not troubled him with Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse, who, according to Mrs. Jameson, is in Sicily confused with the Dionysius of the Kalendars,§ but here we find ourselves face to face with the wine-god himself! There is a prosaic explanation that would derive the designation of

* See the whole story in the life of S. Edith, p. 418.

† With many small variations of spelling.

‡ "All Hallows, Lombard Street, with S. Benet, Gracechurch, S. Leonard, Eastcheap, and S. Dionis, Backchurch."

§ "Sacred and Legendary Art."

"Backchurch" merely "from its retired position," but there is a bolder explanation which makes it a corruption of *Bacchus*, and sees in our S. Dionysius the famous Dionysus of the Greeks! * The repetition involved in the Latin and Greek forms of the name strikes one as superfluous, and one is inclined promptly to relegate this suggestion to that favourite class of theories that detects a solar or lunar myth in all our dear old fairy tales; but those who feel a curiosity to see what can be said for this view of the subject should turn to Mr. Baring-Gould's account of S. Dionysius of Paris (October 9), where they will find all the possible arguments in favour thereof most adroitly marshalled, though the writer owns himself unconvinced by their extreme plausibility. It may be added that the parishioners of S. Dionis, Fulham, reject the Bacchus theory, and prefer to believe that the Areopagite is their proper patron.†

The only other modern dedication in this name that has come to our notice belongs to a church at Portswood, close to Southampton, and can give a most excellent account of itself. About fifty yards distant from the existing church stand the ruins of the important priory church of S. Denys, or "S. Dionis," as it is marked in an old map of the district. It was a small house of Augustinian Canons founded by Henry I., and "increased in importance by succeeding kings." The priory, which appears to have been an offshoot of Dagobert's famous Abbey of S. Denys, near Paris—and thence, of course, derived its patron saint—occupied a commanding position in the neighbourhood, in excess of what might have seemed warranted by either its size or wealth, and "nearly all the churches of ancient Southampton were placed by Henry II. under its control." A fragment of ivy-covered wall, bearing some tokens that it once formed part of the chapel, together with a couple of stone coffins in good preservation, are well-nigh all the traces that remain of this once powerful priory, so that it is well that its memory should be revived by the new church. The patronal festival is carefully observed on October 9.‡

The name of Denys rarely occurs in conjunction with that of other saints, though at Midhurst in Sussex we do find "SS. Denis and Mary Magdalene;" and the old parish church of Manchester — now the cathedral—is placed under the unusual invocation of "The Blessed Virgin Mary, SS. George and Denys." In the city of York the existence of two separate churches dedicated, the one to S. George, the other to S. Denis, brings the several Champions of England and France into striking juxtaposition, but there the association is purely accidental. At Manchester, on the other hand, it was done of deliberate purpose, if we may trust the statement of a seventeenth-century antiquarian (see p. 513) that the fifteenth-century founder, being "partly a Frenchman and partly an

* Communicated by a friend closely connected with S. Dionis, Fulham.

† Ibid.

‡ Murray's "Hampshire," and private letter from the Rev. E. Judkin, Vicar of S. Denys, Southampton, 1896.

Englishman," chose in this manner to unite the rival Champions of France and England, "S. Dionyse and S. George." If we bear in mind that the date of this foundation was 1422—only seven years after the battle of Agincourt—we shall perhaps do the more justice to the good man's efforts after peace and international harmony.

CHAPTER XLVI.

TWO FAMOUS FRENCHWOMEN.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
484	S. Genevieve, V. ...	... January 3	... cir. 500	... 2	
487	S. Radegund, Q. Abs.	... August 13	... 587	... 3	*See also dd.*

S. Genevieve,* V. Jan. 3, cir. 500.

It was in the year 451 that the whole heart of Gaul was shaken by the rumours that ran from mouth to mouth of the approaching invasion of the dreaded Huns under the leadership of Attila. Ghastly stories reached Paris of the horrors that marked their march — of the awful Eastertide at Metz when the priests were put to death as they served at the altar, when the people were massacred with a wantonness of cruelty that did not spare even the little infants, when the once "flourishing city was delivered to the flames, and a solitary chapel of S. Stephen" left to mark the place "where it formerly stood."† Only less fearful than the reality of such miseries was the daily expectation of having helplessly to submit to a like fate, and in Paris panic rose high. At Orleans the citizens, encouraged by the precept and example of their noble bishop, prepared themselves to stand a siege; but in Paris more cowardly counsels were in favour, and there was talk of abandoning the city to the mercy of the invaders, and retiring with wives and children and valuables to some more distant town. Against this unpatriotic policy one voice—a woman's voice—was raised in protest. S. Genevieve, who alone dared to utter this protest, was no longer young; she did not speak out of a girlish enthusiasm, but from a deep inward conviction that "to abide in the ship" in this critical moment of its fortunes was the duty of all faithful citizens. Like one inspired, she spoke of the safety that should be the portion of those who dared to put their whole confidence in Divine help, and to remain loyal to their trust; she spoke also of the danger of flight, and her earnestness so wrought upon the women that they became endued with something of her courage. Many

* The following account of S. Genevieve is taken chiefly from Fleury, and the D. C. B., "Genovefa."

† Gibbon, vol. vi.

of them at her bidding passed whole days in church, giving themselves up to prayer and fasting.

Nor was it only to the women that S. Genevieve addressed herself; both directly and indirectly, through their wives and by her own arguments, she sought to influence the men also, and succeeded in dissuading them from the decisive step of removing their goods. But her path was not an easy one; now, as earlier in her life, she was opposed by many enemies, some of whom were at this very time plotting to kill her, either by drowning or stoning. For the virgin Genevieve was not wholly unknown in Paris; twenty years before she had awakened a strong interest in the mind of one of the best and holiest men of the day, and thereby awakened likewise an undying resentment in certain envious neighbours and acquaintances.

At the time when S. German of Auxerre (vol. i. p. 456) and his colleague, S. Lupus, were passing through Paris on their road towards England, crowds flocked out to see them and to receive their blessing. As they drew near to Nanterre, a village hard by the city, S. German was struck by the countenance of a little seven-year-old child whom he perceived in the distance. He called her to him and kissed her, and questioned her as to her name and parentage. The maiden answered that her name was Genevieve. By this time her father and mother had come up, and to them S. German addressed himself, declaring that the day would come when their daughter would be an example to many. Then, turning once more to the child, he asked her if she did not desire to be Christ's little handmaid. Straightway he led her into the church where the office of nones was being sung, and all through the prayers he held his right hand on the little maid's head. Then, charging her parents to bring her to him early next day, he retired to seek needful rest and refreshment. On the morrow S. German asked the little maid whether she remembered what she had promised. "Yes," she replied, "and by God's help and your prayers I hope to keep it." Seeing on the ground a copper coin marked with the sign of the cross, S. German picked it up and gave it to her, saying: "Wear this for my sake; hang it round your neck in place of all other ornaments;" and then, committing her to the care of her father and mother, he continued his journey.

Eight years later, the Archbishop of Paris admitted Genevieve, with prayer and laying on of hands, to the rank of a consecrated virgin; and thus the maiden of fifteen solemnly renewed the promise of her childhood. It is noteworthy that S. Genevieve, like the Roman Marcellina thirty years before (CH. XLVII.), still continued to live at home as heretofore, no organized system of monasteries for women being as yet established. No cloistered nun could have been more austere in her self-discipline than this girl of fifteen living in her own home; and the strict rule which she now laid down for herself she observed till past middle life.

Unbroken tradition has represented the patroness of Paris as a shepherdess—"the shepherd girl of Nanterre"—and from this it has

been supposed that her parents were of very humble estate, but from the little we know of their circumstances the presumption is rather the other way. Their names—Severus and Gerontia—suggest that they were of Roman origin, and the saint's own after benefactions to the city imply that she was wealthy. The fact that she tended sheep proves nothing one way or the other; in those days it was not considered an unsuitable employment for the most high-born children—witness our own Northumbrian Cuthbert, and the Irish S. Bridget.

A few years more, and we catch another glimpse of S. Genevieve—an orphan now, living no longer at Nanterre, but with her godmother in Paris. S. German was again passing through Paris, on his second visit to England. With the marvellous memory that so often distinguishes the greatest and busiest of public men, he remembered all about his little friend at Nanterre, and inquired concerning her welfare. The report was a sorrowful one; scandal had been busy with her name, and had wrapped round her a mist of suspicions that she was powerless to dissipate. Forthwith the bishop went to seek her at her lodging in the city, and, in the presence of a large number of people, greeted her with a tender respect that amazed those who witnessed it; then, turning from her to the bystanders, he declared his deep conviction of her perfect innocence. Thereupon S. German departed, believing that the maiden's fair fame was re-established in the eyes of all the world; and so no doubt it was in the eyes of all whose opinion was worth having; but it is plain, from the mention of the plot against her life at the time of the expected invasion of the Huns, five years later, that S. Genevieve still had dangerous enemies. This plot happily came to the knowledge of the Archdeacon of Auxerre, who had just arrived in Paris, bringing to Genevieve a tender farewell message from his dying master and her lifelong friend, S. German. Though knowing nothing personally of S. Genevieve, the archdeacon had often, as he told the conspirators, heard her praises from the lips of S. German, and he bade them beware of harming such an one.

S. Genevieve escaped; so, too, did the city of Paris,—saved, as it was believed, by the prayers of S. Genevieve. Possibly the invaders became aware of the resistance that was there preparing for them; and to say this is in no way to doubt the power of those prayers to which the citizens attributed their deliverance. Be this as it may, the Huns altered their direction, and did not approach Paris at all.

The crisis was past, and S. Genevieve, who had shown that she had within her all the patriotic spirit of a Joan of Arc, returned to her home and to her peaceful round of devotions, occupying herself chiefly with the foundation of a church in honour of S. Denys. She shrank from public observation, only coming forward on those occasions when she could again serve her city. She it was who, when Paris was besieged by the Franks and was hard pressed by famine, took command of the boats that went up the Seine to Arcis-sur-Aube to seek provisions, and brought them home in

safety. She, too, it was who, when the Frankish king, Childeric, had sentenced to death a number of prisoners of war, citizens of Paris, braved his anger, and succeeded in obtaining their release.

She lived on for some fifty years after that one great moment of her life, but her countrymen never forgot her services in their hour of need, and the inspiration of her calm, trustful courage. Her fame rang through Europe, and it is told that Simeon Stylites, on his Syrian pillar, asked news of her from the merchants who came from Gaul.

On the saint's death, at the age of eighty, the place of her burial was at first marked only by a little wooden oratory, but subsequently a splendid church was built over it by Clovis, King of the Franks. Such was the origin of the famous Paris church of S. Genevieve, called by the revolutionists "the Pantheon."

Two Suffolk churches, Euston and Fornham, bear the name of the patroness of Paris. The special reason for the ascription is not apparently known in either case, but it is natural to suppose it due to the choice of some Norman proprietor, to whom the memory of the maiden-saviour of Paris was dear.

S. Radegund,* Q. Abs. Aug. 13, 587.

Seven years after the death of the aged Genevieve, the German princess Radegund entered upon her troubled existence. Though by race a German, she is so completely identified with the land of her Frankish conquerors that we count ourselves justified in speaking of her as a Frenchwoman. A far less heroic figure than the Shepherdess of Nanterre, there is yet much in her that is both pathetic and winning.

The story of Queen Radegund is one that requires to be told at some length, if it is to be rightly understood. The brief summary of the biographical dictionaries, to the effect that she was the wife of the Merovingian king, Clotaire I., and that she left him in order to become an abbess, does indeed state an historic fact, but yet it leaves untold all that is most needful to a just appreciation of the unfortunate queen, and serves only to give a wholly false impression of her character.

Very unlike the idyllic childhood of S. Genevieve was the childhood of the little Thuringian princess Radegund. Her earliest memories were, first of miserable family feuds which left her and her brother orphans, then of foreign invasion, marked with horrors which were burnt into her mind for all time. The pitiless Frankish conquerors killed and plundered and burnt; everywhere their march might be traced in blood. In her old age Radegund still recalled with fierce anguish the wretched women whom she had seen led forth in fetters from their dear homes at Erfurt, dragged by the captors over the very bodies of their dead, and forbidden to turn and cast one farewell glance on all that they were leaving.

Their lot was likewise her lot. She, too, was led away captive; but Erfurt was little of a home to her now, for of all her protectors not one was left within its walls. One young cousin was dimly believed to have

* Based mainly on Montalembert's "Moines d'Occident."

saved his life by flight into the far East, the rest were put to the sword; but Radegund was happier far than many of her compatriots, inasmuch as her boy-brother was allowed to share her captivity. It was not till long afterwards, when this last link with home was cruelly snapped, that her cup of misery was full. The two children were not ill-treated. The beauty of the little girl—she must have been about ten years of age at this time—excited the admiration both of Clotaire and of his brother; they disputed whose she should be, and in the end she fell to the share of Clotaire, the youngest and worst of the brothers, who, resolving to make her his queen, determined to have her educated in a manner beseeming her future rank. To this end he provided her with a suitable household, and placed her in one of his palaces on the banks of the Somme; and here the children passed the next eight years, tranquilly and happily enough.

Radegund's nature responded ardently to the religious training which was here bestowed upon her, and the height of her ambition was to become a nun and live for ever under the shadow of the Church. But this was not to be; and as soon as she had reached the age of eighteen, Clotaire claimed his unwilling bride. The poor child made a vain attempt to escape her hated fate by a secret flight in a boat down the river, but she was pursued and brought back to the court.

And now followed the six most unhappy years of Radegund's life. Nominally she was Clotaire's wife; in reality she found herself nothing more than the chief of his harem, the favourite and most highly honoured among the half-dozen women whom he chose to designate as his queens. Silently she submitted to the indignities she had no power to remove; withdrawing herself as far as possible from the riotous life of the court, following in secret her own ascetic routine, devoting her time and fortune to the relief of the suffering poor around her, and profiting by the position she occupied to do all in her power to cast out the lingering remains of heathenism. Then came a sorrow which roused her to resistance: Clotaire caused her young and tenderly loved brother to be put to death. Radegund in her just wrath claimed her liberty, and for very shame's sake the king durst not withhold it; he even sanctioned her seeking shelter at Noyon with the much-esteemed Bishop Medardus (CH. XXIV.). It is curious to observe the awe with which S. Radegund ever inspired the violent and brutal Clotaire; he might complain indeed that he had "married a nun," but her very independence only served to increase his admiration; and though he afterwards made one or two attempts to recover her, he never persisted in them in the face of her known opposition.

So to Noyon S. Radegund went; and there, still under the influence of that first overwhelming passion of feeling, she bore down the hesitation of Bishop Medardus, and forced him to give her the veil, and consecrate her a deaconess, thus making impossible all return to her former life. "I would rather die than do that," was her bitter cry. So she passed on

from the protection of one religious house to another, from Noyon to Tours, from Tours to Poitiers, where at length she was to find her rest.

Poitiers lay within the dominions of Clotaire, and he behaved with considerable magnanimity in granting to his fugitive queen land whereon to build a nunnery, and permission to abide in it unmolested. In money matters he showed himself thoroughly liberal, and Radegund found herself in command of all her crown jewels, and of an ample fortune, sufficient for her needs. Her own manner of life was of the simplest and most austere description, but large funds must have been required for the foundation and support of her convent, which in course of time numbered two hundred inmates, drawn mostly from the highest ranks. In her humility she would not take upon herself the office of abbess, but was content to perform the lowliest and hardest duties of the big household—lighting fires, sweeping, carrying wood and water, and the like. And yet for all this voluntary humility it is perfectly obvious that S. Radegund remained no less a queen in her convent at Poitiers than she had been when she was the favourite consort of Clotaire at Soissons. It was she, and not the nominal abbess, who in reality ruled the community, who prescribed the rigorous measure of prayers and fasting, who organized the occasional recreations with which the intense strain was now and again relieved. One at least of the nuns—probably many more—had been with her in the old days at Soissons, and to them their queen's lightest wish was weighty. It happened once that a band of musicians passed beneath the convent walls while Radegund and two of the nuns were at prayer. "Ah!" cried one of them with sudden eagerness, "I recognize a song that I myself used once to sing." "I wonder," was the stern reply, "that you can still take pleasure in these worldly sounds." "But," pleaded the poor lady, "I hear among them two or three of my own songs." In vain she sought for sympathy—the queen cut short the matter with the somewhat crushing rejoinder: "As for me, I have not heard one note of this secular music."

But in all sincerity the young queen believed that she had renounced the natural prerogatives of her high station, reserving for herself the sole privilege of exceeding all her companions in the severity of her austerities, and in the fervour of her devotion towards the sick poor. Her tenderness towards the lepers who were under her charge called forth the remonstrances of the nuns. "Holy lady," said one of them deprecatingly, "if you kiss these lepers, who will desire to kiss you?" "Ah, well," replied the queen, with playful asperity, "if you will never kiss me again I can bear it." The only reward that Radegund consciously sought was to win for her convent such exceptional privileges as were gladly accorded by emperor and king and bishops to the prayers of the venerated ex-queen. It was through her means that the convent became possessed of the supposed relics of the true cross, sent from Constantinople, which caused it to be known as "the Convent of S. Cross."

To the last Radegund maintained a profound interest in all that

concerned the welfare of her adopted country. The rumours of fresh dissensions made her tremble from head to foot, and both by her prayers and by her written counsels, she did her utmost to avert the evils she so much dreaded. She was on excellent terms with Clotaire's son Sigebert, who, after his father's death, found it in his power to do her many a service.

We have exceptionally large opportunities for forming our judgment upon this saint, for no less than three lives of her, each of them written by intimate personal friends, have come down to us. Of the three writers one was a nun of S. Radegund's own convent; another the celebrated historian, Gregory of Tours; and the third was Venantius Fortunatus, the courtly Italian, who at a later date became Bishop of Poitiers. Fortunatus was a man of letters, and a poet of considerable reputation in his day, though it is only through two of his hymns, "Vexilla Regis" and "Pange Lingua," that he is at all generally known.* The friendship existing between him and S. Radegund was of so much importance to both that it demands a brief notice. Indifferent health, lack of settled occupation, and the disturbed state of his native country, were among the causes that induced Fortunatus to take to foreign travel. A strong spirit of hero-worship led him to the tomb of S. Martin of Tours, and from thence he passed to Poitiers, where he made the acquaintance of S. Radegund, who was then in middle life and at the height of her fame. The young layman's turn for hero-worship found ample food in the queenly nun with her tragic past, her rich intellectual powers, her taste for literature, and her boundless activities. He conceived for her the most ardent adoration, and, having taken Priest's Orders, he established himself at Poitiers, where he fulfilled the double office of chaplain and almoner to the convent, and private secretary to S. Radegund. His knowledge of the world and his literary faculty made him a most valuable medium of communication, whether in person or by letter, with the various public personages with whom the ex-queen had to deal. His pen was always busy, and no task was more delightful to him than writing the biographies of good men and women. We can well imagine how heartily he would throw himself into the work of writing a memoir of his royal friend; but it was many a long year before this duty devolved upon him, and for the moment it was as a poet that he was best known. The story of Radegund's captivity, as he heard it from her own lips, furnished him with a fine subject for some of his best poems, in which we can still feel the bitter anguish of those never-to-be-forgotten moments of bereavement. Fortunatus was by nature prone to be affected and sentimental; when he wrote as the mouthpiece of Radegund, her passion imparted just the touch of reality he lacked. His untiring devotion must have been very pleasant to her, and made up to her in some sort for the young brother and the loved cousin whose loss no years could blot from her memory. He lent a new grace to the rigid convent life by innumerable tiny acts of friendship that flowed

* Versions of both may be found in "Hymns A. and M.," beginning respectively: "The royal banners forward go," and "Now my tongue the mystery telling."

spontaneously from his Italian nature—by gifts of spring flowers for the adornment of the church, or of fruits laid in rustic baskets of his own weaving—attentions which the nuns on their side reciprocated in kind by presents of eggs and cream, and such country dainties—presents which were apt to be hailed with somewhat over-ecstatic verses.

We can hardly doubt that the invaluable chaplain had a part in organizing the semi-sacred dramatic representations which S. Radegund encouraged among her nuns, though without taking part in them herself. After events lead us to doubt the wisdom of the ex-queen's system of alternate rigour and laxity. Shortly after her death the convent of S. Cross was disgraced by grievous scandals among some of the sisters, which would have broken the heart of their foundress; but Radegund had acted in all sincerity, if injudiciously, and no touch of blame ever rested upon her.

In spite of her terrible and continued austerities, she lived to be nearly seventy, and at last passed away, mourned by her nuns like a tenderly loved mother. She was laid to rest by Bishop Gregory of Tours, hard by the convent of which she had been the superior—in fact, if not in name—for thirty years or more. It was natural enough that one so honoured in her lifetime should be yet more honoured in her death; and the connexion of our Plantagenet kings with Poitou supplies an all-sufficient explanation of her introduction into this country. Her English dedications are, however, far rarer than might have been expected, considering her great popularity. We find Scruton in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Maplebeck in Nottinghamshire, and Grayingham in Lincolnshire, to which we may add Whitwell in the Isle of Wight, and Postling * in Kent—both of these under the twofold invocation of "S. Radegund and S. Mary the Virgin." S. Radegund has been shorn, however, of one of her greatest glories, for the beautiful college at Cambridge, now known as "Jesus College," took its present name only in the year 1497, when Bishop Alcock of Ely converted to its present use a deserted Benedictine nunnery which had been founded three and a half centuries earlier (1130), and placed under the invocation of "The Blessed Virgin Mary, S. John Evangelist, and S. Radegund."† The beautiful existing college chapel is a part of this first building; and the subject of one of the artistic stained glass windows with which the chapel has of late been filled, appropriately recalls the story of the now forgotten patroness, the Frankish queen Radegund.

* Postling is otherwise ascribed simply to "The Mother of God."

† Lewis.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SAINTED SISTERS OF SAINTED BROTHERS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
492	S. Marcellina, V.	July 17	398	1 *dd.*
494	S. Pega, V.	January 8	cir. 720	1
495	S. Adeline, V.	October 20	cir. 1125	1

THE three holy women who are brought together in this chapter, though themselves numbered among the saints, yet owe all their fame to their association with some saint greater than themselves. Differing one from another in time, in country, in speech, the sisters of S. Ambrose, S. Guthlac, and S. Vitalis have this much in common, that their little lives were taken up into lives broader than their own; that their joy, their crown of glorying, lay in the love of the famous brothers who were all the world to them.

S. Marcellina, V. July 17, 398.

We must needs be grateful to that one Cornish church which, by its dedication to S. Marcellina, turns our minds to the idyllic picture of family happiness presented to us in the life and writings of S. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. It is from these sources that we learn all that we know of our saint, for she comes before us only where her life is interwoven with that of her brother.

Marcellina was the eldest, and Ambrose the youngest, of the three children of a Roman prefect of high rank. After the death of their father the children lived with their widowed mother at Rome, where the sons were educated, and where Marcellina in due course publicly received the veil from the then Bishop of Rome. She still continued to live at home after this ceremony as before, according to a custom not then uncommon. Ambrose was the pride and darling of the household, and the little touches relating to his childhood and youth that are recorded in his biography were doubtless gleaned from the fond elder sister. Woman-like she would treasure up the recollection of the swarm of bees that settled on the infant's cradle and flew harmlessly in and out of his mouth, prefiguring, as it was afterwards said, the rich stores of eloquence that were to flow from those lips. Probably, too, it is to her we owe the story of Ambrose's boyish prophecy of his own greatness, when, seeing his home belongings kiss the hands of the priests, the saucy

thirteen-year-old schoolboy offered them his own hand to kiss, saying that he should one day be a bishop. Years afterwards, when the prophecy was fulfilled, Ambrose smilingly reminded his sister of this incident.

And if everything that concerned him was interesting to her, he on his side was to the full as sympathetic. All the circumstances of her solemn consecration to the virgin life were told and re-told to her favourite brother with a fervour that made a lasting impression upon him. He even came to know what the bishop had said on the occasion, and incorporated it years afterwards in one of his own writings. The bond between brother and sister was not broken when Ambrose went to live at Milan, and entered upon his legal duties there. And if the tie between them was so close while Ambrose, though reverent, earnest, and upright, was still outside the Christian Church, how much closer must it have been drawn when he was openly admitted into the Church by baptism, and became one of the noblest of her leaders.

We know from other sources how full and crowded a life was that of the great Bishop of Milan; how, for example, in order to economize time, it was his practice to read to himself even at meals;* but under no circumstances was he too busy to find leisure for his correspondence with Marcellina. He warns her not to injure her health with undue fasting; he tells her fully all that is most interesting in his public life—his conflicts with the civil powers, the discovery of relics that were destined to add new fame to Milan (vol. i. p. 139), the important sermon he had been called to preach before the emperor, and so forth.

His course of sermons on "the Vocation of Virgins," which, naturally enough, contained many an allusion to his sister-friend, attracted an immense amount of attention, and drew to Milan listeners from distant parts of the world; while many of the Milanese mothers, on the other hand, kept their daughters at home, lest they, too, should be carried away by the sudden wave of enthusiasm, and so be drawn into taking vows of perpetual celibacy. The fame of the sermons reached Marcellina at Rome, who wrote to congratulate the preacher, and to tell him that since she could not come to hear him he ought to send his sermons to her. This moved Ambrose to issue them in book form, with a dedication to his sister.

But though both Ambrose and Marcellina so highly esteemed the single state for all such as felt it to be their vocation, they none the less urged their brother Satyrus to marry. He refused, however, on the ground that he was too happy in his family relations. He was entirely devoted to his family, and when Ambrose had been appointed bishop, he resigned an important appointment of his own in order to live with his brother, and to relieve him of all secular cares. His death took place immediately after his return from a voyage to Africa, which he undertook for the purpose of recovering some outstanding debt of his brother's.

* Cf. S. Augustine's "Confessions."

Both Ambrose and Marcellina were with him at the last. He left his fortune unconditionally to them, and they agreed that they should best be consulting his wishes by considering themselves merely as trustees, holding it for the good of the poor. Ambrose preached the funeral sermon in presence of the still uncovered corpse, and spoke of his own and his sister's grief at their loss. So for the last time the three stand before us united. Some four years later Ambrose himself died, and, after seven years of complete loneliness, Marcellina followed her brothers to the grave (July 17, 398).

Tintagel, the only English church which commemorates S. Marcellina, is given in some lists as S. Symphorian (CH. XIII.), but Mr. Borlase* gives it rather as "SS. Materiana and Marcellina." No researches have yet succeeded in making clear who *S. Materiana* may be (CH. LI.). Tintagel feast does not in any way help us, for it is observed on October 19,† S. Denys's Day, O.S., and is known as "Dewyn's Fair." A chapel dedicated to S. Denys is known to have once existed in the parish, but it is certain that all the three names, S. Marcellina, S. Symphorian, and S. Denys, must have come into the parish through some later influence outside Cornwall itself; still, by whatever channel she has reached us, we must thankfully cherish our one bond of association with the Lady Marcellina.

S. Pega, V. Jan. 8, cir. 720.

S. Pega ‡ was the sister of S. Guthlac, the famous hermit of Crowland (CH. XXIX.), and, like him, she forsook her home to live a life of prayer and retirement. She drew round her other women like-minded with herself, and they made for themselves a little settlement in Northamptonshire, not very far from Crowland. "And there," in the language of one of the old chroniclers,§ "Pega, S. Guthlac's sister, was for a long time a servant of the Lord."

Near as the brother and sister were dwelling one to another, they thought it right to deny themselves the joy of meeting. But no separation could quench their mutual love, and when Guthlac lay on his deathbed his last earthly thoughts were for his sister. Felix the monk tells how he "raised a little his weary limbs from the wall," and bade the faithful friend who tended him listen to his last commands. "After my soul departs from the body," said he, "go thou to my sister, and say to her that I for this end here on earth avoided her presence and would not see her, that we two hereafter might see each other in heaven, before the face of God." And then the saint went on to speak of the heavenly comfort that had often been secretly vouchsafed to him in the midst of his bitter spiritual conflicts. During his lifetime he had spoken to no man of these blessed glimpses into the unseen world, and even now he would have it told to none, "except to Pega my sister, and to Egbert the hermit, if it chance that thou meet with him." When the morrow dawned,

* "Age of the Saints."

† Truro Kalendar.

‡ Notices of S. Pega are found in an Anglo-Saxon life of S. Guthlac by a monk named Felix.

§ Ordericus Vitalis, quoted in Baring-Gould, January 8.

Guthlac felt himself dying, and once more he reminded his friend Beccel (cf. p. 97) to prepare for a journey. Beccel watched by his beloved master till all was over, and then he "went on board a boat and travelled to the place which the man of God had before bidden him seek; and there he came to Pega, and told her all these things in order as her brother had bidden him. When she heard that her brother was departed, she forthwith fell on the earth, and was filled with great sorrow, so that she could not speak a word. When she presently recovered herself she drew a long sigh, and gave thanks to the Lord for that He would have it so to be." * On the next day she journeyed to Crowland, and the three days before the burial were spent in watching beside her beloved brother, commending his soul to God, "with holy hymns of praise."

On two subsequent occasions S. Pega revisited Crowland; once when she superintended the solemn removal of her brother's remains to a more honourable tomb, and once again when she is reported to have performed a miracle upon a blind man by anointing his eyes with salt which Guthlac himself had formerly hallowed. After her brother's death, Pega very much increased her austerities, carrying them to an extent which his sounder judgment would surely have condemned. In the end she went on pilgrimage to Rome, to pray "for herself and her kinsfolk." † Here she died on January 8, and here she was buried; and here, too, it is said, that a church—now no longer existing—was dedicated to her memory.‡

The little church which she founded in Northamptonshire continued to bear the name of "Pega's kirk," and gradually the name of the church was extended to the whole parish. Three hundred years ago it was still written "Peg-kirk." § Since that time it has been gradually corrupted into *Peakirk*, but the derivation is obvious even in the abbreviated form. As late, at any rate, as the sixteenth century, a figure of S. Pega still remained in the old Norman church; and in the year 1566 we find one Robert Angele leaving a bequest of a certain quantity of barley, together with twenty pence in money, for "the repairinge of St. Pee's image." ‖

Peakirk is situated on the borders of Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire, and is encircled by a ring of churches dedicated to S. Guthlac—Marholme, Crowland, and Market Deeping. Thus through eleven centuries the brother and sister have been commemorated together—an association which we may feel very certain would have been a source of pleasure to both.

S. Adeline, V. Oct. 20, cir. 1125.

There is little to be gleaned concerning this saint, except that she was through life the friend and fellow-worker of her brother, S. Vitalis, the French abbot. The brother was a man of great organizing power, of no small note in his day. At school the serious little boy was nicknamed "the little abbot"—a prophetic name

* Felix's "Life of S. Guthlac."
† Ordericus Vitalis, quoted in Baring-Gould.
‡ Camden.
§ Murray's "Northamptonshire."
‖ Ibid.

for the future founder of one of the most celebrated monasteries in France. He was of high birth, and stood well in the estimation of the Norman royal family, and thus he was fortunate in obtaining grants of lands for his various communities. His first settlement was at Mortain in Normandy, on land given him by a nephew of William the Conqueror, Count William of Mortain. After ten years' work here, and an interval of hermit life among the woods and rocks, he and his disciples, now some hundred and forty in number, established themselves in the forest of Savigny, in the province of Anjou, and founded the Cistercian Abbey of Savigny, "which soon became one of the most celebrated monasteries in France, and was the headquarters of a congregation whose branches extended throughout France and England, and which numbered among its daughter abbeys La Trappe," etc.*

It is now that S. Adeline first comes on the scene. As soon as S. Vitalis was established himself, he set to work to build a convent for his sister and a band of nuns, at a spot in the forest very near to his own monastery. A few years later, however, he determined to transfer the nuns under the charge of his sister to his first settlement of Mortain. This convent, which grew to be an important one, was popularly known by the designation of "the White Ladies of Mortain," from the colour of the nuns' garments.

S. Vitalis is spoken of as "one of the most educated monks of his time," † but there is no evidence to show whether Adeline had enjoyed equal advantages. She outlived her brother some two or three years. She was buried in the first instance at Mortain, but a century later her remains were taken up and laid beside those of her brother at Savigny. It is curious that the more distinguished brother—who has, moreover, the additional interest for Englishmen of having shortly before his death visited England, and there made a considerable impression by his preaching—should have no memorial in this country, while the little-known sister, who seems scarcely to have passed outside the limits of the province in which she was born, is commemorated by the Gloucestershire church of Little Sodbury. The clue seems to lie in the fact that in the twelfth century the lords of the manor of Sodbury held their possessions from the Bishop of Lisieux, the adjoining diocese to that in which Mortain is situated,‡ where the memory of S. Adeline was doubtless fresh and living.

* "Dictionnaire de Biographie Universelle."

† Ibid.

‡ Rudder's "Gloucestershire."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MEMORIAL CHURCHES AND CHURCHES FOR SEAFARERS.

Section I.—Memorial Churches.

PAGE.	NAME.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
498	Bishop Ridley	1555 ...	—	*See All Hallows.*
498	Bishop Ryder	1836 ...	1	
498	Albert, Prince Consort ...	1861 ...	1	
499	Dr. Stowell	1865 ...	1	
499	Dean Hook	1865 ...	—	*See All Souls.*
499	Bishop Lightfoot ...	1889 ...	—	*See S. Hilda.*

Section II.—Churches for Seafarers.

500	Fishermen's Church		1
500	Mariners' Church		2
500	Sailors' Church		1

Section I.—Memorial Churches.

The strong natural desire to "enlarge our range of saintship"* is beginning to force a channel for itself in the practice that is growing up amongst us of building so-called "Memorial Churches." The Church of Rome still continues to add fresh names to those already included in the Canon of the Mass, and we, who lack any such acknowledged method of recognizing saintship, are yet ill content to act as though the saint-roll of the Anglican Church had been abruptly and for ever closed three hundred years ago.

Memorial churches, which commemorate some good servant of God of these later days of the Church's history—some name which, though dear to the hearts of the worshippers, is yet vainly sought for in any authorized Kalendar of Saints—are true to the most ancient principles of church dedication. Most surely they are consecrated "unto none but the Lord only,"† but yet they are none the less—to make use once more of S. Augustine's noble words that might well stand as the motto of these volumes—"memorials unto dead men whose spirits with God are still living."

* Westcott. † Hooker, E. P.

We may trace, too, another resemblance. The earliest dedication-names were chosen, not arbitrarily, but as marking a local association between the saint commemorated and the site of his church; in point of fact, they had their origin in the oratories built over the graves of the martyrs. The same principle of local association is strongly recognized by our nineteenth-century memorial churches, which are for the most part erected in parishes intimately connected with the history of the men whose names they bear—their birthplace, it may be, or, more frequently, the scene of their life's work.

The five churches to King Charles the First might with some propriety be classed under the head of memorial churches; but as his name was for nearly two hundred years included among the other saints in our Prayer-book Kalendar, these churches stand on a different footing from the rest.

The number of memorial churches furnished by our list is inconsiderable, but such churches have much increased during the last few years. The six names here mentioned may serve, however, as illustrations of this new departure in the practice of dedications.

Bishop Ridley. 1555.

Taking the names in chronological order, we begin with Bishop Ridley. Quite recently (1890) a new and much-needed church has been consecrated at Henshaw in Tynedale, which, though formally dedicated to "All Hallows," is to be known as "The Bishop Ridley Memorial," in memory of the great and holy Bishop of London who suffered martyrdom at Oxford in the Marian persecution. "By faith Ridley looked forward with joy to the fire that awaited him, and bade his sister come to his marriage." * The newly founded "Ridley Memorial" is situated on the banks of the Tyne, just opposite Williemotswyke Castle, the ancestral home of the Ridleys, where the bishop was born.

Bishop Ryder. 1836.

The long series of English bishops commemorated by our English churches is made to extend itself over a period of twelve hundred years by the inclusion of Dudley Charles Ryder, the highly-respected bishop of the immense modern diocese known as Lichfield and Coventry. In Birmingham, the most important centre of his work, he is commemorated by a church, founded about the year 1840, and named simply "Bishop Ryder Church."

Concerning his old neighbour, Bishop Ryder, we have this testimony from Robert Hall, the well-known Nonconformist preacher. "He is the same man," said he to a friend, "as a bishop as he was as the laborious parish priest; to such a bishop we may apply the apocalyptic title 'an angel of the Church.' We may say of him what S. John says of Demetrius, that he 'has good report of all men, and of the truth itself.'" †

Albert, Prince Consort. 1861.

In the "Albert Memorial Church" in Manchester, founded within two or three years of the death of the Prince Consort, the national sorrow for one who was just beginning to be known and appreciated among us finds a permanent expression.

* Hare's "Victory of Faith."

† Gregory's "Life of Robert Hall."

Two other churches we have bearing this name of Albert, and these also refer to an English prince; but how strange is the contrast between the hapless Saxon Albert, or Ethelbert (CH. XXXIX.) and the prince of our own days, whom Tennyson has described as—

> "Not swaying to this faction or to that;
> Not making his high place the lawless perch
> Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground
> For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
> Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
> Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
> In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
> And blackens every blot." *

The "Albert Memorial Church," by the very rarity of its appellation, must tend to provoke inquiry, and it is pleasant to think of the many who may thus be led to learn more of the life and character of "Albert the Good."

Dr. Stowell. 1865.

Though wanting in all the national interest that belongs to the church last mentioned, the "Stowell Memorial Church" is in its right place in Salford near Manchester, where Dr. Stowell's labours and eloquence were well known and are still remembered.

Dean Hook. 1865.

No record of the Church in Leeds can ever be complete that does not give prominence to the great work carried on there between the years 1837 and 1859 by Dr. Hook, afterwards Dean of Chichester. The memory of that sturdy and energetic personality is still held in affectionate remembrance throughout the city; and it was curious to note how in all the sermons and speeches connected with the celebrations in 1891, inappropriately described as the *Jubilee* of the Parish Church, Dr. Hook was constantly referred to as a sort of second founder. He is as truly associated with the building up of the Church in Leeds as S. Chad or S. Swithun with the building up of the Church in Lichfield or Winchester; and Leeds has done well to mark her sense of this by conferring upon the new church of All Souls, which was built in memory of him, the alternative designation of "The Hook Memorial."

Bishop Lightfoot. 1889.

Among the latest additions to our memorial churches is the "Lightfoot Memorial" at Sunderland, otherwise known as "S. Hilda." This church, says a writer in the *Church Quarterly Review*, "owes its existence to the forethought and gifts" of the late bishop, "and will be a memorial of his name and work. Gateshead also will, under similar conditions, soon have its Bishop Lightfoot Memorial Church, and these, the two largest towns in the diocese, are but examples of the spirit and work of the whole."

* Dedication to the "Idylls of the King."

Section II.—Churches for Seafarers.

Something may be said here of those few churches which have no personal name of any kind attached to them, but are distinguished merely by the name of the peculiar class of the community whose wants they are intended to meet. Such is "The Fishermen's Church" at Hastings, designed for the use of the fisher population, but named, one would suppose, not without reference to the Apostolic "fishers of men," of whom old Izaak Walton quaintly sings—

> "The first men that our Saviour dear
> Did choose to wait upon Him here,
> Bless'd fishers were; and fish the last
> Food was that He on earth did taste:
> I therefore strive to follow those
> Whom He to follow Him hath chose." *

"The Mariners' Church" in Hull is appropriately situated in that busy seafaring town. It has been suggested that the name may be a reminiscence of the old Hull foundation, "the Mariners' Hospital of the Holy Trinity," † but the choice is an obvious one for a seaport, and we find another example of the same name in the city of Gloucester. Gloucester does not at first sight commend itself as a natural locality for a mariners' church, but there is an immense river traffic in connexion with the coal trade, and indeed, as long ago as the time of Elizabeth the rising prosperity of Gloucester as a seaport town roused the jealousy of its neighbour Bristol.‡

The Port of London has just founded a special "Sailors' Church" for the needs of her great seafaring population; and probably there are many other places which are making similar efforts, though our lists only make mention of these three or four instances.

* "The Compleat Angler."
† Lawton.
‡ Lewis.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.

PAGE.	NAME.		YEAR.		CHURCHES.	
501	All Saints	...	Nov. 1	...	1240	*See also dd.*
	All Hallows	...	...	...	36	*See also dd.*
504	All Souls	...	Nov. 2	...	21	

All Saints or All Hallows. Nov. 1.

It is not a little strange that this festival, which, among all the Saints' Days, is perhaps the most precious to our own time, should be of such comparatively late institution. It is needless to say that the principle which the festival emphasizes of the intimate connexion between the saints of the heavenly and of the earthly Jerusalem—between God's elect people in all ages and in all countries—was plainly recognized from the very foundation of the Church. The commemoration of the holy dead formed a striking feature of the Eucharistic service; there year by year at the altar were recalled the names of those blessed martyrs who had, as on that day, laid down their lives for the faith—the "birthdays" of the saints, as the Church in her splendid exultation chose to call these solemn anniversaries. Readers of Walter Pater's "Marius" will remember the description of the Christian worship at Rome in the days of Marcus Aurelius, with its close knitting together of the living and the dead. "The table or altar at which he" (the pontiff) "presided, below a canopy of spiral columns, and with the carved palm-branch, standing in the midst of a semi-circle of seats for the priests, was in reality the tomb of a youthful 'witness,' of the family of the Cæcilii, who had shed his blood not many years before, and whose relics were still in this place. It was for his sake that the bishop put his lips so often to the surface before him; the regretful memory of his death intertwining itself, though with a note of triumph, as a matter of special inward significancy, throughout this whole service, which was, besides other things, a commemoration of the whole number of the beloved dead."

In some sense, no doubt, these services were intended as a commemoration of "the whole number of the beloved dead," yet primarily they were designed to keep in memory the names of individual martyrs.

But as time passed on "all the days in the year could no longer suffice even for the commemoration of the known saints, while there were besides an infinity of others whose names were written only in the Book of Life."* A distinct step towards a more general commemoration of the holy dead was taken in the seventh century, when Pope Boniface IV. ordained that the 13th of May, the anniversary of the consecration of the Pantheon—its conversion from a temple of the gods of heathendom into a sanctuary that should breathe thoughts of the true God and His blessed saints—should henceforth be observed as the feast of the Blessed Virgin and All Martyrs. The day thus chosen, May 13, or the Sunday next following, was possibly chosen as harmonizing well with a practice which had already—as long ago as the days of S. Chrysostom—gained an informal recognition in the Church, of commemorating "All Martyrs" on the octave of Pentecost. It is noteworthy that the Eastern Church still maintains this suggestive connexion between the festival of the descent of the Holy Ghost and the commemoration of All Saints; when and why the Western Church deviated from this practice, and adopted the 1st of November in place of the Pentecostal festival, is not perfectly clear, though it seems plain that for a while at least—about the time of Charlemagne—it was customary to observe both days.

But the commemorative feast instituted by Pope Boniface was comparatively limited in its range. It was not as yet the feast of *All Saints*, but specially of *All Martyrs;* and the commemoration was made far more complete and beautiful by Gregory III. (cir. 737), when he linked with the remembrance of the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles and Martyrs and Confessors, the thankful remembrance of "all the just made perfect, who are at rest throughout the earth."

Another hundred years passed, and we find the fourth Gregory coming into France (A.D. 835) and earnestly exhorting Louis le Débonnaire to cause this festival of All Saints to be observed throughout his kingdom, after the Roman manner, on the first day of November. Gregory's desire to establish this feast throughout the Western Church caused it to be entered in certain of the Kalendars. At first it only occupied the third place, after two very obscure names, but about this time popular instinct seized upon this grand comprehensive festival, and from henceforward All Saints' Day was rapidly raised from honour to honour till it became one of the leading feasts of the Latin Church.

The immense number of English churches dedicated to the honour of no one Apostle or Martyr by name, but to "All Saints," is some measure of the hold which this most catholic of festivals has taken upon the hearts of Englishmen. Dedications in this name mount up to more than twelve hundred, and in point of number rank second only to the churches dedicated in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The dedication is one which is borne by churches belonging to all periods of English ecclesiastical history; it is one which was as much in favour after the Reformation as

* Baillet, November 1.

before, and which has never incurred the danger of being condemned as superstitious. In fact, the difficulty that meets us here is of a different kind. In and after the sixteenth century there seems to have been a tendency to substitute a dedication to "All Saints" in place of some less generally approved dedication-name. We see evidence of this practice in the large number of churches now known as "All Saints" which can show an alternative dedication to some other saint—it may be to the Virgin, or to one of the Apostles, but very frequently to some non-scriptural saint, such as S. Giles, S. Botolph, S. Leonard, etc. In some cases, no doubt, a direct change was made; in many more "All Saints" probably formed part of the original dedication—as, for example, at St. Bees in Cumberland, where the dedication formerly ran thus: "To the honour of S. Mary and All Saints and S. Bega," or, as in the constantly recurring conjunction, "S. Mary and All Saints"—and nothing was then needed but to drop out the name of the individual saint.

It would be interesting to find out whether many of the old churches that are dedicated to All Saints keep their feast on November 1. It is noticeable in the case of the two neighbouring Wharfedale churches of Ilkley and Otley—both of them dating back to Saxon times, and both of them dedicated to All Saints—that neither of them keeps its parish feast on All Saints' Day. The Ilkley feast is governed by September 8, the Otley feast by August 2, dates that have come down from time immemorial, but which have long ceased to have any significance, unless they can be severally traced back to the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin and the feast of S. Mary Magdalene (O.S.). It should be added, however, that there is no doubt that the Otley church was known in pre-Reformation days by its present name, or, more strictly speaking, as "All Hallows."*

The Saxon *All Hallows* has of course precisely the same meaning as the Latin *All Saints*, or the French *Toussaints*—of which, by the way, a curious reminder still lingers in the Devonshire parish of *Buckland-Tout-Saints;* but "All Hallows" is the older and truly national form, the form made use of by Shakespeare and Bacon. The adoption by the compilers of the Prayer-book of the rendering *All Saints* no doubt played a large part in causing the majority of churches to make use of the Latin rather than of the Saxon form of the dedication-name, and we find that out of a total of more than twelve hundred and eighty churches dedicated to All Saints, scarcely more than thirty have retained the distinctive English form of All Hallows. Chance and local use seem to have had more to do with the matter than any definite principle, and in the conservative South-country the change seems to have found less ready acceptance than in the North of England. Exeter can still show "All-Hallows-on-the-Walls," and "All Hallows, Goldsmith Street;" and in the City of London we have no less than eight churches dedicated to All Hallows, while the more modern "All Saints" does not appear once.

* Whitaker's "Loidis and Elmete."

As we have before said, "All Saints" has at all times been a most favourite dedication in England. Apart from the thousand pre-Reformation churches that bear this name, and the fifty ancient churches which claim All Saints as an alternative name, we find this same dedication honoured in the seventeenth century—for example, at Harthill in Cheshire—and still more frequently in the eighteenth century. In the first half of the nineteenth century we can count nearly forty churches thus dedicated; while in the last forty years alone their number mounts up to over a hundred and forty. Of these modern churches very few have revived the ancient form of All Hallows, but a certain number have done so; as, for example, a church in Southwark, another at the East India Docks, the Bishop Ridley Memorial Church at Henshaw in Northumberland, and—most appropriately of all—the church of All Hallows at Bromley-by-Bow, which was built in 1874 out of the proceeds of the sale of the ancient City church of All Hallows, Staining.*

All Souls. Nov. 2.

The day which immediately follows All Saints' Day, that day which we call the Day of the Dead, or All Souls' Day, and which the French call more explicitly, "la Commemoration de tous les Fidèles Trépassés"—that is to say, "the faithful dead"—is in truth only another aspect of that Communion of Saints on which the Church was dwelling on November 1. The two festivals are in truth the filling up each of the other. The distinction between them is thus expressed in the words of a sermon of Dr. Arnold's preached upon All Souls' Day. He says: "In the celebration of All Saints' Day we recall to mind our fellowship with God's servants in respect of their and our immortality. The Day of the Dead recalls to us our fellowship with God's servants, in so far as both they and we are mortal. . . . The Day of the Dead is the day of those who are yet in some measure under Death's power—of our departed brethren who are yet so far under it, that they have not entered into their perfect and eternal life—of ourselves even more, over whose heads death's dart is still hanging."

The practice of prayerful commemoration of the holy dead was of course no new thing, but the formal institution of the festival of All Souls was of late date. In the closing years of the tenth century a certain famous abbot of the Cluniac Order, Odilon by name, was the first to formulate a regular yearly service of prayer and thanksgiving for the commemoration of the dead in general—which service was to be used on the morrow of All Saints' Day. At first the use of this office was confined to the numerous Cluniac communities, but it was of a nature to appeal strongly to the hearts of all mourners, and in a very short time it received the sanction of the Papal See, and the Day of the Dead was raised by rapid steps—in England as well as elsewhere—to the rank of a highly esteemed holy-day.

At the time when All Souls' Day was instituted, the teaching of the Roman Church was becoming continually more and more definite as to

* Mackeson.

the condition of departed souls, and Odilon did not scruple to avow that the prayers which he authorized were intended to procure the release of suffering spirits from the pains of purgatory. It was a strong and indignant reaction against "the Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory and Pardons" as "a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture," * that caused the compilers of our Prayer-book to sweep away all mention of All Souls' Day; but in Shakespeare's time it was still a familiar point in the Ecclesiastical Year, and in *Richard III.* he makes the condemned Duke of Buckingham dwell on the striking significance of his being called to die upon All Souls' Day.

"*Buckingham.* This is All Souls' Day, fellow, is it not?
Sheriff. It is, my Lord.
Buckingham. Why, then, All Souls' Day is my body's doomsday.
* * * * * *
This, this All Souls' Day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs."

Ancient churches dedicated to All Souls are exceedingly rare; in fact, our lists show only three parish churches so dedicated, one at Great Barford in Bedfordshire, and the other two both of them in Yorkshire, at Aughton in the East Riding, and at Bingley in the West. Curiously enough, in each case an alternative dedication to "All Saints" has at some time or other been superadded, and this leads us to suspect that in the very natural revulsion from all the superstitions connected with the name of All Souls a like change may have taken place in many instances where, from the close proximity of the two feast-days, it cannot possibly be traced. A careful search into old Wills would probably bring to light no inconsiderable number of lost dedications in this name.

But to many of us the chief association with the name of All Souls lies in the stately college and chapel of that name at Oxford, founded by Archbishop Chicheley in 1437. It was founded just about the time when the Day of the Dead was at the zenith of its popularity, and the archbishop directed that the election of fellows should annually take place on All Souls' Day. Memories of Agincourt were still fresh in the hearts of Englishmen, and though the chapel was primarily intended as a memorial of the dead specially connected with Oxford, it was enriched with many effigies of the warriors who fell in the great victory, so that the Chapel of All Souls became in some sort a memorial of Agincourt.

In our days it has happily become more possible to see the good and helpful side of this solemn anniversary which has been so long spoiled for us by the abuses with which it was overlaid. The day indeed has never been restored to its place in our Prayer-book Kalendar, but a constantly increasing number of churches dedicated to All Souls show unmistakably how natural and strong is the yearning after some form of commemoration of our beloved dead—a yearning which eight hundred years ago found expression in the institution of the feast of All Souls. Of

* Article XXII.

the eighteen nineteenth-century churches in this name recorded in our lists, four only belong to the first half of the century; the remainder are all found within the succeeding forty years. Among them may be noted the Hook Memorial Church at Leeds, which is, properly speaking, dedicated to "All Souls," just as the Bishop Ridley Memorial Church in Northumberland is dedicated to "All Hallows."

It has ever been customary in England to speak of the 2nd of November by its designation of All Souls rather than by the gloomy title commonly given it in France—"le jour des morts"—but yet this name is not unknown amongst us, and we may well say with Dr. Arnold:* "And now this Day of the Dead seems to deserve a better or at least a more cheerful name:—it may be called the Day of the Living. For who are so truly alive as they who have been and are and shall be God's children;—alive, and truly alive, for evermore; whether, like our brethren, they have passed through the valley of the shadow of death, or, like us, have yet to pass it?"

* "Sermon on All Souls' Day," vol. vi.

CHAPTER L.

DOUBLE DEDICATIONS.

Not a few of our churches bear a twofold dedication-name,* such as—to take a very common example—"SS. Peter and Paul;" or—to give a less familiar instance—"SS. John Baptist and Helen."

Origin of double dedications.

These twofold ascriptions, which, for convenience' sake, we may speak of as "Double Dedications," arise principally in four different ways—

I. From the original intention of the founder, who desired to place his church under the special guardianship of more than one saint.

II. From the natural tendency to associate the founder's own name with that of the saint whom he himself made choice of.

III. From the practice of re-dedicating churches under some new name, and then making use of both the old and the new names.

IV. From the union or consolidation of two distinct parishes—as in the case of a large majority of the City churches.

At this distance of time it is not always possible to decide which of these four causes may have led to any given double dedication, but there are a large number of examples plainly conspicuous in each class, and these we will now consider, taking the four classes in reverse order, and beginning with what may be termed the *accidental combinations*.

Accidental combinations.

Not a few of the curious combinations which arrest the attention of the student owe their origin to two separate adjacent parishes having been at some period thrown into one. In some cases both churches continued to be kept up; but far more frequently one or other was allowed to fall into ruins, and its memory was preserved only by the concentration of both dedication-names upon the one remaining church. The Oxfordshire parish of Bix furnishes a good example of this process. It comprised originally the parishes of S. James Bix-Brand, and S. Michael, Bix-Gibwen; but at some period the two parishes were united under the common name of "SS. James and Michael," Bix, and gradually S. Michael's church was allowed to fall into ruins.

* For reference to any special combinations, see Appendix I., under the heading "Double Dedications."

In some cases there were two churches, not in the same parish merely, but standing in the same churchyard; as, for example, the two churches of "All Saints" and "S. Vigor," at Fulbourn in Cambridgeshire. "All Saints" has been demolished, but the double name yet lingers. In like manner the memory of the French bishop, S. Ouen, still clings to Gloucester in the name of the parish of "All Saints and S. Owen," though S. Owen's church has long since vanished. Sometimes these accidental combinations are very felicitous, as when—at Spridlington in Lincolnshire, for instance—they bring together the two French bishops, S. Hilary and S. Albinus. Barnham in Suffolk gives us "SS. Gregory and Martin," two men who, though divided by a couple of centuries, would have found in one another very congenial associates. Again, there is something very suggestive in the linking together of "SS. Mary the Virgin and Mary Magdalene," which is found at Warham in Norfolk. But occasionally these combinations are oddly incongruous, as when we find the Baptist joined with the very mythical virgin saint, Catherine of Alexandria (at Batheaston in Somerset); or the Blessed Virgin Mary with S. Olave, the warlike King of Denmark (at Creeting in Suffolk).

Other examples of consolidated or united parishes are to be found in the Appendices, but the list is far from complete; and probably a considerable number of what appear at first sight to be genuine instances of double dedications would prove on closer investigation to belong of right to the group of "accidental combinations." Nowhere has this practice of uniting parishes been carried to so great an extent as in the City of London, where, as is well known, the number of churches had come to be so largely in excess of the wants of the district that many have been pulled down. The dedications of the City churches are among the oldest and most interesting that we possess, and it would have been a grievous loss if, when the structures had been destroyed, the dedication-names had likewise perished; but happily this has not been the case. According to old established custom, and now according to Parliamentary enactment, when any City church is demolished, and the parish incorporated with some other parish, the name of the destroyed church is always superadded to that of the parish with which it is united; and further, if any other church is built out of the proceeds of the sale of the site, that church is legally bound to carry on the dedication-name of the demolished church to which it owes its existence. As illustrations of this, we may note the modern churches of S. Antholin, Nunhead; S. Dionis, Fulham; S. Olave, Mile End, etc. The fusion of City parishes has been carried to a very large extent, and hence we come to have such curious combinations as "SS. Anne and Agnes with S. John Zachary," all three of them originally separate parish churches. Sometimes a still larger number are amalgamated—as in the case of S. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, where no less than six churches are commemorated by the full style and title of the parish—namely, "S. Nicholas, Cole Abbey; S. Nicholas Olave; S. Mary Somerset;

The City churches.

Preservation of old names.

S. Mary Mountshaw; with S. Benet, Paul's Wharf, and S. Peter, Paul's Wharf."

All these groups of City churches, however, manifestly belong to the class of *accidental* combinations; there does not appear to be a single instance in the entire series of a genuine double dedication—not even such an obvious one as SS. Peter and Paul—and therefore in the Appendices they have been counted, each church separately, under the names of their respective patron saints.*

Re-naming of Churches.

The double dedications that owe their origin to some subsequent *re-naming* of the church are probably very numerous, but are not always easily traced. A few examples may, however, be given. Cornwall furnishes us with some of the most unmistakable illustrations, for the names of the obscure and very early Celtic saints stand out in such marked contrast to the scriptural or mediæval saints of the Catholic Kalendar with whom they are associated, as to suggest plainly that two different influences have here been at work. Thus, for example, we have "SS. Mawnanus and Stephen" (at Mawnan); and no less than three times we find the combination "SS. Menaacus and Dunstan." The latter name was evidently introduced by Saxon influence at the period when S. Dunstan of Canterbury was at the height of his popularity; but the little-known Celtic bishop, Menaacus, or Marnach, still holds his own. Yet another Archbishop of Canterbury is to be found in Cornwall commemorated in the following conjunction: "The Blessed Meran and Thomas-à-Becket." The Welsh or Irish-born virgin saint—for such she most probably was—is no more than a name to us; but it is curious to observe how tenaciously the Cornish folk have clung to their original shadowy patrons, and how in each of the five instances above enumerated the name of the local saint has the precedence.

The still existing chapelry of "SS. Mary and Thomas of Canterbury" at Ilford, on the outskirts of London, has an interesting history. It was originally a chapel-of-ease belonging to some leper almshouses, founded in the reign of King Stephen by a certain abbess of Barking, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. About two years after the murder of the archbishop, his sister, Mary Becket, caused the church to be re-dedicated in honour of S. Thomas of Canterbury and the Blessed Virgin Mary.†

S. Thomas and the Holy Martyrs.‡

Another example of the power of this deeply venerated archbishop to attract to himself dedications primarily intended for some other saint, is to be found in the Surrey parish commonly known as St. Martha's, but more properly designated "the parish of Martyrs." We shall show elsewhere (p. 559) that the name of "Martha" is a purely local corruption, dating back, it may be, as far

* The only exceptions are "SS. Anne and Agnes" and "SS. Augustine and Faith," which from long usage are indissolubly associated, and have come to be regarded almost as genuine double dedications.

† Mackeson's "Guide."

‡ For the whole account of St. Martha-on-the-Hill the writer is indebted to materials kindly furnished by Dr. Williamson, of The Mount, Guildford.

as the sixteenth century, but none the less a corruption. When we come to inquire from what "martyr" the church derives its name, we are generally referred to S. Thomas of Canterbury; and there is no doubt at all that for seven centuries past he has been more or less associated with the church of St. Martha-on-the-Hill, but it is also equally beyond doubt that the history of this ancient chapel goes back far behind the days of Thomas Becket, and that we must look to yet earlier times to find the original martyrs from whom "the Martyrs' Hill" first took its name. The whole early history of "S. Martha's Chapel," as it is commonly called, is exceedingly obscure; but local tradition has uniformly maintained that long, long ago some Christian martyrs suffered on the spot where now the church stands. Were they some faithful Romans, like the Alban whose name has come down to us? Or were they British Christians put to death by pagan Saxons? Was there one solitary witness for the faith, or was there a company of fellow-sufferers, strong to encourage one another? As to this, local tradition wavers, speaking sometimes of "the Holy Martyr," as though there were but one, but far more often of "the Holy Martyrs," or "the Great Martyrs." Ah! if we could but know the true story of the Martyrs' Hill, would it not carry us back beyond the coming of Augustine, and tell us something of the inner life of that British Church of which we know so little! In vain we ask. We know only that at the time of the Norman Conquest a little church, "built of rough iron stone and with keyless arches," stood, as the present church now stands, upon the crown of the Martyrs' Hill, and that this church, then as now, seems to have been dedicated to "the Holy Martyrs." A few years later and the history of the parish * of "Martyrs" begins to grow more distinct. Before the end of the twelfth century the church on the heather-clad hill had passed into the hands of the neighbouring Augustinian priory of Newark, which made considerable additions to the structure—additions that necessitated re-consecration. The question of a dedication saint now presented itself. Just at this time, 1186, all England was ringing with the glories of S. Thomas of Canterbury. The priory itself had lately added the name of S. Thomas to that of its existing patron, the Blessed Virgin; and the monks now desired to place their new possession also under the invocation of S. Thomas. Mindful, however, of the claims of the earlier unknown patrons, they appear to have coupled the archbishop's name with that of "the Holy Martyrs," and this twofold dedication to "S. Thomas and the Holy Martyrs" is found in legal documents of both the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Chapel on the Hill became of considerable importance as a pilgrim station, inasmuch as it was

* St. Martha-on-the-Hill for some technical reason is always termed a "chapel," but it has a parish of a thousand acres attached to it, and has all parochial rights of marrying and burying. St. Martha's parish is what is legally known as a "Donative," and is consequently possessed of some curious ecclesiastical privileges. In theory it is wholly independent of episcopal jurisdiction, and is subject only to its lay proprietor, the modern representative of the abbot or prior to whom formerly it owed allegiance.

most conveniently situated on the main road from Southampton to Canterbury ; and special indulgences were granted in the fifteenth century "to such as should resort to the chapel on account of devotion, prayer, pilgrimage, or offerings, . . . or should contribute anything to the maintenance or repairing of the same."

Certain brethren from the parent house at Newark were told off to serve the Chapel on the Hill. At one time this duty devolved on Stephen Langton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and a whole world of literature has grown up concerning his association with the Martyrs' parish ; but into this we must not enter.

It is wonderful that the fame of S. Thomas of Canterbury never eclipsed the memory of the earlier martyrs. Sometimes his name is even entirely dropped out of the invocation, as in a legal document of 1463, where we have merely "the Great Martyrs on the Hill." Later there came a time when his name was omitted, not accidentally, but because it was an offence to mention it ; and in an inventory of the possessions of the church, taken in the reign of Edward VI., the building is spoken of merely as "Saynt Marter." As we shall see hereafter (p. 559), this was easily corrupted into the present meaningless form of "St. Martha ;" but "S. Thomas" was not wholly forgotten, though disused, and in a deed of 1710 we find the church ascribed to "S. Thomas the Martir," and to no other. The present church—which was almost entirely rebuilt in 1850—is said to be dedicated to "All Holy Martyrs," but in practice it is simply called "S. Martha." Whatever may be the correct dedication-name of the Chapel on the Hill, "S. Martha" is unquestionably the wrong one ; but unfortunately the wrong name seems now to be indissolubly attached to both church and parish.

S. Mary and S. Nicholas.

"SS. Mary and Nicholas" is a very frequent combination, and in the majority of cases it is likely enough that the churches so named were placed under this twofold patronage at the time of their original dedication ; but it is not so invariably. The church at Spalding, for instance, when founded in 1051, was dedicated to S. Mary alone ; but when, twenty years later, it passed from the possession of the monks of Crowland into that of S. Nicholas's Abbey at Angers, it was re-dedicated under the double ascription of "SS. Mary and Nicholas."

Holy Cross, with other names.

Holy Cross, or Holy Rood, appears in combination with S. Mary, S. Peter, S. Helen, S. Lawrence, and also with the unfamiliar S. Candida ; but it is clear that in two instances at least, and probably in more, the names were bestowed at separate times. Thus the fine old abbey church of "Holy Cross and S. Lawrence" at Waltham in Essex was primarily known only as "Holy Cross," from the "miraculous Rood which was discovered under ground at Montacute in Somerset, in the reign of Canute, and at the instance of Tofig, the royal standard-bearer, and in obedience to Divine guidance, was thence transported to Waltham." * The church was afterwards dedicated to S. Lawrence,†

* Pooley's "Stone Crosses of Somerset." † Morant.

doubtless at a later period, when this Roman deacon had acquired amongst us the immense popularity which is witnessed to by his two hundred and thirty churches.

In the Dorsetshire village of the high-sounding name of Whitchurch Canonicorum the church is dedicated to "S. Candida and Holy Cross." At the present time there is no small difficulty in identifying this S. Candida; but we have elsewhere shown that in all probability she was a martyred Roman virgin. At any rate, S. Candida was the original patroness of the church, as is evidenced by its very name of *Whitchurch*, or White-church; but when in course of time the ancient chapelry of S. Whyte * came to be rebuilt in more stately fashion, S. Candida's story had passed from the popular memory, and though the old English feeling of loyalty to past traditions prevented the old name being entirely dropped out, it was thought best to add to it the holy symbol of our faith that could never lose its meaning; and thus it became "S. Candida and the Holy Cross."

Addition of the Virgin's name.

It is not so easy to determine the precedence in those cases in which the Holy Cross, or Rood, is found associated with the Blessed Virgin; only it may be observed as a general rule that there was a very strongly marked tendency in the latter part of the Middle Ages to add the name of S. Mary to the existing dedication, whatever it might be, in the hope of securing for the church the additional benefit of her intercessions. Thus, William the Conqueror's fine abbey of Battle in Sussex was in the first instance dedicated to S. Martin alone, but afterwards the name of the Blessed Virgin was added. So, too, at Hitchin in Hertfordshire the original patron was only S. Andrew the Apostle, but afterwards the church was re-dedicated to "SS. Mary and Andrew."

Re-naming of cathedrals.

Several of our cathedrals furnish us with very plain examples of double dedications caused by successive re-namings—we cannot say re-consecrations, for in the changes enforced by command of Henry VIII., we may be tolerably sure that no such ceremony was considered requisite. Curiously enough, there is scarcely one of our cathedrals that presents an instance of what may be called a *genuine* double dedication, though several of them are placed under the patronage of two, or even of three saints. Winchester Cathedral acquired its present fourfold designation by slow degrees, beginning as "S. Peter" alone,† and by successive additions rising to the name by which we now know it—"Holy Trinity, SS. Peter, Paul, and Swithun."

We have already seen (vol. i. p. 19) how the name of the Saviour came to be attached to the cathedrals of Rochester, Chester, Worcester, and Durham; we have seen how Lichfield and Ripon in course of time added on the names of their several founders—S. Chad and S. Wilfrid—to the

* Lewis.

† The shadowy tradition that the dedication at one time included S. Amphibalus is referred to elsewhere (p. 528).

names of their original scriptural patrons; we have noted change after change, both by way of addition and of omission, as well as by complete alteration; but the additions have been gradual, and, among them all, the nearest approach that we can find to a genuine double dedication lies in the association, in Manchester Cathedral, of the respective champions of France and England—S. George and S. Denys—of which we shall have more to say presently.

Different portions of same church differently dedicated.

A fruitful source of confusion in this matter of double dedications arises from the common practice of placing separate portions of the same edifice under the invocation of different saints. A familiar example of this is to be found in the "Lady Chapels" dedicated to the Blessed Virgin in nearly every cathedral in England; but the practice was not limited to cathedrals, and in an ordinary parish church it was not unknown for the body of the church to have one patron and the choir another. It is probably to some such confusion of separately dedicated portions that Long Marton in Westmoreland, originally "S. Margaret" alone, owes its present name of "SS. Margaret and James."* In like manner, Nantwich parish church is sometimes ascribed to "SS. Mary and Nicholas," sometimes to "SS. Mary and George." The point is beset with difficulties, but examination shows that "S. Nicholas" was a perfectly independent chapel belonging to a hospital of the same name, and that there is no adequate authority for introducing this name into the dedication of the parish church. The church did, however, contain within its walls a separate chantry chapel dedicated to S. George, and from this circumstance it has been supposed to be dedicated to "SS. Mary and George;" but on the whole it is probable that Ormerod† is right in rejecting the other names, and ascribing it to the Virgin alone.

Manchester Cathedral.

From such thorny points it is refreshing to turn to the quaint triple dedication of Manchester Cathedral, which, if we may trust a seventeenth-century tradition, can be explained in very pleasing fashion. Few Manchester folk indeed trouble themselves to think of their cathedral by any other name than the fond designation of "the Old Church;" but the name by which it goes in formal documents is "The Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, SS. George and Denys," and the threefold ascription is thus accounted for by Randle Holme, a Manchester antiquarian who wrote in 1652. The parish church was, he informs us, originally dedicated to S. Mary alone, but in 1433 one Thomas de la Warre obtained a licence to convert it into a collegiate church; and he, "being partly a Frenchman and partly an Englishman," dedicated it "to S. Dionyse, the patron of France, and S. George, the patron saint of England." The same authority notes that "Deansgate" in Manchester, which was part of the endowment of the college, is a corruption of "Dionise-gate."‡

* *Westmoreland Arch. Transactions.*

† "History of Cheshire."

‡ Quoted in Baine's "Lancashire."

Celtic churches named from the founders.

A small but not unimportant class of double dedications is that which, as we have before said, owes its origin to the natural wish to "*associate the founder's own name with that of the saint whom he had himself made choice of.*" In the early days of Celtic Christianity the universal practice was to bestow upon a church—if by this name we may dignify the humble oratories which were the origin of most Celtic churches—the simple name of the man or woman who founded it, and the prefix "Saint" was of course a later addition. In Cornwall we have numberless examples of such a use, and though rare in the rest of England, they are not wholly wanting; note, for instance, the Lincoln church of S. Paul's, named from its founder, S. Paulinus; or S. Pega's at Peakirk, named from the cell inhabited by S. Guthlac's gentle sister, S. Pega. But the practice of *dedicating* a religious site, as apart from merely *consecrating* it, was very early formulated in Saxon England; and when our Anglo-Saxon benefactors set themselves to build a church, they were most careful in their choice of a formal dedication-name. The name of S. Eanswith, first abbess of the priory church of Folkestone, lives on in the existing church of "SS. Mary and Eanswith," though her own chosen dedication to the Apostle Peter has long been lost. So, too, the church of "SS. Mary and Sexburga," at Minster in Sheppey, recalls the memory of the royal foundress as well as of the Blessed Virgin, to whom it was first dedicated. This does not exhaust the instances that might be drawn from the ancient kingdom of Kent of the union of the local benefactor's own name with that of the scriptural patron, but there are other parts of England which may furnish us with similar illustrations. Take, for example, S. Wilfrid's loved monastery of Ripon, dedicated by him to S. Peter, but known to us as "the Cathedral Church of SS. Peter and Wilfrid:" or the ancient church of S. Mary's, founded by S. Chad in his cathedral city of Lichfield, and now bearing for all time a twofold ascription to "SS. Mary and Chad."

Addition of the founder's name to existing dedication.

Let it suffice to give one more example among many. When Guthlac the hermit fashioned his rude oratory in the fens, he committed it to the special protection of the Apostle Bartholomew; but when in later days the little oratory became the stately Abbey of Crowland, the names both of the founder and of the Blessed Virgin were added to the original ascription, and it became "the Church of SS. Mary, Bartholomew and Guthlac."

Scriptural patron superadded to local patron.

Side by side with this process there went on—and indeed to a very large extent—the reverse practice of superadding to the local patron a scriptural patron. Thus at Eltisley in Cambridgeshire we find S. John the Baptist in strange conjunction with S. Pandiana, the reputed Irish princess, who from very early days has been associated with the village of Eltisley; and at Middleham in Yorkshire S. Mary is linked with S. Alkelda, the supposed virgin-martyr, who is the traditional patroness of the church. But this tendency to bring into special prominence the saints of the Catholic Kalendar in

opposition to purely local saints has been commented upon already, and need not be dwelt on here. It is just what we should expect in the Middle Ages, and we may well be thankful for the instances in which these names have been merely *superadded*, not *substituted*, as has probably been the case oftener than we are aware.

Genuine double dedications.

We come last to what may be termed the *genuine double dedications*, in which the names of two or more saints were combined at the time of the original consecration. There are, in the first place, saints commemorated on the same day, and therefore naturally associated in our minds—such as "SS. Simon and Jude," "SS. Philip and James," and, commonest of all, "SS. Peter and Paul." * It is curious that whereas churches in honour of the first two pairs have so largely increased in the present century, those in honour of SS. Peter and Paul have fallen in number from considerably over two hundred and fifty to some two or three. No doubt there is a feeling that neither of the two saints can be done justice to on the one day; and yet we have surely lost something by ceasing to link together the Apostle of the Gentiles and the Apostle of the Circumcision.

The somewhat incongruous association of "SS. Fabian and Sebastian" † —Fabian, the third-century Bishop of Rome, and Sebastian, the soldier-martyr of the Diocletian persecution—is explained by the fact that both saints happened to be commemorated in the Kalendar upon the same day, January 20. At Rome, in the famous church of S. Sebastian-without-the-Walls, the same association is emphasized by the dedication of one of the side chapels to S. Fabian.‡

Then there are those double dedications which commemorate kinsmen. First of all, we have *brothers*—such as "SS. James and John" (this, however, is only found in one modern example, at Derwent-Woodlands in Derbyshire, succeeding to an old chapelry of S. James); the twin brothers of Milan, Gervase and Protasius, commemorated at Plumstead in Essex; and those other twins, Cosmas and Damian, the famous types and patrons of a long line of self-sacrificing physicians, whose memory is preserved by three churches in Kent and Sussex. Then we have another relationship, that of mother and child, in "SS. Cyricus and Julitta," the subjects of an affecting story of the Diocletian persecution, who are thrice found commemorated together, in Somerset and Cornwall.

Natural association.

Then we have double dedications which have obviously suggested themselves by process of natural association. Such are "S. Michael and All Angels;" and such, too, the happy modern combination found in two Lancashire churches—"S. Stephen and All Martyrs." The story of the Annunciation is brought vividly to mind

* It is well known that SS. Peter and Paul were anciently commemorated together on June 29, the day on which they were traditionally supposed to have suffered together. The feast of the Conversion of S. Paul, which the Anglican Church looks upon as S. Paul's Day proper, is only of twelfth-century institution.

† At Woodbastwick in Norfolk.

‡ Murray's "Rome."

by the remarkable ascription, at Harting in Sussex, to "Our Lady and S. Gabriel." Groombridge in Kent has the welcome combination "SS. John Baptist and John Evangelist," but there seems some reason to doubt whether the second name is not a modern addition. In this matter of combinations the present generation has shown considerable boldness and originality, and some of the combinations are very well chosen; as, for example, "SS. Andrew and Philip" (Westbourne Park), and "SS. Peter and John" (Northmoor Green, Somerset); but it is not easy to see the special significance of "SS. John and Jude" (Osmotherley, Lancashire). There is more point in the ancient combination found at George Herbert's church of Bemerton in Wiltshire—"SS. John and Andrew"—but possibly this is merely one of the many fortunate "accidental combinations."

S. Helen, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, owes her widespread fame almost wholly to her supposed discovery of the true Cross, and this tradition is brought into striking prominence by the dedication of the church of Grove in Nottinghamshire to "S. Helen and the Invention of the Holy Cross." Doubtless other churches to S. Helen had at one time the like ascription, but have allowed the latter part to lapse, as too lengthy for ordinary use.

Two of the greatest glories of Northern England—S. Cuthbert and S. Oswald—are fitly brought together at Grantley in Yorkshire, but it must be admitted that there is a shadow of doubt whether the original chapelry was dedicated to any but S. Oswald alone.

The Virgin associated with other saints.

Then, too, there are combinations less obvious than those we have just spoken of, yet possessing some peculiar significance in the eyes of the founder. The commonest instances by far are those in which the name of the Blessed Virgin is associated with that of some other saint. Thus when the unhappy queen, Elfrida, desired to atone for the murder of her young stepson Edward, she built a nunnery at Amesbury, and dedicated it to the honour of S. Mary and the martyred prince Melorius of Cornish fame, whose story was so like that of S. Edward the Martyr. Another Saxon royalty, King Athelstan, in the same way sought to expiate a murder by building a church at Milton Abbas in Dorsetshire. He dedicated it to a strange medley of saints, to wit, "SS. Mary, Michael, Samson, and Branwallader." The names of the Archangel Michael and the unknown Celtic Branwallader disappeared long since; by some odd chance the Celtic bishop held his own for centuries, together with the Virgin Mary, and the abbey was for long known as "SS. Mary and Samson;" but at some period this portion of the old dedication-name was likewise swept away, and in modern lists the church will probably be found as "S. James the Great."

There is a curious capriciousness about the way in which some parts of dedication-names are retained and others forgotten. Thus Bunyan's parish church of "SS. Mary and Helen" at Elstow in Bedfordshire is the successor of a Benedictine abbey, founded there by a niece of William the Conqueror, and dedicated to the "Holy Trinity, SS. Mary and Helena."

Frithelstock in Devonshire, dedicated in the thirteenth century, has dropped out its third patron, *S. Edmund*, but has retained the other two, "SS. Mary and Gregory;" while, on the other hand, Worksop in Nottinghamshire, and Wombridge in Shropshire, keep unaltered their respective twelfth-century dedications to "SS. Mary and Cuthbert," and "SS. Mary and Leonard."

We have already noted the accidental combination of S. Gregory the Great and S. Martin of Tours at Barnham in Suffolk, but the same combination appears to have been chosen of set purpose at Wye in Kent by John Kemp, a distinguished native of that place,* who, during his occupation of the see of York, devoted sixteen years to building a collegiate church in his birthplace, which, when completed, he dedicated to "SS. Martin and Gregory."

In conclusion, we may consider a few of the curious juxtapositions that have survived through the centuries, without pausing to consider whether they are genuine double dedications, or gradual accretions, or mere accidental combinations. Indeed, it should be remembered that when a dedication-name has continued in its present form for, say, eight hundred years, it is not always possible to determine whether there was or was not a yet earlier form.

Christ and S. Mary.

And first, it may be stated broadly that the name of the Blessed Virgin may be looked for in almost every variety of combination. We find it in conjunction with the Holy Trinity and the Holy Cross. "Christ and S. Mary," or, more usually, "Christ and Blessed Mary the Virgin," occurs several times; and at Beaulieu in Hampshire we have "The Blessed Virgin and Child," a rare survival of a dedication that was once probably fairly common.

Another rare combination is "S. Mary and the Holy Host"†—at Cheveley in Cambridgeshire—or, as we have the same thing more plainly expressed at Hatherley Down in Gloucestershire, "S. Mary and Corpus Christi."

S. Mary with scriptural saints.

"S. Mary and All Saints" is of frequent occurrence, and "SS. Mary and Michael" is fairly common. Six of the Apostolic company are found together with S. Mary; and of other scriptural saints we may count S. John Baptist and S. Stephen.

S. Mary and the saints of the Catholic Kalendar.

The great names of the Catholic Kalendar are represented in force. There is Clement, the Apostolic Father; Christopher the Mighty—loved subject of many a legend; Bishop Blaise, the strange Eastern patron of English wool-combers; Nicholas, the delight of countless generations of children; Benedict the Great, founder of Western monasticism; the French bishops, Martin, German, Leger; and other saints, both men and women, more than can

* Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal.

† It has been suggested that "S. Mary and the Holy Host" may be simply another rendering of "S. Mary and the Angels," but the explanation here offered seems the most probable.

S. Mary with national saints.

here be enumerated. And when we pass on to our own national saints, whether Celtic or Saxon, the roll is no less rich a one. On the one side are S. David of Wales and the illustrious S. Patrick of Ireland, and the holy women, S. Modwen and S. Bega; on the other, our own Saxon kings, Oswin and Hardulph and Edward the Confessor, and Guthlac the hermit, and Walstan the Norfolk labourer, and S. Thomas of Canterbury, and many another.

Double dedications without S. Mary.

In those double dedications from which the name of the Blessed Virgin is absent, there is far less variety, and probably in the majority of cases they are to be accounted for as either accidental combinations or gradual accretions. Colwich in Staffordshire has the unique and beautiful dedication "All Saints and All Angels" (though with an alternative dedication to S. Michael), and the somewhat unexpected union of "S. Michael and *All Saints*" occurs five or six times. Among the most curious of such double dedications we may note the following: S. Andrew the Apostle with S. Eustachius the soldier-martyr (at Hoo in Suffolk); and S. John the Baptist with the Saxon king Alkmund (at Aymestrey in Herefordshire). S. Peter, like S. John the Baptist, occurs in various combinations: thus we have him associated with S. Felix, the first bishop of East Anglia (at Kirkby Ravensworth, Yorkshire);* with S. Leonard, the French hermit (at Horbury, Yorkshire); with S. Etheldreda, the Saxon queen (at Mundham in Norfolk); with the Roman deacon, Laurence (at Wickenby in Lincolnshire); and with the Holy Cross (at Wherwell in Hampshire).

S. John the Baptist is also found with S. Leonard (at Leverington, Cambridgeshire), and with the Roman empress Helen (at Wroughton, Wiltshire). In this last instance, however, it seems not impossible that the second half of the name may be a relic of some long-vanished and forgotten chapel in honour of S. Helen in the outlying hamlet of *Elmcombe*.

S. Mary Magdalene is found in conjunction with S. Andrew the Apostle (at Maidenhead), and again with S. Denis of France (at Midhurst, Sussex); while two saints—both of them in their measure representative of England, but having very little else in common—are brought together in the dedication of Hethe in Oxfordshire to "SS. George and Edmund."

S. David, the Welsh archbishop, who has given his name to the metropolitan city of St. David's, presides over the Warwickshire parish of Caldecote, in friendly partnership with the Saxon Chad of Lichfield, to whom such a union would have been most congenial. It should be added, however, that some authorities give S. Chad's companion as S. Theobald, the French hermit, instead of S. David.

Triple dedication.

Other examples of double dedications will be found in the Appendices; but, before concluding, mention must be made

* This church was rebuilt in 1399 on the site of a supposed Saxon edifice. Probably the original dedication was to S. Felix alone, and the name of S. Peter may have been added at this rebuilding.

of the remarkable triple dedication of Llantrissent church in Monmouthshire, which groups together the three leading Apostles, "SS. Peter, Paul and John."

S. Saviour and All Saints.

Last of all we may note a singularly bold and suggestive combination at Oxton in Cheshire, made choice of in the first half of this century—"S. Saviour and All Saints"*—in which the whole body of the Saints is viewed in relation to its Divine Head.

Historical value of double dedications.

In this chapter we have been considering a multitude of details, tedious, it may be, in themselves, yet valuable and interesting, as showing how strongly marked is the difference between the combinations that seemed suitable and suggestive to founders in successive generations.

* So in Clergy List for 1887, but in subsequent editions "S. Saviour" alone.

CHAPTER LI.

LOST, DOUBTFUL, SPURIOUS, AND UNTRACEABLE DEDICATIONS.

SECTION I.—LOST DEDICATIONS.

PAGE.				
522	Anonymous churches			633
	NAME.	DAY.*	YEAR.*	CHURCHES.
525	S. Joseph of Arimathea	July 27 ...	——	1 demolished
526	The Four Crowned Martyrs ...	November 8	cir. 304	„
528	S. Amphibalus, P.M.	June 22 or 25	cir. 304	1 fourfold ded.
528	S. Anastasius, Mk. M.	January 22 ...	628	1 demolished
532	S. William of Norwich, M. ...	March 25 ...	1144	„
533	S. Ursula, V.M.	October 21 ...	——	1 alternative 1 demolished
535	S. Columba, V.M.	December 31	cir. 274	2 doubtful
536	S. Juliana, V.M.	February 16	303	1 alternative
536	S. Dominica, V.M.	February 5 ...	eighth cent.	1 „
537	S. Quintin,† or Quentin, M. ...	October 31 ...	cir. 287	1 „
538	S. Salvy, B.	September 10	cir. 584	1 „
539	S. Francis of Assisi, C.	October 4 ...	1226	1 „

SECTION II.—DOUBTFUL DEDICATIONS.

(a) In Cornwall.

541	S. Merryn, or Meran	—— ...	——	1
541	S. Cleer (poss. Clarus, B.) ...	October 10 ...	——	1
542	S. Probus (otherwise "Probus and Grace")	July 5 ...	——	1
543	S. Grada, Creed (poss. Crida), and Sancreed	—— ...	——	3
544	S. Day, or Dye (poss. Deicolus, A.)	January 18 ...	625	1
546	S. Eval, Uvell, or Noell (poss. Evilla)	—— ...	——	2
547	S. Just (probably the Boy-Martyr)	October 18 and August 1	cir. 287	2
549	S. Winnow (poss. Winnocus, A.) ...	November 6	sixth cent.	3
	S. Pinnock	—— ...	——	–
	S. Twinnock	—— ...	——	–

* The days and years given in Section II. belong to the conjectural patrons, except in the case of S. Probus, where the day—July 5—refers to the parish feast, and in the case of S. Just, where the parochial feasts and the days assigned to S. Just the Martyr coincide, allowing only for the difference between the Old and the New Styles.

† Cf. "St. Quintin," Section III.

(*b*) *Outside Cornwall.*

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
551	S. Briavel ... ... (poss. Ebrulfus, or Evroul, A.)...	August 7 ... December 29	seventh cent. 596	1 –
551	S. Elphin and S. Elgin ... ... (poss. Elfwin). Cf. "S. Elphin," CH. XXXII.	—— ...	——	2
552	S. Eadnor (poss. Eadbert, B.) ...	May 6 ...	699	1
553	S. Ruthin (poss. Rethun, B.) ...	—— ...	ninth cent.	1

SECTION III.—SPURIOUS DEDICATIONS.

555 St. Judith: Erroneously "St." Judith: no dedication.
556 St. Everard: Erroneously "St." Everard: no dedication.
557 St. Bernard: Erroneously "St." Bernard: no dedication.
557 St. Quintin: Two parishes so named, but no dedication. Cf. "S. Quintin," Section I.
557 St. Maur: Parish so named, but no dedication.
St. Clare. See CH. XXVII.
558 S. Margaret Moses: Properly, S. Margaret of Antioch.
558 S. Benet Finck
558 S. Benet Sherehog } Properly, S. Benedict of Nursia.
559 S. Martin Orgar: Properly, S. Martin of Tours.
559 S. John Zachary: Properly, S. John Baptist.
559 St. Martha: Properly, The Holy Martyrs.
560 S. Beatrice, V.M.: Erroneous: no dedication.

SECTION IV.—UNTRACEABLE DEDICATIONS.

(*a*) *In Cornwall and Devon.*

PAGE.	NAME.	CHURCHES.	
561	S. Alwys	1	
561	S. Brevita	1	
561	S. Breward, or Bruard	1	
561	S. Dilpe	1	
561	S. Erney and S. Torney	2	
562	S. Gomonda	1	
562	S. Kuet	1	
562	S. Materiana	1	*dd.*
562	S. Merther	1	
562	S. Metherian	1	
562	S. Newlyn	1	
562	S. Onslow, or Onolaus	1	
562	S. Stedian	1	
562	S. Tallan	1	
	S. Torney. See S. Erney.		

(*b*) *In Herefordshire and Monmouthshire.*

562	S. Dinabo	1
562	S. Mapley, or Mabli	1
563	S. Weonard	1

HITHERTO it has been our pleasant task to collect and classify the different dedication-names—some six hundred in number—that time and change have spared to us, from the first planting of Christianity in these islands up to the present day. In the foregoing pages some account has been given of the various men and women of differing ages and

widely differing nationalities, who have this one bond of union, that, for the sake of some quality in them that called forth the admiration of their contemporaries or of succeeding generations, the names of each and all are still kept in pious remembrance by our English churches—some by hundreds, some by tens, some by one only.

So far we have dwelt upon our *possessions;* now we have the less grateful task of taking account of our *losses*, and though we have but very imperfect data for reckoning them, yet we know enough to perceive that they are by no means inconsiderable. These losses may be roughly divided into four classes.

There are, first, the *lost dedications*, under which head we may include all the numerous dedication-names which have dropped out through pure neglect; those which have passed away together with the structure to which they gave name; and those also which have been deliberately changed, but whose original name can still be traced.

Next we have the *doubtful dedications*, with all the very serious loss that comes from uncertainty. Too often, unfortunately, there is so much obscurity surrounding a given name that we can only speculate as to the saint's identity. He may be a Saxon, he may be a Celt; he may belong to the third century, he may belong to the eighth. Many conjectures are possible, but a conjectural patron saint cannot be said to be an inspiriting object of reverence.

But, worse still, we have a third class which we may fairly designate the *spurious dedications*. In this are contained the reputed saints who, on closer investigation, prove to be no saints at all, but for the most part feudal chieftains who have either taken their titular name straight from some foreign saint, or else had the saintly prefix bestowed upon them by a pure accident. We shall find not a few examples of losses arising from supposed dedications to these curious "fictitious" saints.

And, last of all, there remain the *untraceable dedications*. For even when ingenious conjecture has done its utmost, we are forced to own to a residuum of some fifteen or sixteen names which, in the present state of our knowledge, convey to us no meaning at all; and so, very regretfully, we are obliged to take account of the losses that come from the "untraceable saints."

Section I.—Lost Dedications.

Anonymous churches.

By far the heaviest and most appreciable portion of our loss comes to us from the large body of churches—about six hundred and thirty in number—which are returned as anonymous. Nearly one hundred of these are modern churches whose dedication-names will doubtless be supplied in due course. The names of many comparatively new churches which were wanting in the Clergy Directory for 1886 are given in the Directory for 1896; but, after all, we already know with tolerable accuracy the general bent of *modern* choice in the

matter of church dedications, and there would be very little advantage from the historical point of view in a complete knowledge of all the dedication-names bestowed in the last half-century.

But with the five hundred and more *ancient* churches that we are unhappily obliged to reckon among "unknown dedications," the case is widely different. We say expressly *unknown*, rather than *unnamed*, for, though churches built in the early part of this century (as, for example, the parish churches of Camden Town and Kentish Town) may proclaim truly enough that they have "no Dedication Saint,"* such a state of things was unheard of in England till the sixteenth century, or, it may be, even later. A distinctive name of its own every place of worship certainly had—whether it was simply called after its founder, according to the Celtic practice, or formally dedicated to one of the many saints honoured in the Kalendars, according to the ordinary Roman usage. Some name or other, we may safely take for granted, was attached to every parish church, or chapel-of-ease, or chantry, built throughout the land, but in many instances these names have gradually been forgotten. In towns where there were more churches than one, the distinctive saints' names were naturally retained—if only for convenience' sake; but where there was but a single church in the parish, it was natural that the patronal name should be dropped out of common usage. On the whole, the greatest wonder is that the number of "lost dedications" is not even larger than it is. Of late years attention has been directed to the preservation of dedication-names, and they are more brought into prominence now than formerly; but fifty years ago we wonder how many of the worshippers in a village church would have been able to recall the name of their patron saint. It is clear that our knowledge must be taken from documentary authority. The leading authorities for this matter of church dedications are the two books so often referred to—Bacon's edition of Henry VIII.'s *Liber Regis*, published in 1780, and Ecton's *Thesaurus*, also published in the eighteenth century†—but in both works many "anonymous" churches are to be found. At first sight it seems a hopeless task to recover to-day information that has been lost for so long; but the undertaking is not quite as hopeless as it seems—at any rate, as regards parish churches. In the making of Wills it was customary for the testator to define carefully the church in which he desired to be buried, and the familiar formula: "I give my body to be buried in the church of St. *N.* at *M.*," not infrequently furnishes us with some long missing dedication-name. There is less hope in the matter of *chapelries*, which had no rights of burial, and have no chance therefore of being quoted in this connexion; and, unfortunately, we find at least a hundred and fifty ancient chapelries‡ whose dedications are unknown—still, there is always the hope that the testator may have felt himself

* Clergy List, 1896.

† Third edition, 1763. For further particulars as to these two books, see Preface.

‡ Chapelries in their origin, though many of them have since been made parochial.

moved to bequeath either money or lands for the good of the particular chapel in his vicinity, which will then be named with the same accuracy as the parish church before mentioned.

This matter, however, first of obtaining access to ancient ecclesiastical records, and then of examining them, is not merely troublesome, but in many dioceses very expensive; yet much valuable work has been done in this direction in several districts of England, and interesting dedications—rare, if not unique—have thereby been brought to light; as, for example, S. Cecilia at Girton in Nottinghamshire; S. Radegund at Maplebeck in the same county; S. Quintin at Kirk-Hammerton in Yorkshire; and S. Salvy at Exford in Somersetshire.

It is tantalizing to think of the treasures that may lie hid beneath those unremembered dedications. If they could but be brought to light we might find that, after all, Durham has not been wholly unmindful of the honour of S. Bede, and that Sussex has been more grateful than now appears to its Northern benefactor, S. Wilfrid. Sussex, by the way, is a grave offender in this point of missing dedications, showing positively, not relatively merely, a larger number than the whole of Yorkshire—thirty-seven as against twenty-nine. Somerset and Essex are as bad; while in Dorsetshire the number rises to close upon fifty, and in Devonshire to sixty. No other counties show so bad a record, but there are several besides those we have already mentioned which have from twenty to thirty unknown dedications. In some cases a new dedication-name has been bestowed to fill the gap—as, for example, at Boyton in Cornwall, which has been re-dedicated as the church of "The Holy Name," because the village revels were observed on August 7, the day marked in our Kalendar for the commemoration of "The Name of Jesus" (vol. i. p. 30). Here there were good reasons for the choice; but this matter of re-dedication requires some care. It seems a sort of anachronism to attach to an old chapelry a dedication-name which would not have occurred naturally to its founders—as, for example, the ascription, beautiful though it is, at Tatham Fells in Lancashire, to "The Good Shepherd." That especial title is not found among our dedications previously to the nineteenth century, and "the church of the Holy Saviour" would have been more in conformity with ancient usage. A possible though rare precedent (vol. i. p. 30) might be quoted for the name chosen at Whixley in the West Riding, "The Ascension;" but here the change might have been avoided, for in old records the church is called, sometimes S. Mary, sometimes S. James. The temptation to provide a name of some kind is a strong one, but in the end it is more satisfactory to trust to recovering the original dedications; and how much may be done in this way is abundantly shown by Nottinghamshire, a county which—thanks to the labours of the late Canon Raine in tracing out the old records above mentioned—shows at the outside only some half-dozen anonymous churches; while the same efforts have wonderfully reduced the numbers of unknown dedications in Yorkshire also. A like search will often have the result of bringing to light

some older name concealed beneath "All Saints," or "Holy Trinity," or "Christ Church"—those favourite dedications of the sixteenth century; as, for example, *S. Edmund*, in place of All Saints (Thrumpton, Nottinghamshire); *S. Francis*, in place of Christ Church (Newgate, City of London); *S. Nicholas*, in place of Holy Trinity (Newchurch-in-Rossendale, Lancashire).

We may now pass from the subject of losses in general to a few specimens of particular losses.

S. Joseph of Arimathea. July 27.

Readers of the Arthurian legends will not need to be reminded of the immemorial associations between the ancient town of Glastonbury and S. Joseph of Arimathea. Like Tennyson's aged monk they will be ready to say—

> "From our old books I know
> That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,
> And there the heathen Prince, Arviragus,
> Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;
> And there he built with wattles from the marsh
> A little lonely church in days of yore." *

That "lonely wattled church," dedicated by its founder at the command of the Archangel Gabriel—so tradition affirmed—to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, became in course of time the most venerated memorial of S. Joseph himself, and was popularly called by his name. Other legends connecting him with the place sprang up in abundance. We most likely owe to the Irish monks, who from the fourth century onwards made Glastonbury a famous centre of religion and learning, the legend of the "winter thorn" which "blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord." This is just the kind of so-called *miracle*, belonging to the world of nature, which the Irish Christians were so quick to observe—so ready to attribute to the working of their saints. In process of time the legend was duly elaborated, and visitors are still shown the hill with its expressive name of "Weary All," where S. Joseph and his brother pilgrims rested from their journey, and the spot where their leader planted his staff, and behold! it blossomed. So runs the popular story, and it is at least more interesting than the modern learned explanation, which would turn *Weary All* into *Wirral*, a Welsh word for a projecting hill.†

We have not space to dwell here upon the many legends connected with the reputed founder of Glastonbury, not even upon the most sacred of them, concerning

> "The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
> Drank at the last sad supper with His own.
> This from the blessed land of Aromat—
> After the day of darkness, when the dead
> Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,
> Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought
> To Glastonbury. . . .

* "Holy Grail." † Murray's "Somerset."

> And there awhile it bode; and if a man
> Could touch or see it, he was heal d at once,
> By faith, of all his ills." *

We must return once more to "the wattled church built in the marsh," which, whatever its true origin, had already in the sixth century begun to be designated "the old church." Paulinus, Archbishop of York (vol. i. p. 368), cased it in boards and lead, the better to preserve it; and, though the humble structure did at last pass away, its site was carefully remembered through succeeding centuries, and when in the twelfth century the Benedictine monks rebuilt their already famous abbey (dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul) on a grander scale than before, they built over the hallowed spot a separate chapel of marvellous beauty and richness, which stands in the same relation to the abbey as the "Galilee" does to the rest of the cathedral at Durham. Following the precedent said to have been set by S. Joseph himself, the monks dedicated this chapel to the Blessed Virgin, but in popular usage it was then and ever afterwards spoken of as "the chapel of S. Joseph."

The abbey itself has long since fallen into ruins, but S. Joseph's Chapel has escaped better than the rest of the building, and enough of it is left to witness to its former magnificence. The two existing churches in the town are those of S. Benedict—so named, of course, by the Benedictine monks of the abbey hard by—and S. John the Baptist. It is to be regretted that neither church should recall any of the great names that have been associated with Glastonbury, for the little Western town is rich in such associations, and might choose at will S. Patrick the Elder, S. Paulinus, or S. Dunstan; but no one of them all is so indissolubly bound up with its story as the "rich man of Arimathea," the "honourable counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God." If, then, a new church is ever required in Glastonbury, the inhabitants will surely revive the name of S. Joseph of Arimathea, "the good man and just," who is in so special a sense the patron of their town.

The Four Crowned Martyrs. Nov. 8, cir. 304.

A church at Canterbury, long since destroyed, is the only English example we can trace of this poetical sounding dedication—a dedication interesting in all ways; from the act of heroism it commemorates, from its antiquity, from its rarity, and lastly, from the striking incident which Bede relates in connexion with this very church.

According to the meagre outline of their story, which is all that has come down to us,† these four saints were four brothers who held offices of trust in the city of Rome—though a no less probable version makes them only handicraftsmen—who suffered death by decapitation in the Diocletian persecution because they refused to offer sacrifice to an image of Æsculapius. The poor mutilated bodies were gathered up by faithful friends, and carefully guarded till such time as they might receive more honourable burial. When, some six or seven years later, the "Peace of the Church,"

* "Holy Grail."

† See Mrs. Jameson and Baring-Gould.

under Constantine, brought the hoped-for relief, the then Pope, Miltiades, began to take account of those who were entitled to be enrolled among the martyrs. The story of the four heroic brothers * was still fresh in the minds of their fellow-Christians, and their claims were brought to the notice of the Pope. By a happy inspiration he caused them to be inscribed in the Canon, not by their individual names, but under the glorious title of "The Four Crowned Ones" (*I Quattro Incoronati*), a title which should for ever unite this noble "band of brothers." Tradition, it is true, says that Miltiades so designated them because their separate names were wholly forgotten, until at some subsequent period they were revealed to one of the faithful in a dream; but it is incredible that in less than ten years, while the story of their martyrdom was still a matter of personal knowledge to many of the Christians, their names should have been lost sight of. At any rate, it was by their distinctive title of honour that the Church continued to recognize them. One Pope after another paid them reverence: S. Damasus, that faithful lover of the past, caused an inscription telling the story of their death to be placed upon the stairway leading down to the subterranean chapel where the martyrs slept—an inscription which may to this day be seen beneath the Roman church that bears the name of the "Quattro Incoronati;" and eighty years later S. Leo the Great (A.D. 461) caused their relics to be placed in four different urns.† The subterranean chapel stood where the existing church now stands, on one of the ridges of the Cælian Hill, "within a short half-mile of Gregory's S. Andrew," ‡ and the name of the "Four Crowned Martyrs" must therefore have been a household word in the mouths of Augustine and his companions.

It is no matter for surprise, then, that we should find a church of this name at Canterbury in very early days, though whether it was dedicated by Augustine himself or by one of the two succeeding archbishops does not appear. It is in connexion with Mellitus, whose brief primacy lasted only from 619 to 624, that Bede makes incidental mention of this church for the sake merely of illustrating a feature in the character of the archbishop. It happened once, Bede tells us, that a terrible fire broke out in Canterbury and threatened to consume the whole city. The flames, driven by the wind, set most violently towards that part where stood the church of the Four Crowned Martyrs, and all efforts to quench them were utterly useless. Mellitus was at this time disabled by an attack of his habitual complaint, the gout. With a fearlessness that must have put new courage into the terror-stricken bystanders, he bade his servants carry him into the very heart of the danger, to the church of the Crowned Martyrs,

* For the connexion, real or supposed, of these four martyrs with the far better authenticated "Five Martyrs," the Hungarian stonemasons, who are commemorated on the same day and about the same period, see article "Sirmium" in D. C. B. It is evident that the narratives have been to some extent confused, and that some details—the vocation of the men and the mention of Æsculapius—have been drawn from the Acts of the *Five* Martyrs.

† Murray's "Rome."

‡ Bishop of Bristol's "Augustine and his Companions."

and there, like another S. Aidan, he gave himself to fervent prayer. "And by prayer," says Bede, "the sick man averted the danger which a number of strong men had not been able to do by much labour." Forthwith the wind changed its direction, and "then ceasing entirely, the flames were immediately extinguished."

It is strange that a church which had been the scene of so great a deliverance should have been allowed to perish; all the more strange because just about this time fresh honours were being paid at Rome to the Four Crowned Martyrs, and in the year 626—two or three years only after the date of the Canterbury fire—Pope Honorius built in their honour the church on the Cælian Hill, which was the direct predecessor of the present building. The Bishop of Bristol very justly points to this as "an evidence of the community of sentiment between Canterbury and Rome," and looks upon it further as a possible indication "that Canterbury in this respect set the fashion to Rome." This is truly a flattering suggestion; but how can we conceive of Augustine, at any rate, as "setting a fashion" to Rome, instead of following Rome's lead? And besides, as we have seen, by the time of Mellitus's primacy the fame of the Four Crowned Martyrs had been firmly established at Rome for three centuries. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that these honoured martyrs were enrolled, under the name of "The Four Crowned Saints," in the scanty eighth-century Kalendar attributed to Bede, and, further, that they were afterwards retained in our mediæval Kalendars under their more generally recognized invocation of "The Four Crowned Martyrs," the church at Canterbury had no other English namesake, and thus we must regretfully reckon this also among our lost dedications.

S. Amphibalus, P.M. June 22 or 25, cir. 304.

Something has been already said (CH. XXXVIII.) of the priest who, under the name of "S. Amphibalus," plays a prominent part in many versions of the story of S. Alban's martyrdom. So popular did he become that Winchester Cathedral is traditionally said to have been at one time dedicated to S. Amphibalus, conjointly with the Apostles Peter and Paul and the Saxon Bishop Swithun. Redbourn, near St. Albans (now dedicated to the Blessed Virgin), was, as Camden tells us, "in old times very famous for the reliques of Amphibalus the martyr found here;" * and probably the original chapel was dedicated in his honour.

S. Anastasius, Mk. M. Jan. 22, 628.

It is now more than four hundred years since the church of S. Anastasius in the Hampshire parish of Wyke, near Winchester, was pulled down; yet so faithful are English memories that the name of the saint still clings to the spot, even though the site on which the church once stood lay bare for many a century, and is now occupied by a new church dedicated to the Apostle Paul.

Doubtless the saint's name is more familiar than his history, but that history is well worth recalling, for we have nothing quite like it among the records of our English patron saints; and there is the further

* "Britannia."

satisfaction that there is every reason to believe in the authenticity of his story, which has been preserved for us in the writings of the Syrian monks, who were his contemporaries and companions.*

Anastasius, as he was afterwards called, was a Persian by birth, a soldier by profession, an officer in the army of King Chosroes II., but schooled from his youth by his father, who himself belonged to the important class of the soothsayers, or Magi, in all the strange, dark learning of his native land. At the moment when Magundat—to give him his native name—entered the army, the talk of the time was the taking of Jerusalem (A.D. 614) by the Persians, and the capture of its most sacred relic, the supposed Cross. The young soldier's imagination was stirred, and he set himself to inquire why the emblem of shame should be accounted so precious a thing. He was profoundly interested by what little he could learn, but desired to learn more ; and gradually he determined to make the pursuit of this knowledge his first object. He therefore left the service, and, coming into Syria, lodged in the house of a goldsmith at Hierapolis, and set himself to learn his trade. His host, nominally a Christian, but not of an over-zealous description, was greatly in fear of being accused by the Persian authorities of "proselytizing." He therefore avoided the direct religious instruction for which the stranger was hungering, and satisfied his conscience by merely taking him to church with him. It was enough : the pictures on the church walls—above all, the vivid representations of martyrdom—supplied the food he lacked, and filled him with a passionate yearning to be himself enrolled among the good soldiers of the heavenly King.

His ambition now was to see the Holy City. His trade might be exercised as well at Jerusalem as at Hierapolis, and there we next find him, established in the house of another goldsmith, more earnest-minded than the first. By the instrumentality of this man, Magundat was admitted among the regular catechumens, and in course of time received baptism, together with some of his fellow-countrymen, who, like himself, were hereafter to die a martyr's death. He chose as his new name the beautiful-sounding Greek appellation *Anastasius*, partly no doubt because of its association with the Christian teaching of the resurrection, but still more, probably, for love of the Syrian monastery of S. Anastasius in which, shortly after his baptism, he became a monk. The seven years that followed were perhaps the happiest of his whole life. His military discipline stood him in good stead, and he performed with cheerful promptitude the lowliest duties of the monastery, while he threw himself with no less earnestness into the learning by heart and the study of the Greek language which were also required of him ; but as of old his chief delight lay in listening to the reading of the ever fresh story of the sufferings, first of the Divine Master, and then of His faithful servants.

The peaceful life was ended suddenly at the last. He had occasion to go to Cæsarea, and there by chance he came across some soldiers of the

* See Baillet and Baring-Gould.

Persian garrison, engrossed in the enchantments and divinations that had once been so familiar to himself. His spirit was stirred within him, and like another Moses he remonstrated with his countrymen, appealing to them to leave these sinful practices, and offering to show them a more excellent way. His fervent pleading attracted the notice of the officer of the guard, and after three days of imprisonment, Anastasius was brought before the Persian governor on the charge of having attempted to proselytize. Something in the man's demeanour must have powerfully appealed to his judges, for all through his successive trials we note a willingness—an eagerness almost—to let him go free, if he would consent to any form of compromise—if, for example, he would but utter the watchwords of his old heathen belief, continuing the while to think what he chose. But such double dealing was abhorrent to the soldier's simple nature, and he shrank from soiling even his lips with the old evil superstitions. Rather, he joyfully accepted the terrible scourging that he knew must follow upon his refusal, only delaying for a moment to lay aside with reverent care his monkish habit, that no dishonour might befall the symbol of his Christian profession. As a last resource, the governor volunteered to write and lay his case before the king himself, a proposal which was agreed to, on the understanding that the monk's steady adherence to Christianity should not be concealed. In the meantime he was condemned to hard labour in the prison, and his sufferings were increased by his being chained day and night to another prisoner—of whose welfare Anastasius showed himself throughout touchingly considerate. The answer of King Chosroes was that the prisoner might even now win his liberty by recantation, but that otherwise he was to be brought back to Persia to be there dealt with. There could be no manner of doubt as to the decision.

It was now mid-September, nearing the festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross—an anniversary which even in the present time of humiliation was kept in high honour among the Syrian Christians. A leading magistrate of Cæsarea, himself a Christian, but a personal friend of the Persian governor, entreated that Anastasius might be released from prison for this one day—on parole, as we should say—in order to attend the church services, and afterwards to dine at the magistrate's house, and there have a farewell meeting with his friends, before departing into exile. The request was granted, and the prisoner had the intense happiness of joining for the last time in the public worship of the Church. His story was well known to all the Christians of Cæsarea, and he was received with the most tender reverence, and his words of exhortation faithfully treasured up. Four or five days later his weary march to Persia began. His sufferings were great, but they were lightened in every possible way by the overflowing sympathy of his fellow-Christians. His abbot had told off two of the monks from the monastery of S. Anastasius to be his constant companions, bidding them to remain with him to the very end. His story was told from one to another, and everywhere the Christians poured forth to honour the martyr as he passed through their villages on his way to certain

death, and pressed round him to receive his blessing. That solemn progress recalls S. Ignatius's memorable journey centuries before.

The rest may be briefly told. Arrived in his native land, the little band halted at a small town near the Euphrates, called Barsalo, to await the final orders from court. Once more the old alternative was proposed: once more it was refused. He was then subjected to the direst tortures, and once more remanded to prison, where again—by the strange mixture of clemency and cruelty that meets us everywhere in this Persian story—his friends were allowed free access to him. The last and hardest ordeal through which he was called to pass was the sight of the execution of certain of his fellow-countrymen, who, like himself, were charged with having adopted the faith of the conquered nation. But when it was plain that not even this most cruel test could move him, orders were given that he should be put to death, according to the fashion of the country, by strangling; and he died thanking God, Who had spared him further suffering and vouchsafed him so easy a passage.

The faithful monks, who had been his companions throughout, raised sufficient money from the Christians near to enable them to buy from the executioners the precious body, and bore it in safety to the shelter of a not far distant monastery, still on Persian soil. There it lay for some years till it was transported to his beloved Holy Land; thence to Constantinople, and afterwards, as some affirm, to Rome. At Rome his memory is preserved to this day by the famous seventh-century church of SS. Vincent and Anastasius,* which contains amongst other adornments a series of deeply defaced wall frescoes and some good mediæval mosaics,† in which the Acts of the several patrons, S. Vincent the Deacon (CH. XXVI.) and S. Anastasius the Monk, are set forth. The union of these two saints is a purely accidental one, arising from their both being commemorated on the same day in the Kalendar—January 22; just as another pair of saints, Fabian the Bishop of Rome and Sebastian the Soldier, are linked together in one of our own English churches (p. 515), from the mere accident of their being jointly commemorated on January 20.

Although the fame of the Persian soldier was gradually so much eclipsed by that of the Spanish deacon that he was at length well-nigh forgotten, and even so diligent a student of hagiology as Mrs. Jameson could only say: "His obscure legend I have not found except in these defaced old paintings," yet his story must once have been more familiar to English readers than it is at the present day. Amongst the works of the Venerable Bede that have unhappily been lost, we find mention of a "Life of S. Anastasius," and scholars are of opinion that the S. Anastasius of whom Bede wrote was our Persian soldier; and further, that it is this very Anastasius whose name has survived for so many centuries at Wyke in Hampshire.

* If this church really received its present dedication-name from its founder, Pope Honorius, it must have been so named before the year 638, that is to say, within ten years of the martyrdom of S. Anastasius.

† See Baedeker's "Rome," and Mrs. Jameson.

How and when a church in his honour came to be founded at Wyke, we know not; only we know that when it was destroyed in the time of King Henry VII., it was already ruinous and deserted. The like fate had befallen a second church in the same parish—that of "S. Mary-in-the-Valley"—and the little chapel of S. Matthew that alone remained was now sufficient for the needs of the entire parish, for the fatal Black Death had ravaged the district, working the same havoc in Wyke that it worked in many another prosperous English village. After the demolition of these two churches in 1492, S. Matthew's chapel was made the parish church, and its name was changed from *S. Matthew* to *S. Mary*—whether with or without the picturesque addition of "in the valley" does not appear. This church—rebuilt in 1536—still serves as the parish church, and the site of S. Anastasius remained bare until some thirty years ago, when the needs of the now rapidly growing population caused further accommodation to be required, and the present church of S. Paul * was erected on the very spot which had been hallowed so long ago. The vicissitudes of the parish of Wyke have been many and various, and as its population has increased tenfold in the last half-century, it is not unlikely that it may yet require the three churches which it possessed five hundred years ago, and if so, we may trust that the name and story of S. Anastasius the Persian will once more be revived.

It should be added that in some books on the subject the church is given as *S. Anastasia*. Curiously enough, in Harris Nicolas's "Chronology of History," January 22 is assigned to "Vincent and Anastasia," but the correct form of the name, and that which has always been in use at Wyke, is the masculine *Anastasius*.

S. William of Norwich, M. March 25, 1144.

Long ago, in the parish of Thorpe, not far from Norwich, hidden in the depths of the great forest that in old days covered the hillside, stood the little chapel of S. William-in-the-Wood, once a noted place of pilgrimage. It bore the name of a local saint, and told the pitiful story—all too common, alas! in the Middle Ages—of an innocent child done to death by the Jews in revenge for the wrongs inflicted upon their race. The little seven-year-old William was, as Capgrave tells us, the child of peasant parents living in Norwich; and, child though he was, his precocious piety had attracted attention.

Now, at the Passover-time, in the year 1144, the Jews took the child and killed him, and were about to bury him in the forest, when they were discovered by one Eilward, a burgess of the city. The murderers prevailed upon him by heavy bribes to conceal their guilt; but on his death-bed Eilward's conscience moved him to make confession, and just at this very time a woman walking in the forest came upon the body lying still unburied, as it had been left when Eilward came upon the men and terrified them out of all thought, save for their own safety. It lay at the foot of an oak tree with two ravens fluttering over it; and though, says

* Private letter from the Rev. Edward Firmstone, Rector of Wyke, 1895.

Capgrave, it had lain unburied for five years, yet was it still uncorrupt. The little corpse was brought with honour into Norwich, and the spot where it was found was marked by a chapel known as "S. William-in-the-Wood." The chapel has vanished, but its site can still be identified on what is now called "Mousehold Heath."*

In the four examples we have already given of lost dedications, the saint and the structure have vanished together; but in the examples that follow we shall find that, though the original patron or patroness has been forgotten, the church still exists under some other name.

S. Ursula, V.M. Oct. 21.

S. Ursula stands in a sort of middle position: her church, it is true, is destroyed, yet in every current list of City churches an indirect reference to S. Ursula may be traced in the name of the consolidated parishes—"S. Andrew Undershaft with *S. Mary-at-Axe*"—a mysterious reference which shall duly be made clear hereafter. But, first of all, what are we to say of S. Ursula herself, the saint beloved of painters, beloved of mediæval hagiographers, but apocryphal beyond words? This much perhaps we may say—that "S. Ursula and her companions" might be accepted were it not for the marvellous amplifications that have been superadded to their story.

We are content, on the one hand, to accept as a probably true tradition the plain statement of the ninth-century martyrology—seemingly, by the way, the earliest recorded notice of this company of saints, who are said to have suffered in the third century—that on a given day at Cologne "S. Ursula and her companions, being slain by the Huns for their Christianity and their virginal constancy, terminated their lives by martyrdom." Or, on the other hand, we are content to accept, as a pure romance, the marvellous relation of the adventures of the King of Cornwall's daughter and her eleven thousand beauteous maidens. One interesting fairy tale is as good as another; but what is much to be resented is the endeavour of commentators, whether of the twelfth century or of the nineteenth, to reduce the legend within the bounds of reason. An explanation of a different order is attempted by Mr. Baring-Gould in his ingenious theory that the story of S. Ursula was but a Christianized version of some of the old Scandinavian myths, and that the veneration shown to the saint was a carrying on of old pagan customs;† but certainly this explanation, whatever its merits, did not enter into the calculations of our forefathers, when they devoured the strange romance of the eleven thousand virgins, and idealized S. Ursula into the learned and loving patroness of all young girls.

In the course of the twelfth century a powerful impetus was given to the popularity of this legend by the discovery near Cologne of an immense collection of bones which were given out to be the bones of S. Ursula and her eleven thousand companions, and which were looked upon by many as a convincing proof of the truth of the story. To this day specimens of these bones are exhibited in S. Ursula's church at

* Baring-Gould, March 25; and Murray's "Norfolk."

† October 21.

Cologne, and it is not every visitor who has the requisite knowledge to perceive at once, as did the late Professor Owen, that many of the bones of the supposed virgins are "those of horses and other animals." * It was after this wholesale discovery of the bones that S. Ursula was chosen as the patroness of the Sorbonne; but we need not dwell further, either on her amazing legend,† or on the extravagant honours paid to her in after days; since—unlike that other patroness of learning, the ever-popular S. Catherine—she has never been very greatly in favour in England.

Time has robbed S. Ursula of the one English parish church in which she in old days could claim a semi-ownership. The church itself was pulled down three hundred years ago; her very name has disappeared, and yet a sign of her former presence still lingers, which tells its own story to those who can read it aright. The parish in question now goes by the oddly abbreviated form of "St. Mary Axe"—a quaint compromise, as we shall see, between Puritan scruples and lingering superstitions—but its full name was "S. Mary the Virgin, S. Ursula, and the Eleven Thousand Virgins," and its greatest glory was that it boasted the possession of no less precious a relic than one of the three axes with which the said eleven thousand virgins were executed.‡ This claim to fame was recognized in a legal document as late as 1514, and was known—though somewhat confusedly—to the Elizabethan antiquarian, Stow. It was during Stow's lifetime that the church ceased to be used for divine service, and he, in describing it, though perfectly familiar with its full dedication-name, makes use of the abbreviation that was already common, "St. Marie at the Axe," an abbreviation which we have still further shortened into "St. Mary Axe."

The ancient West Riding chapelry of Crostone, or Cross-stones, near Todmorden, was originally ascribed to S. Ursula, as may be seen from a mention of it in the will of one Jennet Wynter, dated 1542.§ Some thirty years later a new chapel was built, on a different site; but in that interval English dedication sentiment had undergone a great change, and henceforth the patron of Cross-stones was no more S. Ursula, but S. Paul. Such, at least, is the present dedication, and it is probable that it was made choice of at that time. As late as 1683 Chester, too, still retained a chapel of S. Ursula, in connexion with a hospital of the same name, and most likely a close search would bring to light traces of other forgotten dedications to this saint; but if we desire to find an existing parish church dedicated to S. Ursula, in company with her eleven thousand virgins, we must look to Cardiganshire. Wales has preserved, as in this instance, together with its own national dedications, several more or less rare dedications to the saints of the Roman Kalendar. The church of "S. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins" is found at Llangwyryvon, a parish on the Wyrai river, not very far from

* "Life of Professor Owen," vol. i.
† See Mrs. Jameson.
‡ "London P. and P."
§ Private letter from Richard Holmes, Esq., Pontefract, and paper by Canon Raine, *Yorkshire Arch. Journal* for 1871.

Aberystwith, whose lengthy name means, we are told, "the church of the Virgins." *

The women saints have suffered much from changes of dedication, and the three virgin saints next to be enumerated have this in common, that each one of the three has been displaced to make room for some more famous masculine saint bearing a name more or less closely resembling her own.

S. Columba, V.M. Dec. 31, cir. 274.

To begin with, there is S. Columba. It is an undoubted fact that the name of Columba was borne, not only by the famous Abbot of Iona, but by more than one virgin saint; and it is also clear that it was from some one or other of these virgins that the Cornish parishes of St. Columb Major and St. Columb Minor derive their names. The tradition of some such unknown virgin patroness had lingered on into the sixteenth century, for Camden, in his account of Cornwall, speaks of "S. Columbs, a little market town, dedicated to Columba, an exceeding pious woman and a martyr, and not to Columbanus the Scot, as I am now fully satisfied by her life." The carefully edited eighteenth-century editions of the "Britannia" add, on the authority seemingly of Camden's own letters, that this life was a Latin life "translated from the Cornish." If this book could be recovered we might be less in the dark than we are as to the identity of the saint who has thus impressed her name on two parishes. From the fact that both parishes keep their feasts on or near November 13,† it has been conjectured that this day was S. Columba's proper festival,‡ and an eighteenth-century writer preserves a floating tradition that she was a martyr of local celebrity, who suffered near St. Columb's.§

Another and very plausible conjecture ‖—which, however, fails to account for the November festival—identifies her with a very widely celebrated virgin-martyr of the name, who was executed at Sens in the Aurelian persecution (about 274), and who is commemorated on December 31. All precedents lead us to look with favour upon the claims of popular Gallican saints. As we well know, they are of comparatively late origin in the Cornish Church, but still we find not a few such—as Symphorian, Hermes, and the like. The S. Columba who was venerated at Sens is said to have been a native of Spain, who came into Gaul about the middle of the third century, together with a company of other saints. By order of Aurelian she was imprisoned, and then condemned to be thrown to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre; but—as in the story of S. Prisca (vol. i. p. 107)—the bear protected instead of harming the maiden, and she was delivered over to the executioner. The church in Sens, which is said to occupy the site of her prison, goes by the name of "S. Columba the Less," ¶ doubtless to distinguish it from the more important abbey of the same name which marked the supposed place of

* Lewis.
† Truro Kalendar.
‡ Baring-Gould, November 13.
§ Whitaker, quoted in Baring-Gould.
‖ Borlase.
¶ Baring-Gould, December 31.

her martyrdom—an abbey rendered interesting to Englishmen by its connexion with the exiled Thomas Becket.* The juxtaposition of "S. Columba the Less" and "S. Columba the Great" at Sens recalls the similar juxtaposition of the Cornish "St. Columb Minor" and "St. Columb Major;" and if the similarity be merely a coincidence, and not an imitation, it is at least a curious one.† One, however, if not both of these parishes, may be said to have transferred its allegiance to S. Columba of Iona, for, as we have elsewhere shown (p. 146), St. Columb Minor has a yearly fair on the 9th or 10th of June—that is to say, on the eve or day of S. Columba the Abbot.‡ Perhaps the parish got weary of the troublesome uncertainties as to its true patron—uncertainties, we fear, never to be wholly cleared up—and so followed the common tendency to attach itself to a well-known name.

S. Juliana, V.M. Feb. 16, 303.

Then there is S. Juliana, who has been ruthlessly transformed into S. Julian. There are so many sainted women of this name in the Kalendar that it is impossible to decide with certainty which of them all was intended to be commemorated by the church at Shrewsbury, properly, though not generally, so called; but, in the absence of any positive knowledge, we are inclined to give the preference to the virgin-martyr of that name, said to have been a native of Nicomedia, who suffered in the Diocletian persecution, and whose story too nearly resembles that of many of her heroic sisters in the faith for it to be necessary to repeat it at length. Her connexion with Shrewsbury cannot unfortunately be traced, but it is of very early origin, for in Domesday Book we already find a mention of the church of "S. Juliana."§ The church now passes under the name of "S. Julian." Either the obscure virgin was overshadowed by the popularity of the more famous Hospitaller (vol. i. p. 166), or it is merely the result of the tendency, so often observed, to shorten lengthy appellations. Be this as it may, the church for some three centuries has commonly gone by the abbreviated form of "S. Julian;" and yet there can be no manner of doubt as to the sex of the original patroness, for in a long succession of legal documents, ranging from the Norman Conquest to 1542, we find the church carefully specified as *S. Juliana's* in Shrewsbury, with only a single lapse, in the time of Henry III., into the misleading modern abbreviation, *S. Julian*.‖ We fear, however, that it is too late for S. Juliana to recover her rights.

S. Dominica, V.M. Feb. 5, eighth cent.

Some centuries later than the two virgins before noticed comes the shadowy Celtic Dominica, or Drusa, who is conjecturally supposed to have given her name to the Cornish parish that now owns the great S. Dominic for its patron. According to William of Malmesbury, S. Dominica was the sister of Indractus, the son of an Irish king, who went with nine of his followers on a pilgrimage to

* Murray's "France."

† In the map in Camden's "Britannia" one parish is designated "Columb," without any distinguishing adjective whatever, and the other as "Little Columb."

‡ Truro Kalendar.

§ Owen and Blakeway's "History of S. Julian's, Shrewsbury."

‖ Ibid.

Rome, and who, on his return, was murdered, together with his companions, as he was on his way to visit the tomb of S. Patrick the Elder at Glastonbury. His sister Dominica shared his fate. According to the usual sequel of such tales, the bodies were revealed by the column of light which stood over the spot, and were re-buried at Glastonbury with all the honours due to martyrs. In the Cornish parish that still bears the name of the sister, there formerly stood a chapel in honour of this Indractus, and the conjunction of names is too remarkable to be passed over; but there seems no sufficient reason why the sister should so entirely have eclipsed the brother. Very probably in the beginning their chapels enjoyed equal honours, and purely accidental circumstances may well have tended to the gradual disappearance of the one and the subsequent rebuilding of the other. A farm in the parish, bearing the name of *Chapel*, may perhaps indicate the spot where the chapel of S. Indractus once stood.* S. Dominica continued to be invoked in the Exeter Litany up to the eleventh century. We have described elsewhere how she in her turn was forgotten—as her brother had been before her—and how she was at length superseded by S. Dominic of Spain (p. 23).

S. Quintin, or Quentin, M. Oct. 31, cir. 287.

Tradition persistently represents S. Quintin, the well-born son of a Roman senator named Zeno, as a *soldier;* but in his Acts—late and untrustworthy guides unfortunately—he figures only as an ardent evangelist, the fellow-worker of S. Lucian of Beauvais, who had given up all his prospects of worldly advancement for the joy of preaching the gospel to the heathen. According to his Acts, he made his headquarters at Amiens, and there met with no small measure of success, his preaching being abundantly confirmed by the miracles which he wrought. Rumours of the great hold which the new religion was gaining round about Amiens attracted the attention of Diocletian's representative, the Prefect Rictiovarus, who was a zealous persecutor. He caused S. Quintin to be arrested, and offered him the usual alternative of sacrificing to the gods or yielding up his life; asking him at the same time how one who was sprung of so noble a race could adopt such a superstition as to adore Him who was crucified by the Jews.† S. Quintin's reply, and all that follows, can easily be imagined. There is no reason to doubt that the Roman soldier of the Cross died gladly, rather than deny his faith; but the compilers of the Acts have let their fancy run riot in their detailed accounts of all the horrible tortures, the miracles, and the posthumous miracles, that ensued. The scene of the martyrdom was the capital of the province, then called "Augusta Viromanduorum," but now for nine hundred years known as "St. Quintin." The martyr's body was thrown into the Somme, whence it was rescued by the Christians, and buried on a mountain-side. A seventh-century monastery—"St. Quintin on the mountain"—was supposed to mark the spot. The

* D. C. B., "Indractus;" Baring-Gould; and private letter from the Rev. C. Square, Rector of St. Dominick, 1896.

† Quoted in Baring-Gould, October 31.

remains were more than once translated; the first time by S. Eligius (CH. XXIV.), who enclosed them in a rich shrine which he, the skilful goldsmith, had wrought with his own hands;* and again, at a later date, when they were solemnly brought back from Laon, where they had been temporarily sheltered to save them from falling into the hands of the Northmen. On this second occasion (885), they were bestowed in the stately church which Louis le Débonnaire had built expressly for them fifty years before,† and from henceforward the town itself was known by the name of its venerated patron as St. Quintin." ‡

The late Canon Raine's researches have shown that one of our Yorkshire churches, Kirk-Hammerton, in the West Riding, was originally dedicated to this saint; but at some time or other, whether because the unfamiliar name was regarded as superstitious, or for whatever reason, S. Quintin was superseded by S. John Baptist. As though for the purpose of redressing his wrongs in being defrauded of the church that is his by rights, S. Quintin has attached his name to two parishes on which he has only a very indirect claim, as will be shown when we come to speak of "Spurious Dedications" (p. 557).

S. Salvy, B.§ Sept. 10, cir. 584.

S. Salvy, or Salvius, of Albi is well worthy of a passing notice, though he cannot lay claim to more than a single "forgotten" dedication. His career offers some points of singular interest. Before he took orders he had led a busy, stirring life as a lawyer; a life—so it was noted by his contemporaries—no less pure than that which afterwards he led in the seclusion of his hermit's cell. But the young lawyer felt himself called to a more contemplative life, and —like another Augustine—he gave up his profession. He entered a monastery, where he lived for some years, and of which he was at length chosen abbot. But such a position of dignity was repugnant to him, and he asked leave to depart and lead the life of a solitary. It was while he was living thus alone that he was seized with a dangerous illness, and passed into a trance so deathlike that the brethren who had come to tend him supposed him to be dead, and made all things ready for his burial. All night they watched beside him in prayer, but in the morning they perceived signs of returning life; he roused himself as from sleep, and with uplifted hands ejaculated: "O Lord, why hast Thou sent me back to this darksome abode?" He then rose and went silently about his business, but at the end of some days he told how during his trance two angels had borne him to heaven and showed him the glories thereof, but warned him that he must not yet enter upon them, because there was still work for him to do on earth. This story Gregory of Tours solemnly affirms that he heard from S. Salvy's own lips, but the authenticity of the passage of his history in which this statement occurs has been called in question.

For some years after this S. Salvy was allowed to remain peaceably in

* D. C. B., "Quintinus."

† Butler's "Lives of the Saints," October 31.

‡ Otherwise St. Quentin.

§ The following account of S. Salvy is compiled from Fleury, D. C. B., etc. Original authority, his friend and contemporary, Gregory of Tours.

his hermit's cell, and then he was forcibly dragged forth to be consecrated Bishop of Albi, a city in the south of France. His new post brought him into contact with Chilperic, the Merovingian king. This Chilperic concerned himself largely with spelling reform, and tried to enforce his peculiar views throughout the kingdom; he unhappily also turned his attention to theology, and propounded the most startling changes in the Christian formularies touching the Holy Trinity. Those to whom his proposed alterations were first made known remonstrated in vain with the king, who declared angrily that he should explain himself to wiser listeners, who would assuredly be on his side. Shortly after Bishop Salvy came to the court, and Chilperic seized on him and at once read aloud his manuscript. The bishop was so pained with the king's ignorant and heretical views concerning the Blessed Trinity that he would fain have destroyed the paper, and Chilperic was so far influenced—whether by the convincing force of the former advocate's arguments, or by the sight of his unconcealed disapprobation, we do not know—that he agreed not to press the matter any further.

But the part of S. Salvy's duties that was most congenial to him was the strict pastoral work to which he gave himself with the most untiring devotion. When some of his people were taken captive he followed them, and ransomed them at his own cost. His friend, Gregory of Tours, notes that money had no attractions for him—he cared for it only as a means of serving the poor. When Albi was visited by the plague in its most violent form, he refused to leave the city, and stayed on with his daily lessening flock, tending the sick and preparing them for death.

This good man, S. Salvy, or *S. Sauve*, as he is popularly called in France, is commemorated at Nevers. Pre-Reformation Wills show that he was not unknown in England, for the church of Exford in Somerset there appears as "S. Salvi," or "Salvym." It is now ascribed to S. Mary Magdalene, but the earlier dedication brings to mind a saint well worthy of remembrance.

S. Francis of Assisi, C. Oct. 4, 1226.

We have had occasion elsewhere to speak (see p. 26) of the City church, now known as Christ Church, Newgate, which conceals a very interesting forgotten dedication to S. Francis of Assisi. Fortunately for us, the name is still kept in remembrance by a nineteenth-century church, and therefore we are spared the painful necessity of reckoning S. Francis of Assisi among our forgotten patrons. Even without this our losses are sufficiently serious. We need not much regret the disappearance of such shadowy figures as the virgins Juliana and Columba, and Dominic the Friar is indisputably a good exchange for the obscure Dominica; but the Four Crowned Martyrs, the soldier-monk Anastasius, and the lawyer-bishop Salvy, would all in their several ways have lent richness and variety to our company of patron saints.

Section II.—Doubtful Dedications.

There is one form of uncertainty regarding many of our church dedications which, though very real, is too vague ever to be satisfactorily set at rest. We cannot at this distance of time declare positively that all churches bearing the name of some well-known saint were originally intended for that very saint. Possibly some few of the two thousand churches dedicated to S. Mary were intended for some other sainted Mary than the Blessed Virgin, but the distinguishing epithet has been entirely lost sight of. We have evidence that this has occurred with dedications primarily intended for S. Mary Magdalene, and that, standing simply as "S. Mary," they have naturally been ascribed to the Blessed Virgin. In the same way "S. John Baptist" loses his distinguishing epithet, and so is taken to mean S. John Evangelist. Where no distinguishing epithet is customary the confusion is obviously greater still. To the church-builders of the Middle Ages "S. Thomas," standing alone, suggested the famous Archbishop of Canterbury; to the church-builders of post-Reformation times it primarily suggests the Apostle. By the law of association the better-known name tends to absorb the less familiar one, and churches dedicated to S. Bartholomew, S. Laurence, S. Margaret, S. Nicholas, and S. Bridget, will continue to suggest the idea of certain widely venerated saints, though possibly enough, they are right who say that, scattered here and there among the number, is an occasional dedication originally intended for S. Bartholomew of Farne (CH. XXIX.), S. Laurence, Archbishop of Canterbury (CH. XXI.), Queen Margaret of Scotland (CH. XII.), S. Nicholas of Lincopen, a tenth-century saint of local repute in Sweden, or S. Bridget, also of Sweden.* The point can only be decided by the discovery of distinct evidence in favour of the more obscure saint, and where this is wanting we must be content to let the greater names have the natural advantage of their pre-eminence. Such welcome evidence, however, we may fairly claim at Wombourne in Staffordshire, which formerly proclaimed its allegiance to our native S. Benedict, rather than to S. Benedict the Great, by keeping its feast on the day of the English-born saint (see p. 60). Something of the same difficulty arises between the two Augustines, but the known tendencies of mediæval dedications are so much more in favour of the Archbishop of Canterbury than of the Father of the Church, that we must incline to give the former the benefit of the doubt (see this point discussed in vol. i. p. 272). Examples of the kind might be indefinitely multiplied—as where *Paul* is proved to mean Paulinus of York (CH. XXII.)—but we have given sufficient for our purpose.

Unfortunately, however, we are beset with doubts of a much more

* A very notable saint this last, but we do not think her claims are stronger than those of her compatriot, S. Nicholas. In the first place, she lived too late (fourteenth century) to have much chance of becoming popular in England; and in the second place, our dedications to S. Bridget occur chiefly in districts peculiarly open to Celtic influences.

complicated kind than the simple question, to which of two names, both comparatively distinguished, we shall give our allegiance. There are some few dedications that may be explained half a dozen different ways; and what is worse, there are some few saints whose personalities can with difficulty be established at all. At this point it is necessary to fall back largely upon conjecture. It must be admitted that a good deal of conjecture has already gone to the establishment of such saints as S. Egelwine (CH. XXIII.), or S. Hardulph (CH. XXXIX.), or to the identification—so ingeniously worked out by Mr. Borlase—of Ladoca with S. Cadoc, or of Filius, Ida, Issy, Edelienta, with S. Teilo (CH. XXXII.). It must further be admitted that, with a view to reducing as far as may be the chaotic mass of doubtful dedications, such conjectures have been accepted wherever the probabilities seemed reasonably strong; but not a few cases still remain where the possibilities are so numerous and often so conflicting that it is hopeless to do more than state some of the most generally accepted of these guesses.

(*a*) *In Cornwall.*

As might be expected, our worst difficulties come from the Cornish saints, and we will therefore begin with them.

S. Merryn, or Meran.

Many conjectures have been bestowed upon the saint who gives his name to the Cornish parish of St. Merryn, but without much success. Some have sought to identify him with *Moran*, the companion of S. Breaca (CH. XXXVI.); others again have suggested *Merewenna*, or *Marvenne*, the patroness of Marhamchurch, one of the innumerable daughters of Brychan (CH. XXXIV.); and this Merewenna, in her turn, without much regard to the question of sex, has been hypothetically referred to a masculine saint, *Merin*, "presumed to be the founder of Llanferin in Monmouthshire," * commemorated January 6.

All this sounds hopeless enough, and we can hardly regret the mediæval impulse which led to the re-dedication of the church to some better known patron, and the choice of a more famous feast-day. Nevertheless the inhabitants were not unfaithful to their first patron, for in the time of Henry VII. we find the church under the twofold ascription of "The Blessed Meran and St. Thomas-à-Becket;" † and to this day the village feast is kept on "the Sunday nearest to July 7," ‡ that is, the feast of the translation of S. Thomas of Canterbury.§

S. Cleer (poss. Clarus, B. Oct. 10).

The saint who gives his name to the parish of St. Cleer, near Liskeard, is unquestionably not "the founder of the Poor Clares" (CH. XXVII.). We must look further back than that for our patron. In mediæval documents the name is written "Clarus," and very high authorities ‖ are agreed that this points rather to some

* Borlase.
† Ibid.
‡ Truro Kalendar.
§ Harris Nicolas assigns July 7 to "SS. Marina and Ethelburga, virgins." It is difficult to trace this S. Marina, but the name may possibly afford a clue to the perplexing patron of St. Merryn.
‖ Mr. Borlase and the late Mr. Boase.

saint imported from Normandy or Brittany, than to a native-born saint. The "Dictionary of Christian Biography" enumerates at least five saints of the name, any one of whom might reasonably meet our needs; but having regard to the close intercourse between Cornwall and Armorica—"lesser Britain," as it was so well called—we shall find no saint more likely to have found favour in Cornwall than that S. Clarus, the first Bishop of Nantes, who was accounted the Apostle of Brittany. "There has been much dispute about the age in which this saint lived. The Bretons have always maintained that S. Clarus was sent into Brittany by S. Linus, Bishop of Rome, if not by his immediate predecessor, the Apostle Peter himself."* There is, however, another set of traditions† which, with considerably more probability, places him in the end of the third and beginning of the fourth centuries, and gives Tours as his starting-point, in place of Rome. In any case, S. Clarus was greatly reverenced at Nantes, and afterwards at Angers, whither his relics were translated in the eighth century. He may well have been introduced into England from either of these two places.‡ S. Clarus of Nantes is commemorated on October 10, but as St. Cleer is unfortunately one of those parishes that has lost all knowledge of its feast-day, we get no help here.

S. Probus (otherwise "Probus and Grace"). July 5.

The noble church of Probus, near Truro, popularly known as "SS. Probus and Grace," is one of the standing problems of church nomenclature, and among all the many theories that have been propounded no really satisfactory solution has yet been arrived at. Putting aside for the moment the very doubtful claims of the unknown "Grace," we find that there is a very noted S. Probus in the Roman Kalendar, who suffered martyrdom in the Diocletian persecution at Tarsus in Cilicia, together with his yet more famous companion Tarachus.§ The Acts that describe their unspeakable sufferings are of high antiquity and of great value. It is just possible that this may be the S. Probus of whom we are in search, but very unlikely—as the leading part in the narrative is always assigned to *S. Tarachus*. Moreover, Probus feast is held in July, not in October, as it ought to be if it were intended to commemorate S. Probus the martyr.

A less interesting but much more probable theory, favoured by the late Mr. Boase, inclines to consider Probus as "an early Celtic saint," and this theory finds strong additional support from a mention in Domesday Book of a church near Sherborne in Dorsetshire (now no longer extant) which was designated, in true Celtic fashion, *Lanbrebois*. Archæologists explain this as *Llan-Probus*, "the church of Probus," and are inclined to connect it with the puzzling Cornish dedication in the same name.‖

But the imaginative Cornish folk of a later age were not disposed to

* D. C. B., "Clarus" (5).

† Ibid.

‡ Mr. Rees, in his "Welsh Saints," observes that *St. Clears* in Carmarthenshire (sometimes called St. Clare's) is "of Norman dedication." Is it not possible that this parish may have the same origin as the Cornish St. Cleer?

§ See both these names in D. C. B., and Baring-Gould's very full quotations from the Acts of their martyrdom, October 11.

‖ Boase and Borlase.

be put off with so uninteresting and meagre an explanation. The unknown S. Probus conveyed nothing whatever to them, but the word *Probus* had a known signification; and—when and how, we know not, but at some time or other—they began to dwell upon the allegorical meaning of the name. By-and-by two skulls were discovered in the church, and an elaborate "folk-tale," as Mr. Lach Szyrma calls it, grew up to account for them, which stated that they were the skulls of S. Probus and S. Grace, the husband and wife in whose joint honour the church was dedicated. The popular belief was still further strengthened by the inscription of unknown date carved upon the old rood screen: "Jesus, hear us Thy people, and send us *Grace* and *Good* for ever." This curious legend may even now be read in Probus church, though the panels on which it was inscribed were removed at the beginning of the last century from their original position to the front of the gallery.* However "Probus and Grace" came into possession of the parish, they seem fairly established there at present. "From time immemorial," says Murray's Handbook, "a fair called *Probus and Grace* has been annually held here on the first Monday after this day (viz. July 5), and the following Sunday has been celebrated as a feast Sunday." Doubtless, too, the local belief that the patron saints in question were a married couple has been much strengthened by the re-discovery, some fifty years since, of the two skulls of which tradition had always told.

Probably no single archæologist would accept the story just as it is told in Probus parish, and most of them would say with the late Mr. Boase, "Grace seems to be a much later addition;"† but the theory that the church was actually dedicated to "the Virtues of Probity and Grace," has found its defenders. Mr. Lach Szyrma, for instance, though well aware that such dedications to abstractions are "against mediæval Western or Latin custom," yet inclines to the idea that the freer "Brito-Celtic usages" may have admitted, in rare exceptional cases, of dedications "not to a person at all but to Virtues."‡ "Probity or Honesty wedded to God's Grace," continues Mr. Lach Szyrma, "would make a poetic symbol for a church, with ethical teaching." We entirely acknowledge the poetry of such a dedication, and we are aware that others have held this same theory as to certain Cornish dedications to abstractions instead of to persons (see below on *Sancreed*), but for our own part we are more disposed to believe in the obscure Celtic S. Probus, altogether apart from his mythical colleague, S. Grace. The one certain point in the whole matter appears to be that Probus feast, as already stated, is kept on or after July 5.

S. Grada, Creed (poss. Crida), and Sancreed.

Those who favour this theory of dedications to abstractions find other examples in the three parishes—the one near Grampound, the other near Probus, the third near the Land's End—known respectively as Grade, Creed, and Sancreed.

* Murray's "Cornwall."

† Private letter, 1894.

‡ Private letter.

There has been endless doubt about the dedication-names of all three parishes, a difficulty that has been partially solved, both at Grade and at Creed, by bestowing upon the respective churches some more distinctly intelligible name. Creed has been re-dedicated to *S. Andrew*, and now keeps its feast on "the Sunday next to S. Andrew's Day;" while Grade is known as *Holy Cross*, and keeps its feast on "the Sunday nearest to S. Luke's Day." Sancreed — written in old documents with curious reduplication as "St. Sancredus"—has made no change in its perplexing dedication-name. This parish celebrates its feast on Whit-Sunday. "We do not know," says Mr. Lach Szyrma,* "who Sancreda was. Possibly no one, only the Holy Creed or Faith of Christendom." Mr. Borlase,† who holds the same view, would extend this belief to the other two parishes, Grade and Creed; but he further points out that "Sancreed is also called San Crus (St. Cross)," while Grade also, as we have already shown, has an alternative dedication to the Holy Cross. Mr. Boase, on the other hand, leans, as always, to the belief that a *personal* name underlies the original dedication. As to "S. Grada," he can throw no light at all upon her, except to give her a feminine termination instead of that masculine *Gradus*, which causes Mr. Borlase to ejaculate: "St. Gradus! This masculine Saint is absurd." Nor can Mr. Boase say much more as to the reputed "S. Crida," except that she was "probably one of the Welsh devotees who settled in Cornwall. Some, however," he adds, "would refer the name to Credanus, one of the companions of S. Petrock (see Leland) who was buried at Bodmin."‡ On the whole Mr. Boase was disinclined to identify the two very similar names of Creed and Sancreed. "They are probably different," he wrote, "but *San*credus is suspicious."§

It seems not impossible that the truth lies in a compromise between the two theories: that all the three names in question were originally personal names, and that when they had ceased to have any signification an attempt was made to change them to the more familiar invocation of "The Holy Cross"—an attempt which has succeeded only very partially. It may justly be objected that "Holy Cross" is no more a *personal* dedication than are the supposed dedications to the Creed, or to those abstract virtues, to which we have been taking exception; but we know, beyond dispute, that dedications to the Holy Rood and to the Holy Sepulchre did hold their place in the Middle Ages side by side with the more usual personal dedications.

S. Day, or Dye (poss. Deicolus, A.‖ Jan. 18, 625).

S. Day is saved from being ranked, as perhaps he ought to be, among the purely *untraceable* saints by the guess—it is nothing more — which connects him with the Irish S. Deicolus, the companion and fellow-worker of the great missionary, S. Columbanus. The identification rests only upon a very

* Private letter.
† "Age of the Saints."
‡ D. C. B., "Crida."
§ Private letter, 1894.

‖ The account of S. Deicolus is drawn from Montalembert, Baring-Gould, and D. C. B.

slender basis: Deicolus is sometimes corrupted into "Die,"* and the Cornish patron in question is locally called "S. Dye." There is nothing inherently improbable in such a conjecture, and we gladly hail any reasonable excuse for including in our list so interesting a figure as that of the Irish missionary Deicolus; moreover, in further justification of this pleasant theory, it may be observed that the French form of the name, "S. Desle," would very easily lend itself to the Cornish "S. Day." One member at least of this missionary brotherhood is undoubtedly commemorated amongst us, S. Disen, or Disibod, the patron of Bradninch in Devonshire (CH. XXXVI.). He, like S. Deicolus, was Irish by birth and education, but is more famous on the Continent than in his native land. There is nothing to connect either saint directly with Cornwall or Devon, but we can only repeat once more that those unwearied travellers, the Irish saints, were perpetually to be found in Cornwall, sometimes settling there, sometimes merely visiting it as birds of passage before setting out on more distant journeys, and sometimes lingering there a little space—long enough, it may be, to hallow some rude oratory that in after days should be called by their name.

And now to pass from the conjectural S. Day to the real Deicolus, the happy-hearted follower of S. Columbanus, who, when his master asked him once: "Deicolus, why art thou always smiling?" made answer: "Because no one can take my God from me." For many years "the life of the monk is merged in that of his master."† He and his yet more famous brother, S. Gall, followed Columbanus from Ireland. S. Deicolus remained with him all through the period of his ministrations at Luxeuil, and when the notorious Queen Brunichildis banished the foreign missionaries from Burgundy, he had no other thought but to share his master's wanderings. But Deicolus was growing old and feeble, and he had not gone many miles from Luxeuil when his limbs utterly failed him, and he humbly entreated to be left behind to end his pilgrimage in the forest—so congenial a last resting-place for a Celtic saint. No other course was possible, and with tears on both sides, and fervent benedictions on the part of Columbanus, the sorrowful farewell was accomplished.

Left to his own resources, our Irishman began as best he might to explore his new surroundings, and soon his solitude was broken by the appearance of a swineherd in the midst of his charges. The peasant started at the sight of the long-haired stranger with the irregularly shaven crown, and roughly fashioned, loose-flowing garments,‡ but the old man reassured him, explaining that he was a harmless traveller—"Christ's traveller," he loved to call himself—a monk, who needed nothing but some fit place where he might fashion for himself a little dwelling. The swineherd knew of one such spot, well supplied with

* So in Skene's "Alban," vol. ii., referred to by Mr. Boase in a private letter.

† D. C. B.

‡ See the description of the appearance of the Celtic saints, p. 262.

water, and would have guided him to it, but what, then, was to become of the pigs? "Leave that to me," replied the ready Irishman, "and I will answer for it you shall be none the worse. My staff shall take your place, and play the shepherd during your absence." So saying, he thrust his staff into the ground, and the swine obediently flocked round it to their master's complete satisfaction; and the two men set forth to inspect the well-watered site which was hereafter to become famous, first as the hermit's cell, then as a great abbey, and later still as the town of Lure, which stands to this day, midway between Belfort and Besoul.

But our hermit was not to be left unmolested in his solitude. The Gallican priest of those parts was jealous of the uncouth stranger with his provoking austerities, his ardent prayers, and his continually increasing reputation for sanctity. He hinted pretty plainly that the man was a magician, and so roused the suspicions of the feudal chief of those regions that matters would have gone ill with our poor hermit had not the sympathies of the chief's wife been strongly enlisted on his side, and had not the chief suffered just at this juncture from a most timely illness. From this point the troubles of S. Deicolus ceased. He was secured in the possession of his little settlement, and there in the course of the ten years which remained to him disciples gathered round him, so that his cell was no longer a hermitage, but the centre of an ever-growing monastery. He was taken into favour by King Clotaire II., who loved him all the more for the sake of their common love for Columbanus.

Some modern writers have claimed S. Deicolus as a Scotsman—in the modern use of the word—but he was an Irishman through and through, and the same pretty story is told of him as of his kinswoman, S. Bridget, that when he could not find any place whereon to hang his wet mantle he threw it over a sunbeam.

S. Deicolus ruled over his monastery for ten years; then, having made due provision for its future needs, he gave himself up to the quiet hermit life for which he craved. He died on January 18, 625, on which day he is commemorated in the Kalendars, but it cannot be claimed that the village feast in the parish of St. Day, with its curiously vague date, "three weeks after Whitsuntide," * has any possible relation to January 18.

S. Eval, Uvell, or Noell (poss. Evilla).

A most mysterious and perplexing saint is the S. Eval who meets us in the Cornish parish of the same name. Possibly this same saint may be again commemorated in the not far distant parish of Withiel, under the varying forms of *Uvelus*, *Uvell*, or *Noell*,† all of them, it may be, corruptions of the same original "Evilla." ‡ Both parishes lie midway between Padstow and Bodmin, and both keep their feasts at about the same date—St. Eval on the Sunday nearest to November 20, and Withiel on November 23.§

* Truro Kalendar.

† Given as "Noell" in the Clergy List, 1896.

‡ Borlase.

§ Truro Kalendar.

The question remains who this S. Eval, or Evilla, may have been, and the most helpful suggestion that has yet been made is that the name of a certain S. Evilla is invoked among the holy widows and virgins in a Scottish litany, formerly in use at Dunkeld.* It is possible that in this unknown S. Evilla (whose very nationality is lost to us) we may have the equally unknown patroness of the two Cornish parishes already specified, St. Eval and Withiel.

S. Just (probably the Boy-Martyr. Oct. 18 and Aug. 1, cir. 287).

The S. Just who gives his name to two distinct parishes in Cornwall is indisputably a saint of many possibilities. Many conjectures have been hazarded concerning him—or perhaps we ought rather to say concerning *them*, for it is still a matter of dispute whether the parishes (the one near the Land's End, the other near Falmouth) have a separate or a common origin. It is more easy to say positively who S. Just was *not* than who he was, and it may be said with some certainty that he was not, as has been asserted, the companion of Augustine, the third Archbishop of Canterbury (CH. XXI.).

From the situation of the parish near the Land's End, known as St. Just-in-Penwith, Mr. Boase is inclined in this case to look for the patron saint among those "devotees from Ireland"† who flocked into that extremity of Cornwall in such great numbers about the fifth century (CH. XXXVI.). William of Worcester, in his brief notice of the church that bears S. Just's name, speaks of him as "a martyr," but nothing more authentic is known of him.

Mr. Borlase‡ has hypothetically identified his Falmouth namesake, always distinguished as "St. Just-in-Roseland," with *Jestyn*, the son of Geraint, a Cornishman by descent, but doubly commemorated in Wales, where he has given his name to two churches, one in Carnarvonshire, and one in Anglesey.§ This would have the advantage of linking him with more than one saint in our lists: his father, S. Geraint (CH. XXXV.), whose parish of Gerrans is next door to St. Just-in-Roseland; his brother, S. Congar, at Badgworth in Somersetshire (CH. XXIX.); and last, but by no means least, with his distinguished cousin of a younger generation, the far-famed S. Kebi (CH. XXXII.).

So much for the possible original claimants of the two churches. But this does not exhaust the whole matter; there yet remains to be considered the nine-year-old child, of a different period and a different race, who seems to hold a key which unlocks many difficulties, and reconciles the seeming discrepancy between the two parochial feasts, which has hitherto been regarded as one of the arguments for supposing the respective patrons to be two distinct saints.

The history of S. Just, the child-martyr, is given us in Acts which, though far from trustworthy,‖ are exceedingly quaint, owing to their

* Forbes's "Scottish Saints."
† D. C. B., "Justus" (43).
‡ "Age of the Saints."
§ See Rees: both parishes are called *Llan-iestin*.
‖ See the story in Baring-Gould, October 18.

intermingling of the homely details of everyday life with wildly supernatural accessories. The story brings us into relation with another of our saints, S. Quintin (p. 537), for the scene of the martyrdom is the same—the city of Amiens—and Quintin's persecutor, the cruel prefect Rictiovarus, likewise reappears.

According to these Acts, the boy Justus was the son of Christian parents, dwelling in Auxerre. Now, it befell that an uncle of Justus, also a Christian, was sold into captivity at Amiens, and his brother provided himself with money and set forth to ransom him, taking the boy Justus with him, as for a holiday journey. They travelled in comfortable, leisurely fashion by way of Paris, and arrived without adventure at Amiens; and on entering the house for which they were bound, Justus had the delight of recognizing his uncle, not standing with the other twelve slaves, who were gathered together to receive the strangers, but holding a lamp and lighting up the house, for it was evening; and he cried out: "This is the man we seek." So the ransom was paid, and the homeward journey begun; but when Rictiovarus heard that Christians had been in the town redeeming a slave, he sent soldiers after them, and the elder men, perceiving that they were pursued, took refuge in a cave, bidding the boy keep watch outside. The soldiers asked the little lad where his companions were, and when he refused to tell, they struck off his head, and rode away. Up to this point the narrative has been perfectly matter-of-fact: now it launches forth into every kind of marvel. Justus, like another Denys, carries his head in his hand, and gives very distinct directions as to the bestowal of his remains, and a succession of miracles follows. After this one town contended with another for the honour of possessing relics of the wondrous child—Auxerre and Amiens naturally making the most of their associations with the saint. The little town of St. Just, nine miles from Amiens, lies on the very road taken by the travellers on their joyful outward journey; and another town of the same name, not very far from Lyons, is a proof that the fame of the little hapless child was far more than local. In the year 900, Beauvais obtained possession of the coveted headless corpse, whence it comes that the boy is sometimes erroneously called "S. Just of Beauvais." * In course of time the Acts were "appropriated, with slight change of name, to S. Justin of Louvre, in Paris." † In Paris the boy is celebrated as *Justin* instead of *Justus*—commonly abbreviated, as with us, into "Just"—a pardonable error, arising probably from the fact that in the original Acts the father is Justin, the uncle Justinian, and the child himself Justus.

Another Parisian peculiarity may be noted: generally speaking, the little S. Just is commemorated on October 18, ‡ the day assigned to him in all English pre-Reformation Kalendars; but Paris—probably from adopting the date of some translation of the martyr's relics instead of

* Harris Nicolas's "Chronology of History" says: "Just, martyred in Paris: probably the same as S. Just of Beauvais."

† Baring-Gould.

‡ See D. C. B., "Justus" (35).

the day of his death—had a usage of her own in this matter, and commemorated S. Just on August 1.*

And this brings us back once more to Cornwall. It is a curious coincidence, if it be nothing more, that whereas St. Just-in-Penwith keeps its feast on *November 1*, just fourteen days after the common commemoration of the boy-martyr S. Just, according to the Roman Kalendar, St. Just-in-Roseland keeps its feast on *August 14*, thirteen days after the Paris commemoration of the boy-martyr S. Just. Allowing for the difference of date between the Old and New Styles,† we may reasonably suppose that the intention in both cases was to do honour to the same saint, though his story was introduced into the two parishes by different channels. Undoubtedly this is only conjectural, but at least it can be safely said that there is no saint who fits the difficult position so exactly as the French boy-martyr.

S. Winnow (poss. Winnocus, A. Nov. 6, sixth cent.), S. Pinnock, and S. Twinnock.

Much painstaking research has been expended in trying to trace out the three mysterious saints, Winnow, Pinnock, and Twinnock, who give their names to three Cornish parishes; and something has been gained by the ingenious theory which, tentatively at least, reduces all three saints to a common denominator, S. Winnoc.‡ But the difficulties do not end here; for, though "S. Winnoc the Abbot" is a tolerably famous personage, there is doubt as to the identity of this particular Winnoc. The name, we are told, was a common one in the sixth and seventh centuries, and it had an unfortunate habit of slightly varying its form, so that we must be prepared to meet it with half a dozen different initials, as Dewednack, or Gwynnog, or Pinnock, or Twinnock, or Vennoc, or Winnoc; to say nothing of varieties of termination—as Gwynno for Guinocus—and lesser differences of spelling. The relationship of "Gwynno" to "Winnow," or of "Gwinocus" to "Winnoc," is easily seen; but at first sight it seems impossible to trace any kinship between "Towednack" and "Landewednack" and the Winnoc which we have taken for our starting-point; but philologists explain that "both Te and De are sometimes used as prefixes." By this means *Twinnock*, who has given his name to the parish of Towednack, is easily evolved out of *Winnoc*. Landewednack, or "the church of Dewednack," might follow by the same rule.§ *Pinnock* is a more unusual form; but as *g*, *v*, and *w* are known to be transmuted into *b*, there is no reason why they should not equally be transmuted into *p*; and the situation of St. Pinnock parish, near to that of St. Winnow, favours the supposition of their having a common origin.

But, after all, who was this once widely celebrated saint who now gives

* D. C. B., "Justus" (22).

† This difference is not always precisely eleven days, but frequently rather more.

‡ Borlase.

§ Private letter from the late Mr. Boase, 1894. Borlase and others, however, incline to attribute *Landewednack* to a saint of equally changing name, S. Wynwalloe (otherwise Buennoc, or Guarog, etc.), and their surmise has been followed in this book (CH. XXXVII.).

us so much trouble? The choice seems to lie between a stay-at-home Welshman of royal descent, known as S. Gwynno, or Guinocus, and a travelled Breton, also of royal descent, best known as S. Winnoc. The first claimant (commemorated on October 26) was a worthy member of the College of S. Cadoc, a munificent church-builder, whose name is associated with churches in three different counties of his native Wales.

S. Winnoc of Brittany, on the other hand, is a much more widely known personage—with a pedigree quite as long and dignified as his Welsh rival—who moves about from place to place, and is heard of, now in Cornwall, now in the Saxon districts of England, now at Tours, and now in Flanders, where ultimately he settles down and ends his days. It is possible that he even extended his travels to Jerusalem; for Gregory of Tours, under the date 578, says: "At that time Uinochus Britto" (a yet more uncouth form of our saint's name) "in the height of his abstinence came from the Britons to Tours, being desirous of going to Jerusalem, having nothing wherewith to clothe himself but sheepskins shorn of their wool." * What a picture this one sentence presents of the wild-looking Celt, with his ascetic practices and his rude garb!

S. Winnoc has almost as many histories as names, and, according to one of them, he suffered a violent death some eight years after this time; but the more authentic accounts take him into French Flanders, to a monastery in that country, where he tarried for a while till sent forth by the abbot with three companions to found a branch house. He fixed on a spot, which was named from him "Bergues-Saint-Winnoc;" but after a time his abbot bade him leave his temporary resting-place and take possession of some land hard by, which had been newly given to the monastery. It was at this place, Wormhoult,† that he died, on November 6, the day on which he is commemorated in the Kalendars. S. Winnoc was buried in the monastery of Wormhoult, of which he had been the first abbot; but long after his death his body was removed to his earliest settlement, Bergues-St.-Winnoc, not far from Calais, which to this day claims him for its patron. A single legend has been handed down concerning his sojourn in Flanders. It tells how once, when he was occupied in grinding corn in a hand-mill, he fell into a religious ecstasy. "He remained entranced with extended hands and eyes turned to heaven, and the quern went on grinding corn without him." ‡ It is an odd coincidence that the chief feature of the little foreign town even at the present day is its important weekly corn market, and one cannot avoid the suspicion that the legend may have originated in a wish to link the patron of Bergues-St.-Winnoc with the chief staple of the district.§

So noted a saint as this was likely enough to find his way into Cornwall, either through his native Armorica, or through Norman channels; and there is no inherent improbability in his having given his name to several different parishes. St. Winnow and St. Pinnock lie near to one

* Quoted in Borlase.
† D. C. B.
‡ Baring-Gould.
§ Murray's "France."

another, not far from Lostwithiel; Towednack, where our saint appears as "Twinnock," is in the neighbourhood of St. Ives; and the doubtful Landewednack is on the other side of the peninsula, close to the Lizard. The feasts do not help us much: Towednack is kept on April 25; St. Pinnock seems to have none at all; and though the Truro Kalendar duly marks November 6 as S. Winnoc's Day, it does not seem perfectly clear whether St. Winnow parish keeps its feast at that date.

(*b*) *Outside Cornwall.*

Cornwall has unquestionably the lion's share of the uncertain dedications, but she has not the entire monopoly of them. As regards three at least of these other dedications, that to S. Briavel in the parish of the same name in Herefordshire, and those to S. Elphin and the kindred S. Elgin, at Warrington and North Frodingham respectively, there is the primary difficulty of deciding whether to look for them in the Roman or the Celtic martyrology, or whether indeed they are purely local.

S. Briavel.* Aug. 7, seventh cent. (poss. Ebrulfus, or Evroul, A. Dec. 29, 596).

The S. Briavel whose ancient hermitage in the hamlet of Stowe in Gloucestershire was the nucleus of the parish of St. Briavels† has given rise to much dispute. His cell, or hermitage, can be traced back to the middle of the seventh century, and, according to one theory, he is to be ranked among those royal saints of Celtic extraction who flourished so abundantly about that period. He is said to have been commemorated on August 7, and to have been the father of a certain S. Cenedlon, whose name may be found in Rees's "Welsh Saints," but in that work no mention is made of S. Briavel himself.

In opposition to this meagre and uninteresting, but highly probable, theory of our saint's Welsh extraction is another, certainly more attractive, which would identify him with his French contemporary, S. Ebrulfus, the well-known Abbot of Ouche in Normandy, more generally known as "S. Evroul." The theory is ingeniously worked out, and has much to recommend it, but it meets with no favour from the upholder of the saint's Celtic origin, who says severely that "undoubtedly by interchange or transposition of letters you may make words appear very different from what they are, and cause them to support a favourite theory." The question is highly involved, and it is one which must be left for experts and philologists to decide. For the present we are certainly justified in ranking S. Briavel among the "Doubtful Saints," even if we have the courtesy not to relegate him to the company of the "Untraceable."

S. Elphin and S. Elgin (poss. S. Elfwin).

In a former chapter (XXXII.) we have stated certain grounds for believing that both these names point to the same individual, a S. Elphin, who is mentioned in the Welsh

* For theories respecting this saint, see two papers in the *Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Arch. Society* for 1883–4 by the Rev. W. T. Allen, vicar of the parish, and the Rev. John James.

† The existing church is properly S. Mary, from a famous mediæval chantry of that name which was founded therein.

pedigrees as being a pupil of the College of S. Illtyd. The conjecture seems a reasonable one, but it is only a conjecture, and there is no proof that the different names may not refer to distinct personages. A Manchester antiquarian * pronounces S. Elphin of Warrington to be "one of the first preachers of Christianity from Iona, who seems to have followed in the track of King Oswald's associations;" but he does not give his authority for this statement.

The saint of Warrington seems to have attracted more attention than his near namesake, S. Elgin of North Frodingham in the East Riding of Yorkshire. One theory concerning him would give us a Saxon in place of a Celtic patron, and would identify this S. Elgin with a Northumbrian prince, *Elfwin*, a brother of King Egfrid, who was slain by the Mercians in a great battle fought "near the river Trent (A.D. 679)." A Northumbrian by birth, he was connected by marriage with Mercia, and was "much beloved," says Bede, "by both provinces." † His untimely death—he was but eighteen—caused universal grief, and in Eddius's "Life of Wilfrid" we are told that the body of the young prince was brought to York amid the lamentations of the whole kingdom.‡ This prince, "much beloved by both provinces," is a patron who would suit well with the local circumstances of North Frodingham; and the objection that there is no record of his ever having been canonized does not appear a very fatal one. The claims of S. Elphin of Llantwit may be superior to those of Prince Elfwin of Northumbria, but the absence of formal canonization cannot be held sufficient to decide the matter one way or the other.

So many conjectures have been made concerning S. Elphin that it is rather surprising that no one seems to have identified him with the interesting but very shadowy *Elfan* (commemorated September 26), who figures in the monkish legends as bearing to the Pope the entreaties of his royal master Lucius, King of Britain, for instructors in the Catholic Faith, and who, according to the same authorities, became the second Bishop of London.§

Theories abound, and some seem better supported than others; but the final conclusion come to by all who have studied the question of S. Elphin is that it is shrouded in obscurity, and that though much may be conjectured nothing can be said to be really known.

S. Eadnor (poss. Eadbert, B. May 6, 699).

The unknown S. Eadnor who gives his name to the lonely Lancashire chapelry of Admarsh in Bleasdale—formerly Edmarsh—has been conjecturally identified with S. Cuthbert's successor in the see of Lindisfarne. He is known to us through the pages of Bede, and therefore what little we do know of him stands out with great distinctness. He was noted, says that writer, for his knowledge of the Bible—and on this point Bede would assuredly not be satisfied with a low standard—and also for the great strictness with which he interpreted the duty of giving tithes of all that he possessed—

* Mr. S. E. Haworth.
† E. H.
‡ See D. C. B.
§ Ibid.

even to his very clothing, which he distributed among the poor. He was careful to keep his monastery in good repair, and it was remembered of him that he substituted a covering of lead for the original primitive roof of reeds and wattles. He seems to have been just one of those dutiful retiring saints whom Bede specially delights to honour, who, while never putting themselves forward more than they can help, find their happiness in exalting those they love. Eadbert's hero was his dear master, Cuthbert, whom he imitated closely in his devotional habits; being wont to spend his Lent in the deep retirement of a small island which Cuthbert had at one time made choice of for the like purpose.

During one of these seasons of retirement he had given permission to the brethren to open S. Cuthbert's coffin, and when news was brought to him that the body was found looking "more like one asleep than a dead person," he shed tears of thankful joy. Not long after this, when he had ruled over Lindisfarne for eleven years, "God's beloved bishop Eadbert fell grievously sick, . . . and on the 6th of May he also departed to our Lord."* We are told from another source that his illness was long and painful, and that this was more according to his own desire than a sudden death, which he had always dreaded.† He was counted worthy to be buried in the same coffin with S. Cuthbert, than which no greater privilege could have been accorded him.

A Lancashire antiquarian ‡ has conjecturally identified this saint, as before said, with the unknown patron of the chapelry at Admarsh, and has pointed out its appropriate vicinity to S. Cuthbert's church at Lytham. The hypothesis is an interesting one, and it is strengthened by what the late Canon Raine says as to the posthumous veneration paid to this saint. "The memory of Eadbert," he writes,§ "was dear to the 'family' of Lindisfarne, and in their enforced wanderings they carried about with them his remains, together with those of their great patron. At Durham, where they finally rested, the bones of Eadbert occupied one of the little bags of relics with which Cuthbert's body was surrounded."

It does not seem impossible that the little chapel at Edmarsh (to use the old spelling) may have been one of these resting-places, and may have taken its name from the lesser saint; even as we know that so many churches situated on that same line of march took their name from the greater saint. There are no local traditions as to S. Eadnor, and Admarsh-in-Bleasdale is only another illustration of the difficulty of obtaining authentic information as to the early history of *chapelries*, as distinguished from parish churches.

S. Ruthin (poss Rethun, B. Ninth cent.).

The mysterious saint who gives his name to the church of Longdon in Shropshire is not known to either the Roman or the Celtic Kalendar. The vicinity of Longdon to the Welsh border, together with the fact that in the adjacent county of Denbighshire we find a not inconsiderable village bearing this

* E. H.

† Symeon of Durham, quoted in D. C. B., "Eadbehrt" (5).

‡ Paper on dedications read by Mr. S. E. Haworth before the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society at Manchester, December 3, 1886.

§ D. C. B.

same name of "Ruthin," tends to the belief that he must be a Welsh saint; but the minute investigations of so close a student as Mr. Rees * have failed to bring to light any British notability of this name. If Longdon were a distinct parish more attention might have been paid to its perplexing patron; but, unluckily for our purpose, it is only one of the three "Portions" into which the parish of Pontesbury is divided. The present structure is "a very small chapel, built as is supposed by one of the Earls of Tankerville for the tenantry: date unknown." †

In the absence of any certain information, we would suggest the possibility that this puzzling saint may be a certain Mercian bishop, *Rethun*, or *Reathun* (the spelling of this name is variously given, both in the case of the Mercian bishop and of the patron of Longdon), who flourished in the first half of the ninth century. His name, under the form of "Rethunus," may be found in the catalogue of bishops of the see of Lincoln, in the early days when that immense diocese had its head-quarters at Leicester. The few scattered statements concerning him have been brought together in Haddan and Stubbs's "Councils." They are few in number, and for the most part (in the opinion of these authorities) very little to be trusted; but at least it may be gathered that the unfortunate man experienced many vicissitudes; that he was for some unknown cause driven out of his bishopric, and forced to take refuge in the monastery of Abingdon, where he was honourably received, and became abbot. The Chronicle of Abingdon is, in fact, our chief authority for his history, though his name occurs in various charters between the years 800 and 839.‡

Assuming S. Ruthin of Longdon to be identical with the Mercian bishop Rethun, we may note it as a curious coincidence, if nothing more, that not far from Abingdon was the castle of Shirburn in Oxfordshire,§ once the seat of the Tankerville family, for this connexion of the Tankervilles with Abingdon may possibly account for their interest in the persecuted Bishop Rethun, and furnish a clue to their inclination to do him honour on their Shropshire property.

It must be freely admitted that there is not the slightest evidence that Rethun the bishop was ever canonized; but if this were to be insisted on as an essential qualification for the patrons of our English churches, Ruthin is far from being the only patron saint who would be deposed from the honourable position he has so long occupied.

Section III.—Spurious Dedications.

In determining the true dedication-name of any given church, much valuable help may often be derived from the name of the parish. Villages,

* "Welsh Saints."

† Letter from the Rev. E. M. Furley, Rector of the Third Portion of Pontesbury, 1890.

‡ D. C. B.

§ Camden.

like St. Peter in Thanet, St. Martin in Shropshire, or St. Giles-in-the-Heath in Devonshire, proclaim their patrons plainly enough ; and scarcely less plain is the significance of such combinations as "Philip's Norton," for S. Philip ; "Brize Norton," for S. Britius ; "Kirkoswald" for S. Oswald, and the like. But these personal names attached to parishes are a snare as well as a help ; in nine cases out of ten they may correspond with the dedication-name of the church, and may afford us a valuable clue to the saint under whose invocation the church was originally placed. But still it behoves us to be cautious, for there is always the possible tenth case, in which the name may prove to come from some wholly secular personage, with no right whatsoever to the title of "Saint," even though it may have been ascribed to him for centuries.

We have, in fact, to distinguish between the genuine saints and the fictitious ones, and the task is not always easy. Cornwall, which contributes so largely to the *doubtful* and *untraceable* dedications, has no part in the *spurious* dedications—unless, indeed, we are to accept the theory which derives the parish of St. Breward from Bishop Brewer of Exeter (p. 561). For the most part what we have called "spurious dedications" originate in the name of some great feudal proprietor, or it may be of some wealthy London magnate ; but the names of individual benefactors are not the sole cause of confusion, as we shall see in the case of "St. Martha's" chapelry (p. 559).

The first point in our inquiry is to discover whether the known dedication of the church agrees with the name of the parish. In too many cases, unfortunately, there is no independent knowledge of the dedication-name ; it is only inferred from the name of the parish ; but the test is one which should always be applied where possible. To take a single example : in view of the number of churches that count S. Edith for their patroness, it is natural to ascribe to her likewise the Herefordshire parish of *Stoke-Edith ;* but examination shows, first, that the church is known to be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and second, that the place takes its name from neither of the sainted Ediths, but from its Saxon owner Edith, the sister of King Harold, the wife of Edward the Confessor* (p. 416). Still, we have no just quarrel with the Lady Edith, for here the issue is not confused by any attempt to dignify her with the title of "Saint."

St. Judith.

Harold's sister may be forgiven ; but there is more cause for complaint against Harold's sister-in-law, Judith of Flanders, the wife of Earl Tosti, whose name has come to be associated with a portion of her Huntingdonshire property, under the misleading form of "Sawtry St. Judith." Lewis's "Topographical Dictionary" makes confusion worse confounded, by stating that S. Judith's *church* has "been demolished"—for no such church ever existed, though it is true that one of the three parishes into which Sawtry was divided—Sawtry St. Andrew, Sawtry All Saints, and Sawtry Judith—came to be erroneously called "Sawtry St. Judith." In the map in Camden's "Britannia" it will be

* See article in *Cornhill*, April, 1895, "Norman Blood, or otherwise."

found correctly marked without the misleading prefix of "Saint." Until recently the first two portions of the parish had each its respective church —S. Andrew and All Saints. Sawtry Judith had no parish church of its own, but contained a Cistercian abbey of some importance, in virtue of which it obtained certain privileges, and was what is termed "extra parochial." In quite recent times various rearrangements have been made; the different parishes have been consolidated, and All Saints is the only church now existing in Sawtry.*

It may be added that there is a genuine canonized S. Judith, seemingly of Anglo-Saxon birth, whose curious, and by no means saintly, history may be read in Mr. Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints" (June 29); but it is quite certain that the Judith whose name has lingered for so long in Huntingdonshire is none other than the Flemish Judith, who succeeded to large territorial rights in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon, in virtue of her second marriage with the popular hero, Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon. Her successive marriages, her misfortunes, the way in which her interests were treated as the shuttlecock of opposing factions,† all this has a romance of its own; but since the Lady Judith of Flanders belongs to the category of the fictitious saints, she cannot legitimately find a place in these pages.

St. Everard.

A mistake, something of the same kind as that which has arisen at Sawtry, meets us again in the Cambridgeshire parish of Papworth. Here also there are two parishes, commonly distinguished the one from the other as "Papworth St. Agnes" and "Papworth St. Everard." In the former case the church is said to be dedicated to S. John the Baptist, in the latter to S. Peter, and the date of the village fair, on "the Sunday nearest to S. Peter's Day, O.S.," is a strong corroboration of the general belief. Are we, then, justified in assuming that the names Agnes and Everard have no reference to any saint, but belonged to some now forgotten proprietor? In the case of *Everard*, at least, we shall probably be right in so doing; for, though there is more than one comparatively obscure French saint of this name, it is noticeable that the prefix "Saint" is not found in any ecclesiastical documents relating to the parish, in either the thirteenth, fourteenth, or sixteenth century. In the time of Edward I., Edward III., and Richard II.—all of them periods when we may be certain that if the Everard in question had been a saint he would assuredly not have been deprived of his title—the parish is always described simply as "Papworth Everard," and the same form is found in a document of the last year of Edward VI. The subject was carefully investigated by a former vicar of the parish, who came to the conclusion that "the name Everard was derived from some family formerly connected with the parish;" and this vicar, happening to combine in his own person the double authority of incumbent and squire, went so far as

* From information kindly furnished by the Rector of Sawtry, the Rev. Nassau Clark, 1895.

† See Thierry's "Conquest of England."

to erase the word "Saint" from the communion-plate inscriptions, and also from mural tablets, etc., in the church; consequently, the parish has now dropped its comparatively modern designation of St. Everard, and styles itself, as in old times, simply *Papworth Everard*.*

St. Bernard.

"Stanton St. Bernard" in Wiltshire suggests pleasant memories of S. Bernard of Clairvaux, the author of "Jerusalem the golden," but here, too, we shall do well to observe that the church itself is dedicated, not to S. Bernard, but to "All Saints;" and further, we learn on good antiquarian authority† that Stanton St. Bernard is nothing more than a corruption of *Stanton Berners*, or *Barnes*, and derives its name, as does the parish of Alton Barnes, from some member of the Berners family.

St. Quintin.

Another parish of Stanton, also in Wiltshire, takes its distinctive appellation of "Stanton St. Quintin" from the family who held the principal manor in the time of Henry III.‡ The church itself is dedicated to "S. Giles." This same St. Quintin family has likewise stamped its name upon the Dorsetshire village of "Frome St. Quintin," § where the real patron of the church is known to be "S. Mary;" but though neither of these St. Quintins comes directly from the saint of that name, we have evidence that a certain church in Yorkshire was at one time really dedicated to S. Quintin (p. 538).

St. Maur.

Another seeming saint who disappears on close investigation is S. Maur. S. Maur, or Maurus (commemorated January 15), was one of the earliest and most prominent of the followers of S. Benedict. Our one English example of the name, the Somersetshire parish of "Bratton St. Maur," comes through the Norman proprietors, "the great ducal house of Seymour," ‖ who, in their turn, are said to have derived their name from Benedict's disciple, the S. Maurus "who was the great missionary of Benedictinism in France," ¶ and whose monastery at Saint Maur-sur-Loire near Anjou ** was famous for centuries. This gives us an *indirect* association with the saint, but it is purely indirect, for the parish is only so named to distinguish it from the other two Brattons in Wiltshire and Devon, and the parish church of Bratton St. Maur is distinctly dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

St. Clare.

There is some reason to suppose that the Suffolk parish of Bradfield St. Clare in the same way owes its name, not to the saint, but to the Earls of Clare, who have undoubtedly in other instances influenced the nomenclature of the county; †† but since the church does not lay claim to any other dedication saint, and has accepted, whether rightly or wrongly, the belief that S. Clare, the thirteenth-century abbess, is their proper patroness, we have gladly hailed the opportunity of

* The account of Papworth Everard is from information kindly supplied by the present vicar, the Rev. J. T. N. Lee, 1895.

† The late Canon Jackson of Leigh Delamere, Wiltshire.

‡ Ibid.

§ Lewis.

‖ Camden; Burke's Peerage; Long's "Dedications."

¶ Hodgkin.

** Montalembert.

†† Murray's "Suffolk."

enriching our collection of saints by the addition of the history of the distinguished foundress of the Order of the Poor Clares (see CH. XXVII.).

The City of London furnishes many examples of personal names superadded to the saint's name—names which indicate for the most part the munificent citizen—commonly belonging to the twelfth century—at whose expense the churches were founded or rebuilt.* Such, for example, are S. Andrew *Hubbard*, S. Laurence *Pountney*, S. Catherine *Coleman*, and the more perplexing S. Margaret *Moses*—"so called, it seemeth," reports Stow, "from one Moyses that was the founder or new builder thereof."†

S. Margaret Moses.

S. Benet *Finck* is identified with one Robert Finck, or Finch, supposed likewise to belong to this munificent twelfth century; and a chance reference which Mr. Loftie has happily come across to one "Willelmus Serehog,"‡ living in the year 1122, near to the City church of "Sancta Osyda," seems to furnish a key to a dedication-name which has long been the despair of antiquaries —S. Benet *Sherehog*. Many extraordinary theories have been advanced, from the days of Stow onwards, to account for this strange combination, but Mr. Loftie's simple explanation meets all the circumstances, and agrees well with twelfth-century usage; and quaint though the name sounds, we meet it again elsewhere in the person of one "Alwinus Sherehog."

S. Benet Finck.

S. Benet Sherehog.

But the question arises, Has S. Benedict really any rightful connexion with this particular church? Apparently no right beyond that conferred by a second dedication, for there is clear evidence that its original patron was the Saxon royal lady, S. Osyth (CH. XL.), and when Stow wrote in Queen Elizabeth's day, the church still recognized its ancient patron under her common abbreviation of "S. Sith;" but by that time the addition of "Benet" was already established, for Stow goes on to say that "this small parish church of S. Sith hath also an addition of Benet Shorne or Shrog or Sherehog, for by all these names," says he, "I have read it." He then goes on to propound the theory that "Benedict Sherehog" was the full name of the benefactor or restorer of the church; but, unluckily for him, the worthy citizen's name appears to have been our national "William," and if he and his contemporary, Robert Finck, both chose to bestow upon the churches which they had endowed the name of "Benedict," it was possibly—we cannot say certainly—because both parishes originally formed part of some earlier parish of the same name—the parish, it may be, of S. Benedict's Gracechurch (p. 9). Be this as it may, the church struggled for a time under its threefold appellation, drawn from its original patroness *S. Osyth*, its later patron *S. Benedict*, and its twelfth-century benefactor *Sherehog*, till at last, finding the burden too heavy, it gradually discarded its earliest patroness, and was known only as

* Loftie's "London."
† "London P. and P."
‡ "Historic Towns," *London*.

"S. Benet Sherehog." But, after all, "Time's revenges" have done something to set matters straight, and to restore to the injured queen her forgotten dues; for while "S. Benet Sherehog" has been swept away, and exists only in name, the lane near to Cheapside in which it stood—"S. Sith's Lane," or "Size Lane"—still witnesses to its original patron.*

S. Martin Orgar.

So far we have had to speak of very obscure benefactors, whose identity can with difficulty be established. A more conspicuous figure than any of the foregoing was "Orgar the Proud," a munificent alderman who came very much to the front in all civic matters in the days of Henry I., and whose name is inseparably associated with the church of "S. Martin Orgar," and which ought also to be associated with the other church which he founded, S. Botolph's, Billingsgate.†

S. John Zachary.

Another twelfth-century name, very well known in its own day, is that of Zachary, a married priest, "and the owner of the revenues of the church of S. John Baptist," whose own name has now become so entirely a part of the dedication-name of that church that it is always spoken of as S. John *Zachary* (vol. i. p. 62).

Of these few *personal* names it has been necessary for us to speak, as they are liable to be confused with the names of the saints; but with such curious additions as "Pattens," "Woolnoth," "Matfelon," and the like, we have nothing to do, and may leave their meaning to be discussed by those learned in such matters.

St. Martha.‡

There is no more conspicuous example of what we may term "a fictitious saint" than the supposed "S. Martha" who meets us in Surrey; but here the confusion is not, as in many similar cases of spurious dedications, to be traced to any one individual, but has originated, as we shall see, quite differently.

The little Surrey church and parish of St. Martha-on-the-Hill § suggests thoughts of the scriptural saint, Martha of Bethany, the sister of Lazarus; but if we turn to any collection of Lives of the Saints, we shall find our S. Martha (July 29) transformed into a legendary being, whose adventures as a dragon-slayer match those of S. Margaret herself. The supposed after-history of this saint is scarcely more unreal than her connexion with the parish that bears her name. There is abundant documentary evidence to prove that the name *Martha* is but a corruption, and a late corruption, of the word *martyr*. We have discussed elsewhere (p. 510) the identity of the particular martyrs who in the dim dawn of our British Christianity gave the name of "Martyrs' Hill" to the hill on which S. Martha's church now stands. For centuries the building was known as the "Chapel of Martyrs," or "The Great Martyrs on the Hill," or "The Holy Martyrs." In Edward VI.'s time we find the same meaning under the form of "Saynt Marter," and it is more than likely that here we have the

* "London P. and P."

† Loftie's "London."

‡ For information concerning the parish of St. Martha-on-the-Hill the writer is indebted to materials courteously placed at her disposal by Dr. Williamson, the Mount, Guildford.

§ Cf. pp. 509–511.

beginning of the popular misapprehension touching "S. Martha." The early unknown martyrs had faded out of remembrance; "S. Thomas of Canterbury," who for a time succeeded to their honours (p. 511), was no longer a permissible object of veneration; *Martha* was at least a familiar-sounding name, and offered a suitable pendant to another feminine name associated with a neighbouring chapelry. On the one side of Guildford stood St. Catherine's Hill, crowned by the chapel of the same name; on the other side, barely a mile distant, was St. Marter's Hill, with its twin chapel of S. Marter. There seemed to be some sort of correspondence between the two churches, and, in the homely explanation of the surrounding peasantry, it began to be said that these chapels were built by two sisters of the names of Martha and Catherine—a common tradition that meets us again in many other places, as, for example, in the united City parishes of "SS. Anne and Agnes" (vol. i. p. 116). Camden, in both the map and the letterpress of his "Britannia," gives the name without note or comment as "St. Martha's Chapel;" and another antiquary of a later generation, John Aubrey, who wrote in the closing years of the seventeenth century, duly mentions the "tradition" of the two sisters, Martha and Catherine, and their respective chapels, though without committing himself to any statement as to its worth. In a legal document of 1710, the correct form "Martyr" is still adhered to; but in the long run popular usage has triumphed, and the parish is never now likely to lose its misleading appellation of "St. Martha's," let the scholars and lawyers say what they will.

S. Beatrice, V.M.

The pathetic Acts of S. Beatrice, a martyr under Diocletian, are considered * to be on the whole trustworthy; but it is not necessary for us to give her story in this place, because it is quite clear that the church at Bethersden in Kent, which has been erroneously ascribed to S. Beatrice,† is properly dedicated—as both local tradition and the evidence of the village feast on July 20 concur in showing—to the far better known saint, S. Margaret of Antioch. The mistake not improbably arose through some degree of similarity between the sound of *Beatrichesdenne* or *Betrysden*, both of them old renderings of Bethersden,‡ and "Beatrix," which is the usual form of this saint's name; but even so, there is no excuse for it, as in a document of Richard I.'s time we find mention of "the church of *S. Margaret* of Beatrichesdenne."

Section IV.—Untraceable Dedications.

But when history, tradition, and conjecture have spoken their last word, there yet remain a certain number of parishes, which, so far as the present writer's knowledge extends, must, alas! be described as *untraceable*. There is good hope, however, that in course of time the list will be still further shortened, and that some, if not all, of the names may

* See Baring-Gould, July 29.

† So Clergy Directory for 1886; corrected in subsequent editions.

‡ Hasted's "Kent."

be accounted for. In a few cases it is evident that the name of the unknown saint is embedded in that of the parish—as, for example, S. Alwys of Lansallos, and S. Tallan of Talland; but too frequently the spelling of the name has become distorted past recognition, as in the case of S. Kuet, the reputed patron of Lesneweth.

The majority of the "untraceable dedications" belong to Cornwall, so to Cornwall shall be given the first place in this unsatisfactory catalogue.

(*a*) *In Cornwall and Devon.**

S. Alwys. Patron of Lansallos. No feast kept.

S. Brevita. Sometimes given as the patron of Lanlivery, but, according to Borlase, this should properly be "SS. Menaacus and Dunstan" (vol. i. p. 337). Parish feast, "Sunday after first Tuesday in May."

S. Breward, or Bruard. The parish of St. Breward, *alias* "Simonward," has been a standing puzzle to antiquarians, and we fear that, in spite of the many explanations that have been offered, we must be content to accept Mr. Boase's verdict, "unknown." Who the original "S. Breward" may have been it is hopeless to conjecture; but we shall certainly be ready to agree with the eighteenth-century antiquarian, quoted by Mr. Borlase, who says: "I conceive the name is not derived from the imaginary Symon Ward alias Brewer, that was said to be King Arthur's Brewer, as the people report." More plausibly he proceeds to connect the name with one William Brewer, Bishop of Exeter† from 1224 to 1245, a noble benefactor to the churches in his diocese. Mr. Borlase says, referring to this derivation, that "absurd as it at first sight seems, it is only fair to place by its side an incident in the life of the said Bishop Brewer which took place in the case of the parish of Altarnun in the year 1237. He granted this parish to his dean and chapter, one of the conditions being that they should keep his own anniversary" and that of his father. The feast at St. Breward is governed by February 2, the festival of the Purification, but also "the morrow of S. Bride's Day," and we might add to the forest of conjectures by suggesting that if, as we are told, *Symonward* is a corruption of S. Breward, "Breward" might in its turn be a corruption of *Brigid*, or *Bride*, a saint not all unknown in Cornwall—too well known, it may be argued, for her name to have undergone such a transformation.

S. Dilpe. The patron of Landulph, near Saltash. No feast kept.

S. Erney and S. Torney. Both unknown; but some antiquarians have suspected them of a common origin. St. Erney, near St. Germans, keeps no feast. North-hill parish, of which S. Torney is patron, about eleven miles distant from St. Erney, keeps its feast on September 8, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a very favourite mediæval feast-day, which gives no clue as to the festival of the original patron.

* Authorities: Borlase's "Age of the Saints;" private letter from Mr. Boase; and Truro Kalendar.

† Query: Can it by chance be this same Bishop Brewer who has given his name to the Devonshire parish of Buckland-Brewer?

S. Gomonda. Patron of Roche: * declared "untraceable" by Mr. Boase.

S. Kuet. The patron of Lesnewth, not far from Tintagel. "Some think it," says Mr. Boase, "a corruption of Newth = new place." The feast is kept on the "Sunday nearest to Old S. Michael's Day."

S. Materiana. This is the unknown saint who, according to Mr. Borlase, is joint patron with S. Marcellina (CH. XLII.) of Tintagel. Some lists, however, ascribe this church to S. Symphorian (CH. XIII.). Tintagel feast is kept on Rogation Sunday.

S. Merther. The patron of Merther, near Truro. Merther clearly stands for *martyr*,† but the name of the individual martyr is hopelessly lost. Merther keeps its feast on the "nearest Sunday to September 17"—possibly the eve of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, O.S.

S. Metherian. The patron of Minster, near Boscastle. "It looks," says Mr. Boase, "like some longer name"—meaning, perhaps, "Merther" = *martyr*, with a fragment of some unknown saint's name. Feast, April 9.

S. Newlyn. The patron of East Newlyn, an inland village north of Truro. Its feast is kept, like that of the parish of Gunwalloe, on the "last Sunday in April." It can hardly be doubted that the date of Gunwalloe feast is determined by the festival of the translation of its distinguished patron, S. Wynwalloe the Abbot (CH. XXXVII.), on April 28, and the question suggests itself whether *Newlyn* can be one of the fifty and odd forms of this saint's chameleon-like name.

S. Onslow, or Onolaus. S. Onslow, or Onolaus, the patron of Portlemouth in Devonshire.

S. Stedian. The patron of Stithian, sometimes called "St. Stithian," near Redruth. Both Stedian and Stithian are probably different forms of the same obscure original. The parish feast is kept on July 15.

S. Tallan. Another totally unknown saint whose name lingers in the parish of Talland, near Looe. No feast is kept.

S. Torney. See p. 561: S. Erney.

(*b*) *In Herefordshire and Monmouthshire.*

Passing northwards from the ancient kingdom of Damnonia, we come to the counties bordering upon Wales, which offer us two or three highly perplexing saints, all of whom we may suppose to be of Welsh origin.

S. Dinabo. The patron saint of the parish of Llandinabo in Herefordshire is apparently unknown even to so diligent a student as Mr. Rees, who enumerates the name in his lists without attempting any explanation of it.

S. Mapley, or Mabli. The same applies to S. Mapley, the patron of Llanvapley in Monmouthshire. Rees spells the saint's name *Mabli*, and

* So Lewis.

† Cf. *Merthyr Tewdrig*, p. 252.

the parish *Llanfabli*—a good illustration of the various mutations of consonants which are apt to cause so much trouble in identifying our Celtic saints.

S. Weonard.

Last of all, there is St. Weonards in Herefordshire, spelt *Waynard* in the map given in Camden's "Britannia." Rees has nothing to tell us of the identity of the saint, but observes that "the chapel of S. Weonard's" was originally under the parent church of S. Dubricius at Llanfrother, and when that church ceased to exist, was attached to the neighbouring parish of S. Peter's, Lugwardine. It is now a distinct parish, but suffers from the usual obscurity that surrounds the early history of chapelries.

CHAPTER LII.

CONCLUSION.

Our task is done. Some account has been given of each one of the three hundred and seventy saints * whose names are attached to our fourteen thousand churches and chapelries. The number is small as compared with what it might be—only about one-sixth of the number of saints recorded in Mr. Baring-Gould's fifteen volumes.† Fortunately, the loss is rather in *quantity* than in *quality:* it is a loss of individual saints, rather than of types of sainthood. We may regret Cornelius the Centurion, but godly soldiers are represented by Sebastian and Maurice: we would gladly welcome Justin Martyr, and Leo the Great, and Gregory Nazianzus, but the Fathers of the Church are not wanting: we miss Eanfled, the first-fruits of the conversion of Northumbria, and James the Deacon, the lonely upholder of the faith, and Theodore of Canterbury, and Erkenwald, Bishop of London, yet our national saints are nobly represented: we have saintly mothers and sisters, though not, alas! Monnica, or Macrina, or Scholastica: we have heroic maiden-martyrs, though not the slave-girl Blandina: we have God-fearing kings like Oswald, though we look in vain for S. Louis of France, or our own Alfred the Truth-teller.

But it must be owned that there are some entire *classes* of saints which are but meagrely represented amongst us. Such, for example, are the devout and lovable "Fathers of the Desert," known to us only through their great chief, S. Antony; and the Irish missionaries on the continent, whose work cannot be done justice to without the inclusion of such men as S. Columban, S. Fridolin, and S. Gall. As to corporate martyrs, they are missing altogether, unless we take account of examples no longer extant, such as "The Four Crowned Martyrs," and "S. Ursula

* There are certainly not less than six hundred distinct forms of dedication-names in England; but these include dedications to the Saviour and the Holy Trinity, and dedications in honour of the great festivals of the Church. They include also all "double dedications;" while not a few seemingly distinct names are found on investigation to refer to the same saint; as, for example, "Albert" and "Albright" for *Ethelbert;* "Quiricus" for *Cyril.* Thus the number of individual saints is reduced to three hundred and seventy, or thereabouts, including the five saints of our Prayer-book Kalendar who have no churches at all—viz. S. Enurchus, S. Perpetua, S. Prisca, S. Valentine, and S. Nicomede.

† Referring to the original edition of 1872.

and the Eleven Thousand Virgins." The "Forty Soldiers of Sebaste" hung long in the balance, but have finally disappeared from our Kalendar; and those glorious saints, the sixteenth-century Martyrs of Japan, came too late for either our Kalendars or our churches. Our bead-roll stops abruptly in the thirteenth century with S. Clare, the sister-friend of S. Francis, and our own S. Richard de Wych, Bishop of Chichester;* and thus we are deprived of all the great names which the Church of Rome has ever since been adding to her Kalendar—S. Theresa, S. Francis Xavier, S. Francis de Sales, S. Vincent de Paul, and many another. What Rome does by formal canonization we are beginning hesitatingly to do by tacit consent, and by our "Memorial Churches" we do honour to the uncanonized saints of our own times, but the interval between the thirteenth and the nineteenth centuries has remained blank †—to our exceeding loss.

What are the changes that we are likely to see in the near future in this matter of English dedications? Almost certainly there will be an increasingly large freedom of choice. We have already adopted dedications in honour of the Nativity and the Resurrection, and we may still see amongst us such venerable designations as "Peace Church," or "Grace Church." We are hardly likely to follow the Eastern practice of dedicating to the patriarchs and prophets, for Christianity is surely essential to our conception of perfect sainthood. We may perhaps imitate the Nonconformists in adopting the typical names of Scripture, such as "Salem" and "Zion;" and undoubtedly we shall claim a larger liberty in our combinations of names; but it is to be hoped that we shall avoid such incongruities as "Zion and S. Timothy"—a combination found in New York. The thought of the "general assembly and church of the firstborn" seems too vast to be limited by the juxtaposition of any individual saint, though it may be justly pleaded that it is no more than the equivalent of our old-world "All Saints and S. Andrew," or "S. Ethelbert and All Saints."

More and more, too, we shall continue to revive *ancient* dedications. Sometimes this will be done purely for the sake of old associations; from the same love of antiquity that has taken S. Botolph to Massachusetts, or that has caused a newly established mission-ship in the Fens to be dedicated to S. Withburga. Very often, on the other hand, an old name will be revived for the sake of a new ideal. So it is that S. Clement is chosen, not for his legendary history, but for his words of spiritual counsel; and S. Swithun, not for the superstitions attaching to his burial, but for his good work as Bishop of Winchester. Or, to take another example: "Pardon Church" is a designation, now no longer extant, which occurs twice in old London. There was a "Pardon Church" near S. Paul's, and a second church of the same name close to the Charterhouse. Both of them stood in their own churchyards, and

* We take no account here of Charles I., since his name no longer has a place in our Anglican Kalendar.

† The "Bishop Ridley Memorial" Church, though formally dedicated to "All Hallows," may possibly be accounted an exception.

both of them seem to have been chiefly designed to serve the purpose of chantry chapels. The "fair chapel," as Stow calls it, near S. Paul's, was originally founded by Gilbert Becket, the father of the archbishop, but it owed its peculiar characteristics, and probably also its name, to a fifteenth-century benefactor. Thomas More, Dean of S. Paul's (temp. Henry V.), surrounded the churchyard with a cloister, on the north wall of which was "richly painted," says Stow, "the Dance of Death, commonly called the Dance of Paul's." Chapel and cloister, paintings and tombs, were all swept away in 1549 by order of the Protector Somerset.* The other "Pardon Church" was a chapel built on a plot of ground known as "No man's land," until it was bought by Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London (1348), as a burying-ground for the poorer victims of the great plague, some fifty thousand of whom are reckoned to have been laid to rest there. From the masses for the dead offered in the adjoining chantry both church and churchyard took their name—never probably formally bestowed at the time of consecration—a name which was attached to the spot long after the chapel had passed away and "Pardon Churchyard" itself had been converted into "a fair garden." Even when the "fair garden," of which the Elizabethan chronicler tells us, had vanished, its memory was still preserved by "Pardon Passage" and "Pardon Court," but since 1831 these too have disappeared.† The very name of "Pardon Church" is so richly suggestive that we may look to see it some day revived; but if so it will be without all the pernicious train of bought prayers and indulgences that in the fourteenth century had come to be associated with the thought of heavenly pardon.

But now to consider the value of the dedication-names that we actually possess, and the way in which they are distributed. Speaking very roughly indeed,‡ the fourteen thousand names are made up something after this fashion. Thirteen hundred of our churches—old and new—are dedicated directly to the glory of God; either to the Holy Trinity, or the Blessed Saviour, or the Holy Spirit. Seven hundred more are to the honour of the Holy Angels. In two thousand dedications, therefore, no mention at all is made of any saint, and twelve hundred more are ascribed to "All Saints" collectively,§ and not to any individual. The saints of the Bible claim six thousand eight hundred churches, and of these nearly one-third are to the Blessed Virgin, while the remainder is very largely composed of dedications to the leading Apostles and to S. John Baptist.

* "London P. and P."

† Ibid.

‡ The following rough analysis aims at nothing more than showing the relative proportions and approximate numbers of the different dedications. The more exact numbers are given with all attainable accuracy in Appendix I. In the statistics given above several of the names figure twice over, inasmuch as the same man may, for example, be reckoned both as a bishop and as a national saint. Hence the *general total* of churches according to this estimate is not to be taken into account. The unknown dedications are not considered here.

§ It has been pointed out already (p. 503) that from various causes, ancient dedications to "All Saints" are to be mistrusted, as frequently concealing an earlier dedication to some individual saint.

The next largest class of saints comprises the bishops of all ages and countries, who number close upon thirteen hundred; and then come our national saints — from England and Scotland, from Ireland and Wales — twelve hundred strong. Next to these rank the followers of the ascetic life, whether monks or hermits — nearly six hundred of them, even without reckoning S. Martin, who ought in truth to rank amongst them, and who at once brings up the number to over seven hundred and fifty.

The virgin saints, of all nations, are more than two hundred, and when all these favourite patrons—the scriptural saints, the national saints, the bishops, the hermits, and the virgins—are deducted, we are left with only some seven hundred churches to be distributed among all the remaining saints. Of these more than three-fourths are to be assigned to the three great names, S. Laurence the Deacon, S. George the Martyr, and S. Helena, the Roman Empress, while S. Anne and S. Denys occupy a large proportion of the remainder.

Certainly the roll of our patron saints is not a long one, and yet within its narrow limits we may fearlessly claim for it three high merits—its catholicity, its representative character, its intrinsic worth.

I. *Its catholicity.* We have seen how the martyrs of Carthage and Antioch have their place beside the Bishops of Rome and the Kings of Norway; we have seen that far-off Persia was not too remote to call forth the sympathies of a Midland village in England; for in those days African and Roman, Norseman and Celt, all in some faint measure realized their unity as members of "the household of God."

II. *Its representative character.* Here we have gathered together examples of all those orders of saints for whom our own saintly Bishop Andrewes, in words familiar to many of us, calls upon us to give thanks to God—

> "For the all-glorious company of the Apostles,
> the Evangelists,
> the most noble army of the Martyrs,
> the Confessors,
> the assembly of Doctors,
> the Ascetics,
> for the beauty of the Virgins,
> for Infants the delight of the world,
> for their faith, their zeal,
> their hope, their diligence,
> their labours, their tears,
> their truth, their purity,
> their blood, their beauty.
> Glory be to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee,
> glory to Thee Who didst glorify them."

III. *Its intrinsic worth.* We must confess that some of the names—and especially some of those found in Cornwall—say little to us. There is neither history nor legend attaching to them. The utmost that dim tradition enables us to do is to refer them to the class of saints to which

they belong—sons and daughters of some princely clan ; restless pilgrims passing from shore to shore ; hermits dwelling by some hidden spring. In vain we seek to individualize those uncouth, fleeting forms. We can but say to ourselves : In the one spot where they were best known there they were held in faithful remembrance, as those who were in some sort better than their fellows. There are other saints, more conspicuous by far than these Celtic ascetics, who are yet more valuable to us as types of some commanding virtue, than for the sake of their own personality. We are more and more learning to look for the historic foundation that in nearly every case is to be found underlying the legendary superstructures, but if there were no historic element at all in many of these old stories, they would still serve a high purpose. The soldier-saints teach courage, and the virgins purity ; the hermits self-denial, and the kings the consecration of earthly power. Perhaps we regret that hundreds of our churches should have such semi-legendary patrons as S. Nicholas or S. Giles or S. Leonard ; but S. Nicholas, for all the trivialities associated with his name, set forth an ideal of practical philanthropy ; S. Giles helped men to realize their duties to the weak and suffering—nay, even to the dumb beasts ; and S. Leonard gave the impulse to many a deed of mercy on behalf of slaves and captives. We need not grudge their meed of honour to saints who have done so much to raise the standard of humanity.

From the unknown and half-legendary saints we come to the surer ground of history. One or two names there are that, according to our present knowledge of them, we cannot but judge unworthy of their place. Such, to give the most glaring instance that suggests itself, is Hardulph, King of Northumbria. There are a few others, such as S. Britius, Bishop of Tours, whose youthful defects of disposition make a far stronger impression upon our minds than their after sanctity ; and there are other well-known figures—*political* saints shall we call them ?—such as our English Thomas Becket, about whose claims to sainthood there will always be differences of opinion. But it is very instructive to find in studying these historic saints—even the most disputed amongst them—how continually the result of closer study is to raise, not to lower, our preconceived estimate of their worth. They are men "of like passions" as we are ; some of them faulty enough, no doubt, some well-nigh attaining to our highest ideal of Christian manhood, yet all alike uplifted and purified by their singleness of aim, their self-surrender to One holier and mightier than themselves.

So, reverently and thankfully, we ponder the far-reaching sequence of saints from the first century to the closing years of the nineteenth, and we tell over the names of those blessed ones who have been "the lights of the world in their several generations," * ever witnessing to "their Master and King." †

* From the beautiful version of the Prayer for the Church Militant in the Scotch Communion Office.

† Acts of S. Polycarp the Martyr.

The familiar names of our churches are ever before us like an open book, speaking to us of the men of God who have lived and worked upon this earth of ours; bidding us keep them in memory; bidding us strive to follow "the example of their stedfastness," * till we come to the land where our imperfect memorials shall be no more needed, to the city of the living God, where the "Church of the firstborn are enrolled in heaven" † for a perpetual memorial, and no single name shall be missing.

* Scotch Communion Office. † Heb. xii. 23, R.V.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

WARNING
YOU MAY
NEED THIS

249.9
Ar64
v.2

Forster, F. Arnold

AUTHOR
Studies in Church Dedications

TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
NOV 28 '75	D. Steward	DEC 2? '75
NOV 5 '75	Raizor	DEC 15 '75

249.9
Ar64

v.2